The Saturday Evening
POST
October 27, 1956 — 15¢

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CAN IKE TAKE MICHIGAN?
By Samuel Lubell

The Williamson Clan... They Prey on Suckers

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Plastic floor is Armstrong Excelon Tile, Style No. 770, with stripes of No. 777 in the kitchen.

indoor comfort for outdoor dining

Ever planned a back-yard picnic and then had to run for cover? Rain couldn't spoil the fun if you had an all-weather, all-year-round barbecue spot like this. Chances are you could build it yourselves, especially if you already have a breezeway. One thing you could certainly do is to install this smart plastic floor of Armstrong Excelon Tile. It goes right down over the concrete base. You put the special adhesive on with a brush, cut individual tiles, if necessary, with scissors. Excelon vinyl-asbestos Tile is one of the lowest cost floors you can buy—and you can choose from several handsome designs, dozens of lovely colors. In every room in your home, from basement to attic, Armstrong Excelon Tile gives you beauty, economy, and easy care . . . it's the modern fashion in floors.

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"SO GLAD YOU CALLED"

"IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE"

"THE DANCE WAS SWELL"

Just calling up can brighten your day

The telephone can be priceless in emergencies. It's the world's best helper when it comes to saving time, trips and trouble.

But one of its greatest uses has nothing to do with sudden need or calls to the grocer, dentist, hairdresser, electrician, department store, etc.

It's to bring friends and families together.

Just to be able to lift the receiver and talk to others is one of the joys of the telephone.

Isn't there some news you'd like to share with someone right now? And hasn't that someone some news you'd like to hear?

A telephone call that costs so little can do so much to brighten the day at both ends of the line.

TUNE IN "TELEPHONE TIME"...the TV program with John Nesbitt's real life stories the whole family can enjoy together...every Sunday over CBS

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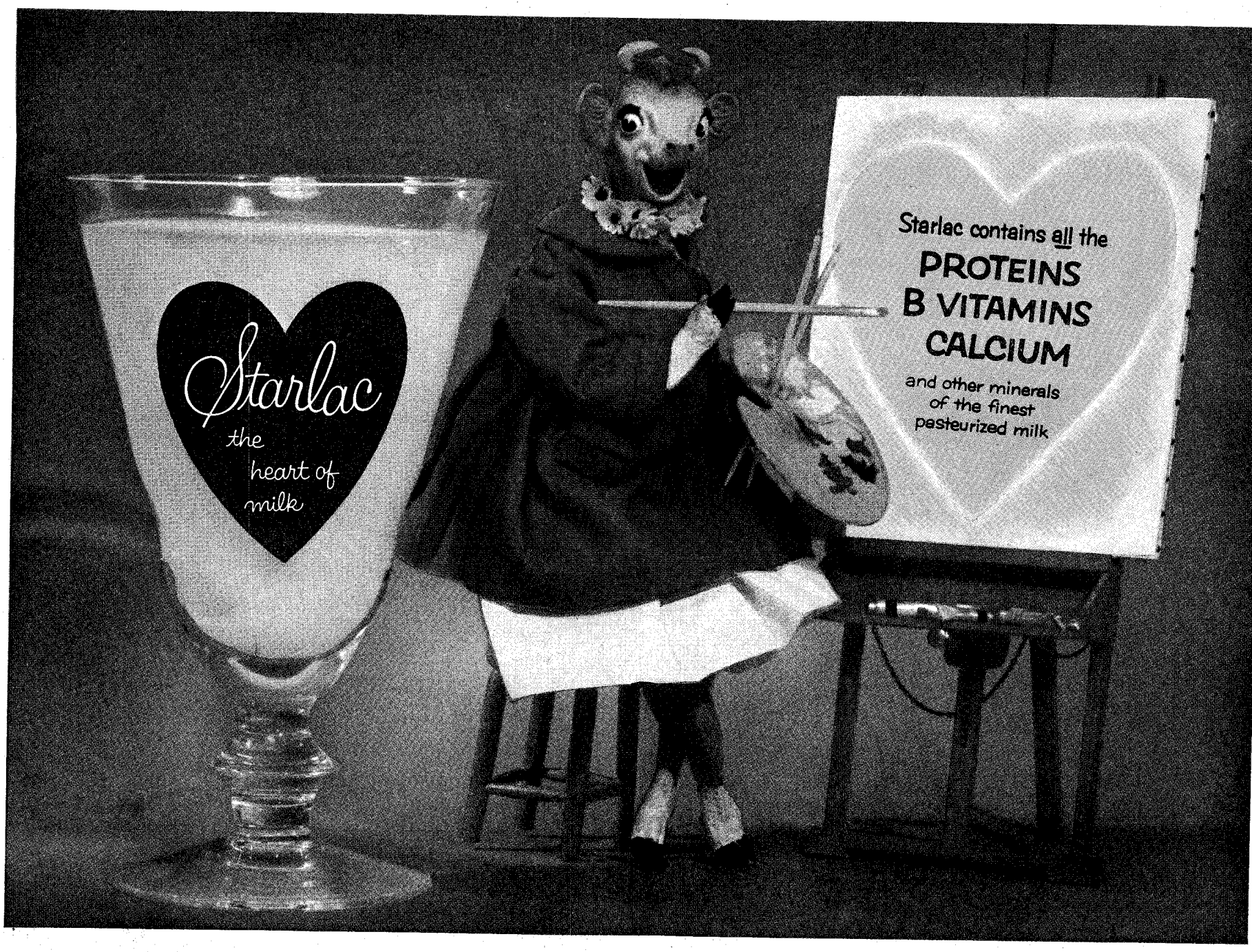

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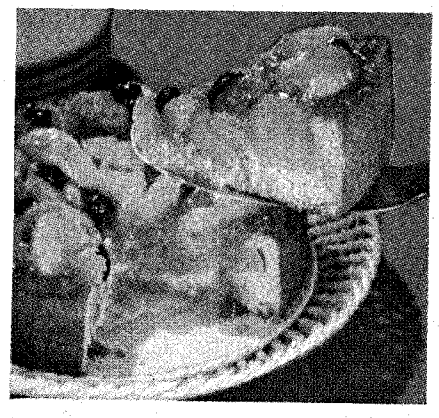

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Blazing trees and golden sun shafts and here and there a forward pass—autumn in our land. Poets bicker about the seasons; one claims that "in June, if ever, come perfect days," another says June is O.K., but "ye cannot rival . . October's bright blue weather." Sometimes ye also cannot rival October's dull black weather. Anyhow, what is so rare as a maple tree in gridiron season. John Falter has painted the bottom one third of a century-old maple in Atchison, Kansas, which is widely famous for its towering, symmetrical loveliness. Mr. J. H. Mullins owns this beauty, and every day he gets out a hose and affectionately waters the roots of his old friend. If Falter had painted the whole tree, the Post would be three feet tall this week, and we just can't have that sort of thing.

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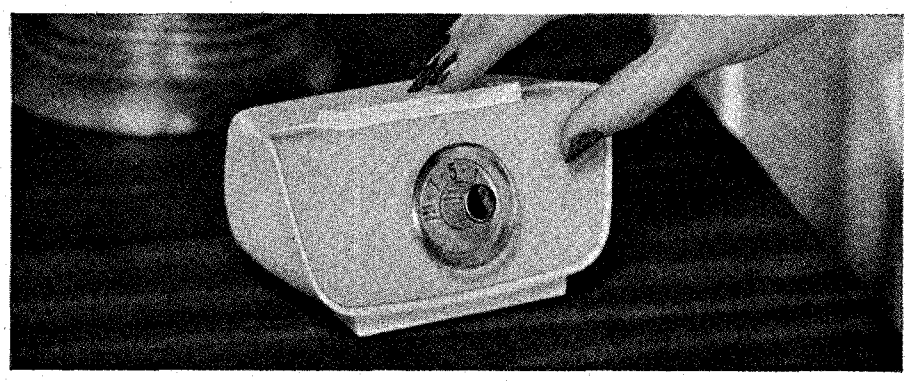

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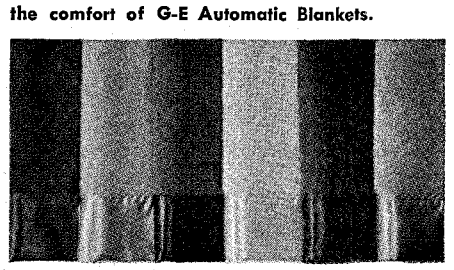

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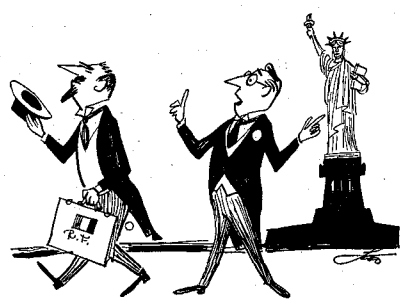
Letters

Great Copper Lady

Dear Sirs:

How Noel Clad has disillusioned me! Since reading his MAN WITH A SECRET [Sept. 22], I have been nervously awaiting a report that France has recalled her



ambassador and severed diplomatic relations with the United States.

I'll wager there are going to be a host of mad Frenchmen when they discover that we have replaced their generous gift to America with a replica in conventional stone. . . .

I have always held a fraternal regard for our hospitable Lady of Liberty, believing that she was internally bolted or wired together—even as you and I—but now? ? ? ?

HARRY W. GLOSSBRENNER
Indianapolis, Ind.

● *Author Clad's reference to the Statue of Liberty as "the great stone lady" was wrong. The statue is made of hand-hammered copper plates supported by an iron framework. The base is of granite and concrete.—ED.*

Curb the Hot-Rodders?

DEAR SIRS:

GRATIFIED AT POST POSITION IN "HOW CAN WE TAKE HEAT OUT OF THE HOT RODS?" [EDITORIAL, SEPT. 22] AS FURTHER EVIDENCE OF FEELING OF LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS ON THE SUBJECT, THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIEFS OF POLICE AT ITS 63RD ANNUAL CONFERENCE (SEPT 9–13) IN CHICAGO ROUNDLY CONDEMNED DRAG STRIPS "AS A FACILITY FOR INDIVIDUALS TO COMPETE IN SPEED EVENTS AND IN DRIVING PRACTICES GENERALLY CONSIDERED UNSAFE IN NORMAL TRAFFIC" AND RECOMMENDED THAT LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES REFRAIN FROM PARTICIPATING IN THE ESTABLISHMENT AND/OR OPERATION OF DRAG STRIPS OR OTHER SIMILAR ACTIVITY DESIGNED FOR SPEED CONTESTS. THE ACP FURTHER SUGGESTED TO ITS MEMBERS AND ALL ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES THAT THEY STRIVE TO CHANNEL ENTHUSIASM NOW SHOWN FOR DRAG STRIPS INTO HIGH SCHOOL DRIVER TRAINING AND PUBLIC SAFETY EDUCATION "BELIEVED TO HAVE THE GREATEST POTENTIAL INSOFAR AS EVENTUAL SOLUTION (OF THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM) IS CONCERNED."

RAY ASHWORTH, ACTING DIRECTOR
TRAFFIC DIV., INTERNATIONAL ASS'N. OF CHIEFS OF POLICE & TRAFFIC INSTITUTE
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
EVANSTON, ILL.

Dear Sirs:

To state that "the automobile should be used solely as a means of transportation . . . not . . . as a means of expressing emotional impulses" displays the same thinking that enacted the Prohibition Amendment. The gleaming chrome, three-tone colors, push buttons, etc., of today's cars contribute little as a "means of transportation," but do much for the emotional satisfaction of their owners. . . .

The organized speed group [associated] with a drag strip certainly offers safer usage than impromptu highway races, and demands that the members subscribe to a strict code of highway and street driving ethics.

MARTIN A. VAN HOWE
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I have yet to read a really competent analysis of the hot-rod movement and its various events by any publication other than a motoring journal.

Yours is no exception.

Might I suggest that you consult and study the leaders of this hot-rod dragging movement before you so glibly quote organizations which certainly have no positive concern over the movement?

GERALD E. SHEPARDSON
St. Paul, Minn.

● *Organizations like the American Automobile Association and the National Safety Council wouldn't be meeting their responsibilities if they didn't examine the possible consequences of the hot-rod drag strips.—ED.*

Rocky's Record

Dear Sirs:

Rocky Marciano's boxing story is terrific; real human interest [I FOUGHT ALL THE WAY, as told to Milton Gross and Al Hirshberg, Sept. 15–Oct. 20].

PETE MONTESI
Danbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

It seems regrettable that fiercely courageous, undefeated Champion Rocky Marciano should have to defend his intelligent decision to retire. . . .

In retiring when he did, the thirty-three-year-old Rocky administered a knockout punch to his own worst fistic enemy: advancing years. I join millions of Americans everywhere in wishing our beloved "Champ" and his family the best of health and happiness in the years ahead.

STEPHEN MCK. MITCHELL
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed Rocky's article (part one), but can't see how you can imagine all of us readers to be so interested that you plan to stretch this out for a month and a half. Part one told the whole story. Why he fought, how he neglected his family, why he quit—the end! . . .

How about a 15 part deal by Elvis on Why I Wear My Sideburns Long?

JERRY PULLIAM
Sterling, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Rocky Marciano makes me sick. By reading his story, one gets the impression that by being the World's Heavyweight Champion, it is a misfortune, rather than an honor. It is probably true that his wife was unhappy, and lonely at times, but then, how many men have ever been able to achieve the goal that Rocky arrived at? Sacrifices must be made when such a title is at stake.

STEVE PANTANO
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Here in the United States the art of boxing has (Continued on Page 6)

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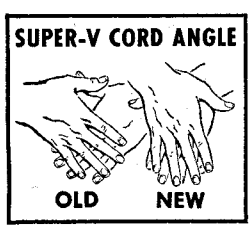
TAKE A LOOK AT THE '57 CARS WITH THE

New B.F.Goodrich '57 Tubeless Tire

AVAILABLE IN 14″ and 15″ SIZE—FITS YOUR PRESENT CAR

New DELUXE Silvertown lowers the look, eases the ride, improves the high-speed performance



Car design turns another corner in 1957—and on new B.F.Goodrich Tubeless Tires. The new cars will be longer looking, lower looking, easier riding, with improved tire performance at high speeds. The picture above concentrates on the feature that makes it possible—the new B. F. Goodrich '57 Tubeless Tires.

The B. F. Goodrich Deluxe Silvertown Tubeless for '57 is re-engineered with a new Super-V cord construction. The cord angle is narrower (see diagram above), increasing tire stability. And the whole appearance of the tire is changed.

The new design, combined with new white-wall styling, makes the car's wheels look smaller, the car look lower and longer. The increased stability improves high-speed performance to give you an even greater margin of safety at normal speeds. And the car rides easier. The tire's tread, too, has a new design which is quieter on turns and stops, and with the greatest safety available for today's turnpike speeds.

All this safety is in addition to the patented Tubeless blowout protection invented by B.F. Goodrich.

Give your present car the new '57 look. The B. F. Goodrich Deluxe Silvertown Tubeless, chosen as standard equipment for the '57 cars in both 14″ and 15″ sizes, fits your present wheels.

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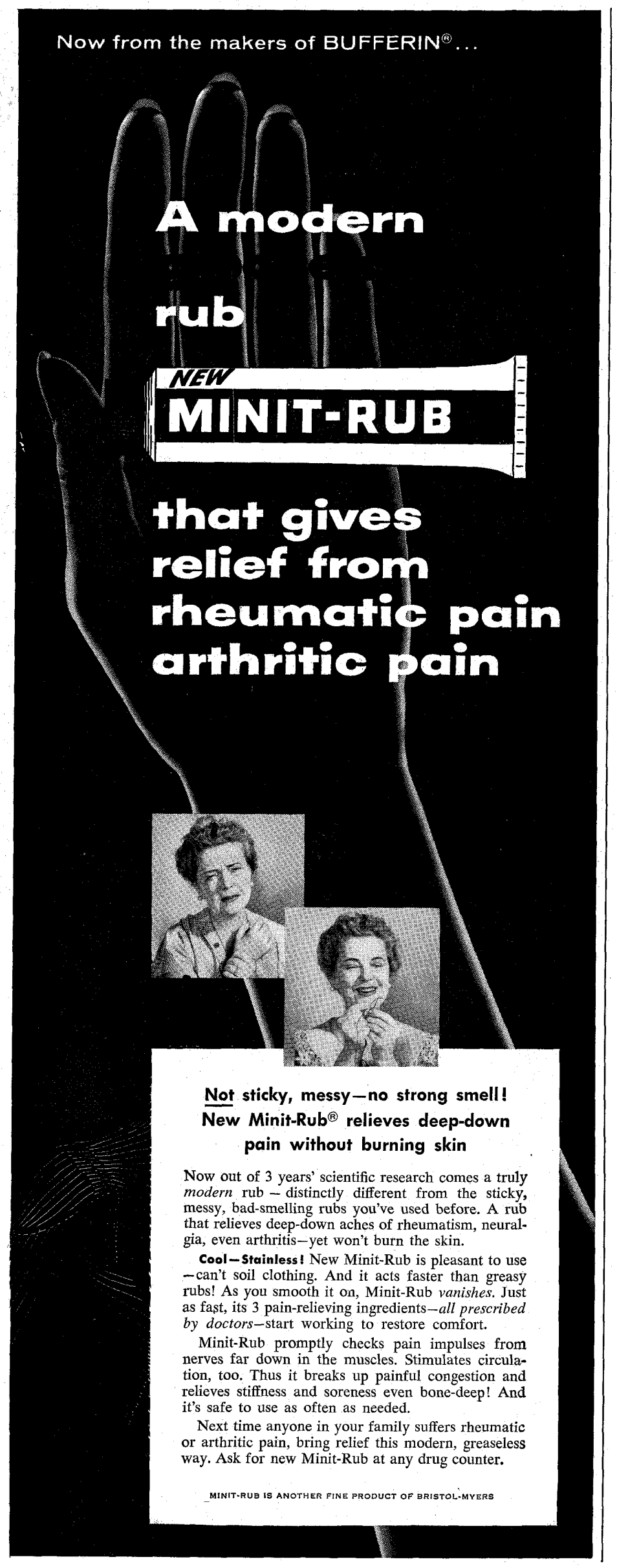
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A modern rub
NEW
MINIT-RUB
that gives relief from rheumatic pain arthritic pain
Not sticky, messy—no strong smell!
New Minit-Rub® relieves deep-down pain without burning skin
Now out of 3 years' scientific research comes a truly modern rub – distinctly different from the sticky, messy, bad-smelling rubs you've used before. A rub that relieves deep-down aches of rheumatism, neuralgia, even arthritis—yet won't burn the skin.
Cool—Stainless! New Minit-Rub is pleasant to use—can't soil clothing. And it acts faster than greasy rubs! As you smooth it on, Minit-Rub vanishes. Just as fast, its 3 pain-relieving ingredients—all prescribed by doctors—start working to restore comfort.
Minit-Rub promptly checks pain impulses from nerves far down in the muscles. Stimulates circulation, too. Thus it breaks up painful congestion and relieves stiffness and soreness even bone-deep! And it's safe to use as often as needed.
Next time anyone in your family suffers rheumatic or arthritic pain, bring relief this modern, greaseless way. Ask for new Minit-Rub at any drug counter.
MINIT-RUB IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

reverted to the atavism of the ancient Roman arena. Science is out the window and the game has degenerated into a barroom brawl. In the heavier-weight divisions, at least, the Queensberry rules are completely ignored. Gouging, hitting in the clinch, butting, wrestling, etc., is common practice.

However much Marciano may love home and mother, he was indeed champion of the above brutal tactics.

I am surprised and disappointed that SEP has stooped to foster this sort of legalized mayhem.

REV. GEORGE A. HUMPHRIES
Bingham, Me.

Kaffeeklatsch

Dear Sirs:

What a disservice you are doing to financially worried, union-ridden, employee-bulldozed, etc., employers with your Face of America: COFFEE BREAK [photograph by Ivan Dmitri, Sept. 22].

Especially "It's ten o'clock in the morning, and everybody quits work," when, as a matter of fact, the worker (so-called) has his brain still enshrouded in cobwebs at such an unearthly hour. . . .

Why not make the legal working hours from 12 to 2 with an hour off for lunch?

ALEXANDER TAYLOR
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed your "Face of America" picture of a coffee break . . . as much as I enjoy my own coffee break at the factory where I work.

Got quite a chuckle, though, over that man in the background looking at his watch. No doubt about it—he must be the boss. But let's sympathize with him . . . those happy employees look like their 10-minute break has already hit the 23-minute mark, with no sign of breaking up.

MRS. HELEN COVENEY
Hawthorne, Cal.

Victor Riesel

Dear Sirs:

The fine article in the Sept. 15th issue . . . by Victor Riesel [THE NIGHT THAT CHANGED MY LIFE] touched me deeply. . . . If anyone in this world deserves love and encouragement, he does. My deepest prayers are that he will in some way regain this sight. His wonderful spirit to carry on will encourage others.

MRS. MARGUERITE S. BURGERT
Escondido, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

This story should be made available to every member of a union in the North America continent and if the officials of said unions are sincere in stamping out such elements within their unions they will make this possible.

Through Mr. Riesel's sightless eyes the hard-working, honest union man may see the best path to follow with honorable leadership.

JOHNNY CLINGINGSMITH
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Riesel's last sentence reads: "There are no tears in my eyes." There were in mine.

C. G. CANTRELL
Tampa, Fla.

Perambulating Posts

Dear Sirs:

Speaking of well-traveled Saturday Evening Posts, as you did recently in your Letters department (issue of Sept. 15) our copies of the magazine take quite a journey. We have long had the habit of passing them on to our foreign correspondents and they in turn send them on to others. According to them, the present itinerary is about as follows: First to the Philippines, then to Kajang, Malaya, then to Lunuwulla, Ceylon, then to Tutticoria, India. Then to Saudi Arabia, then to a young Russian sailor who manages to get them to his father in Moscow.

HARRISON LUNSFORD
Hammond, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Several years back when our son was a missionary in S. India for nearly nine continuous years, we regularly sent our SEP to him each week; when his family finished with it, it was passed around to the very few other missionaries, to eventually be worn out by those natives and others hungry for what the SEP contained.

HUBERT REYNHOUT
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I have taken The Saturday Evening Post regularly since I came to this country in 1905 and have forwarded them to my brother in England the following week, since September, 1909, continuously until March of this year, when he came to this country for a visit.

During World War One he did not miss a copy, but two or three failed to reach him during World War Two.

I am again sending my copies of The Saturday Evening Post to him, and they are passed on to several friends, finally winding up in the local hospital.

ALFRED LUCK
Newton, Iowa

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Ivan Dmitri. • 23, 24, 25–Ken Riley. • 26–Lawrence H. Presby, two from Miami Herald; anonymous. • 27–Bette E. Barber, Cincinnati Police Department, Miami Beach Police Department, two from Columbus Police Department; Miami Beach Police Department, anonymous. • 28, 29–Harvey Caplin. • 30–Earl Mayan. • 31–International. 32–Ollie Atkins, Frank Ross. • 33–Peter F. Petraglia, International (Detroit Times), Frank Ross, International. • 34, 35–Bernard D'Andrea. • 36–Sid Avery. • 37–Leon Tadrick. • 38, 39–Gus Pasquarella. • 40, 41–Margery Lewis. • 42, 43–Coby Whitmore. 44, 45–Larry Keighley. • 51–Hans Knopf. • 53–A! Muenchen. • 56–Parade Magazine. 58–Miami Herald. • 144–Clayton Evans, Bill Bailey, anonymous, Rolls House Publishing Co. Ltd., Ollie Atkins.

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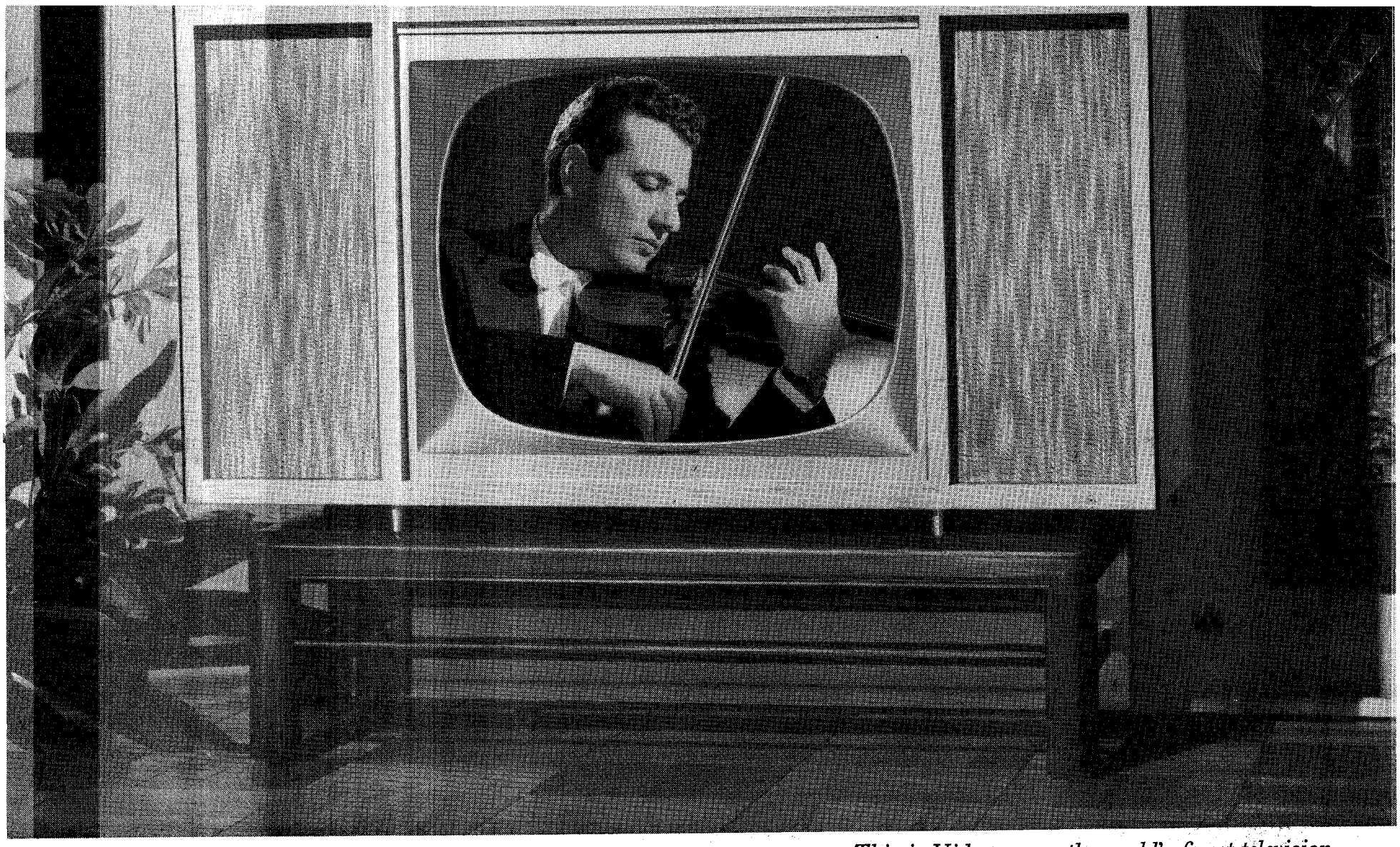

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Here is exciting new Stereosonic Sound—the sound that surrounds you from four high fidelity speakers and the only dual-channel amplifier in television. Here, too, is a living picture—none clearer, none finer. This is Videorama, real as life.

Now Magnavox gives you the most thrilling achievement in fine television instruments—the first and the only *high fidelity* television. The Videorama shown here is housed in a distinctive fine-furniture cabinet that represents a smart new idea in horizontal design. The large 21″ picture (diagonal measure) has a chromatic optical filter and reflection barrier which eliminate washout from lights and glare. Top-tuning controls are concealed by a sliding panel. Optional: superior Magnavox remote control that controls *everything* from where you sit—channel, on-off, volume, brightness, fine tuning. A memorable experience in both sight and sound—the Videorama, in hand-rubbed Syntex mahogany color finish, $329.50 (VHF).

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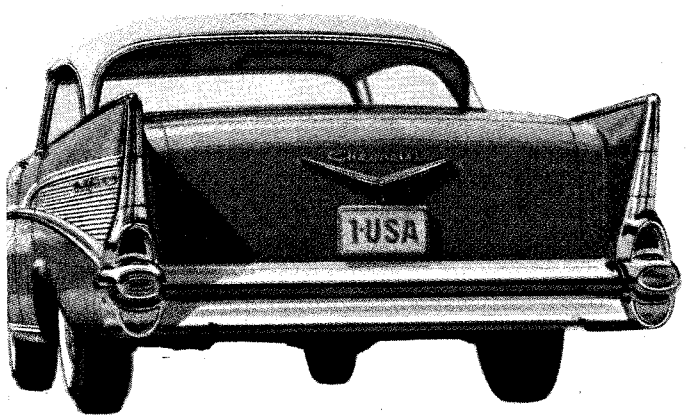
SMOOTH AND SASSY!



Chevy's new beauty wins going away! Body by Fisher, of course.

Chevy's new and Chevy shows it—from its daring new grille and stylish, lower bonnet to the saucy new slant of its High-Fashion rear fenders. It's longer, too, and looks it.

And new style is just the start. There are new V8 power options ranging up to 245* h.p. Then, you've a choice of *two* automatic drives as extra-cost options. There's an even finer Powerglide, and new Turboglide with Triple-Turbine take-off.

Go see the new car that goes 'em all one better. Your Chevrolet dealer's got it! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

1-USA
'57 CHEVROLET

**A special 270-h.p. engine also available at extra cost. Also revolutionary Ramjet fuel injection engines with up to 283 h.p. in Corvette and passenger car models.*

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Editorials

Those Nixon Haters Never Tell You Why!

One infuriating feature of the still-very-much-alive campaign against Vice-President Richard Nixon is the bland acceptance by the anti-Nixon crusaders of a double standard of morality, which always gives Nixon the worst of it. This goes back to the first major effort to "dump Nixon," which took place early in the 1952 campaign. The charge against Nixon was that he had accepted money from some supposedly unsavory people in California to further his political career. It turned out that a group of Nixon's friends had raised a fund to make it possible for him to run for Congress, where they believed, with commendable foresight, that he would do useful service to the country. It later appeared that Governor Stevenson had sponsored an almost identical private fund in Illinois raised for the purpose, in Stevenson's own words, "of recruiting and retaining for government service men of ability and competence and devotion."

The busy bees in the anti-Nixon movement are still buzzing about the Nixon fund, but the Stevenson counterpart is seldom mentioned.

Or, to take a more recent instance, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt smugly accused Nixon of calling Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas a communist when they were running against each other for the Senate in 1950. The facts are that Nixon displayed to the people of California Mrs. Douglas' voting record in the House. That record included votes against aid to Greece and Turkey, against selective service in 1948, against appropriations for the House Un-American Activities Committee and against efforts to exorcise communists from Government departments. Nixon did not call Mrs. Douglas a communist, and to accuse him of doing so would constitute a "smear" if the victim were anybody but Nixon. But not even the righteous Senator Kefauver, who is always demanding that Nixon apologize for things he didn't do, has suggested that perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt owes Nixon an apology.

Go through the Nixon file, all the way from that supposed bombshell about the "corrupt fund" in 1952 to the last anti-Nixon canard that you can think of, and the pattern is clear. Anything goes, against Nixon. And from him, almost anything he says is a "smear"—particularly if it is a truth which A.D.A. liberals don't want to hear any more about.

It seems to us not too much to suggest to voters, especially young voters who may not have followed these matters over the past ten years, that they might well put in a little time at the public library going into the Nixon record, from the day when he challenged the communist underground—and that's for keeps—by exposing Alger Hiss, to his latest services to America, including friendly and friend-making visits to many lands. A little research of this kind should counteract the effect of the planted lies, innuendoes and twenty-four-hour scandals which have dogged Nixon's footsteps ever since he got into the Hiss case. Such an investigation should also raise the question: How come this one man has been singled out for such vicious attention? Who is behind it?

Any reasonably intelligent and curious investigator would soon find himself replying, "I think I've got the answer to that one!"

The U.S.A. Owes a Lot to Immigrants—and Vice Versa!

One of the most ecstatic American patriots alive is an Armenian immigrant who came to this country as a poor boy, made his way through a tough struggle in his early years and is now proprietor of a distinguished and popular restaurant in San Francisco. In his recently published autobiography, Song of America (McGraw-Hill), George Mardikian relates how, when success had rewarded his early miseries, he tried to work out some way to persuade people in the Old World to re-create there what he had seen in America—"a Jew working with a German, an Armenian working with a Turk, a Pole working with a Russian, without having the least idea of killing each other."

Mardikian finally hit upon the idea of providing scholarships for young people to go to college in the United States and then go home and persuade their neighbors to live as people live in the U.S.A.

"What usually happened with such scholarships? Just what you would expect. The United States turned out to be so wonderful, none of the students ever went back home to tell about it."

To stimulate understanding of what immigrants have contributed to our way of life, there has been established on Liberty Island, formerly known as Bedloe's Island, site of the Statue of Liberty, a Museum of Immigration. To be strictly on the level, the museum might well include waxwork images of Lucky Luciano and other immigrants whose contribution to the totality of our existence generates less gratitude. However, the justification for exhibits on the positive side undoubtedly outweighs the negative.

Without too much knowledge of what the Museum of Immigration will contain, it seems to us inevitable that its most valuable lesson would be the knowledge that immigrants to these shores whose careers are outstanding have been men and women who came here determined to throw in their lot with a new country. Such immigrants, men like Jacob Riis or Michael Pupin or David Sarnoff, have not been content to be members of "minority groups." They have preferred to be simply Americans.

The seamy side of immigration is the rise of "minority" pressure groups, which rely on their nuisance value for special privilege and political preferment.

Readers of Mr. Mardikian's book forget fairly soon that he is an Armenian. They are more likely to remember him as, by all accounts, a magnificent cook and a grand American host. We doubt if it is feasible to stuff him for the Museum of Immigration, but he is the kind of immigrant that ought to be there.

Election Cheaters are Still Busy, With Some New Tricks

The average American citizen who thinks that ballot-box stuffing, graveyard registrations and doctored ballots are relics of the Tweed-Pendergast era, is in for an awful shock when he reads what the experts have to say. According to the Honest Ballot Association, an organization dedicated to the ideal of clean elections, at least 1,000,000 votes were stolen during the presidential election of 1952. Worse, the experts agree that elections are becoming even more crooked.

In the National Municipal Review, Jack Harrison Pollack gives a juicy sampling of the assorted indictments and convictions for ballot frauds which have attracted local attention in various parts of the country since the past two elections. Some of the methods used by our modern greedy ward heelers are time-tested, such as stuffed ballot boxes, "assistance" to "uneducated" voters and padded registration lists. But there are modern variations. With millions of servicemen overseas or otherwise absent from their precincts, the absentee ballot has become a happy hunting ground for the vote stealers. There is also the vote cast in the final minutes before the polls are closed—in the name of someone who is out of town or even in the cemetery.

Many citizens still doubt that contests of major significance are tainted by fraud. They should hark back to the 1952 senatorial election in New Mexico, where incumbent Dennis Chavez nosed out Patrick J. Hurley by 5000 votes after weird goings-on at the polling places. A United States Senate subcommittee on privileges and elections pried into the thing for thirteen months and then concluded that "at least 55,000 New Mexico citizens were deprived of their constitutional right to a secret ballot." The report was replete with descriptions of astonishing irregularities, and it recommended that the New Mexico Senate seat be declared vacant and all questionable votes thrown out. This would have given the victory to Hurley, but the full Senate refused to go along.

It all adds up to the fact that the average American citizen must look sharp if he doesn't want the polling-place sharpies to grab his ballot.

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AVISCO®
CELLOPHANE

fresh as the dew at daybreak

when it's wrapped in AVISCO cellophane

Ever see a dew-soaked countryside at summer sunrise?

Then you know the kind of freshness that's perfectly sealed in cellophane-wrapped fresh fruits and vegetables.

For *moisture* is the key to freshness, and cellophane seals moisture inside the package, seals out moisture-robbing air.

It also seals out hands. You get a clean, well-protected product—one that hasn't been worked over by other shoppers.

You get more economy, too, because you don't pay for waste. No bruised and wilted leaves to peel off, nothing to throw away. Fresh fruits and vegetables are practically table-ready when they come sealed in cellophane.

And you get quicker service at the store. Cellophane-packaged garden produce is already preweighed, prepriced and pretrimmed to speed you through the check-out lane.

When you shop for fresh produce, remember: you get a fresher, cleaner, more appetizing product when it's sealed in Avisco cellophane.

American Viscose Corporation, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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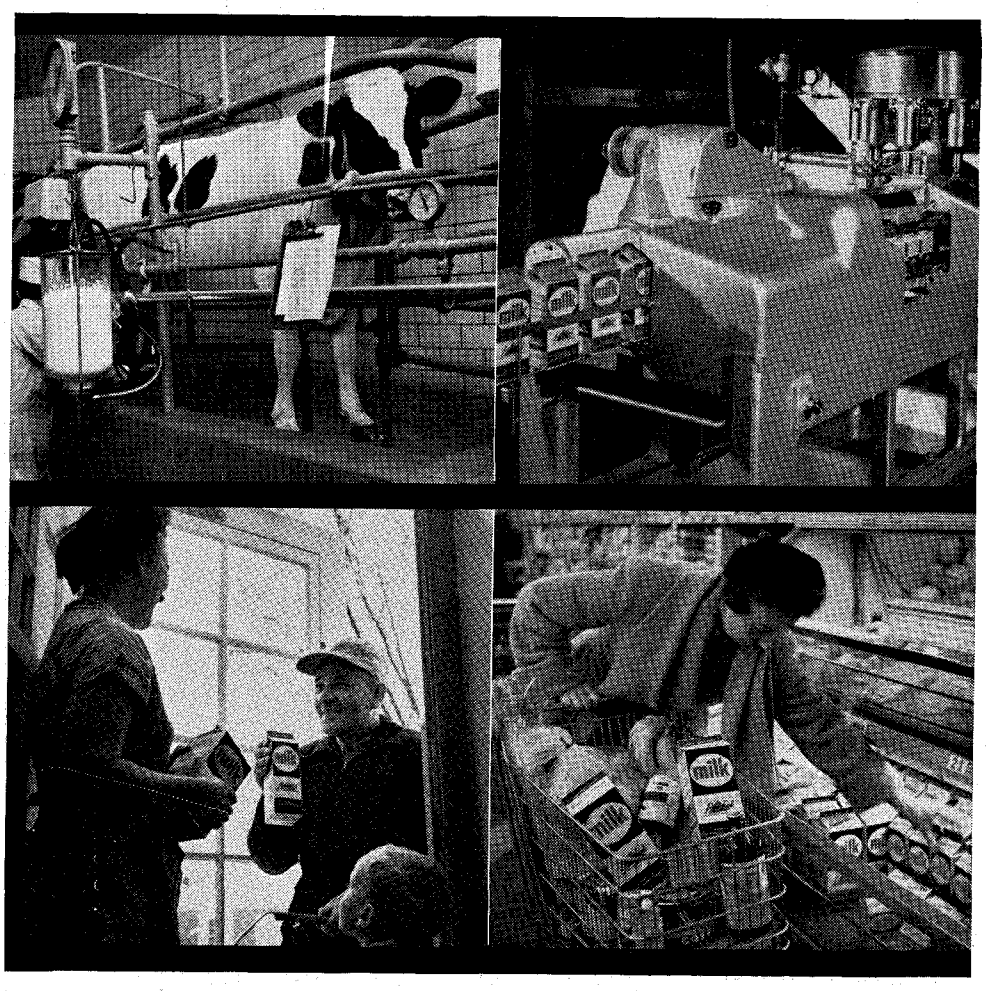
"Let me tell you the thrilling NEW STORY OF MILK"

says Bob Considine, famous reporter, author, star of radio and TV

See all the exciting new things that have happened to your glass of milk—from dairy farm through processing . . .



. . . including the modern, improved container your milk is delivered in . . . at your store or at your door.

"I'm just back from a swing around the country, covering the dairy industry, and I've got a story that has needed telling for a long time," says INS reporter Bob Considine. "I've learned how this industry has transformed itself into a modern marvel of streamlined service to the health and welfare of the nation. I want you to see The New Story of Milk, a full color motion picture that lets you in on all the drama behind the quart of milk at your door."

We know you'll enjoy the interesting tale Bob Considine narrates in The New Story of Milk. You'll see significant contrasts between the Old and the New—the nostalgic scenes of yesteryear's leisurely, old fashioned handling of milk . . . and the swift, sanitary methods which speed pure milk to you today.

In full natural color, this motion picture reveals how a modern dairy farm is run, how milk is transported, the sparkling cleanliness of your city's dairies, and the splendid advances in milk packaging for your convenience and protection.

The New Story of Milk is educational, unusual. Your entire family will enjoy seeing it. This motion picture will soon be shown in your community. Watch for it on TV or call your dairy now and arrange a showing for your civic, church or school group.

Dairymen: see the premiere of this dramatic film on color TV in the Pure-Pak Booth at the Dairy Industry Exposition in Atlantic City Oct. 29 through Nov. 3.

"The New Story of Milk" has been produced as a public service by Pure-Pak Division,

Ex-Cell-O Corporation, manufacturers of Pure-Pak® milk packaging equipment

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BOB CONSIDINE, OF INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE. The "reporters' reporter," whose global-beat column, "On The Line," appears in hundreds of newspapers. Radio and TV have made him a familiar and welcome visitor in homes from coast to coast. War correspondent; author of many books, including "The Babe Ruth Story"; editor of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," and "General Wainwright's Story"; *author of the M-G-M documentary* picture on the atom bomb, "The Beginning Or The End". *Bob Considine*—America's most respected by-line!

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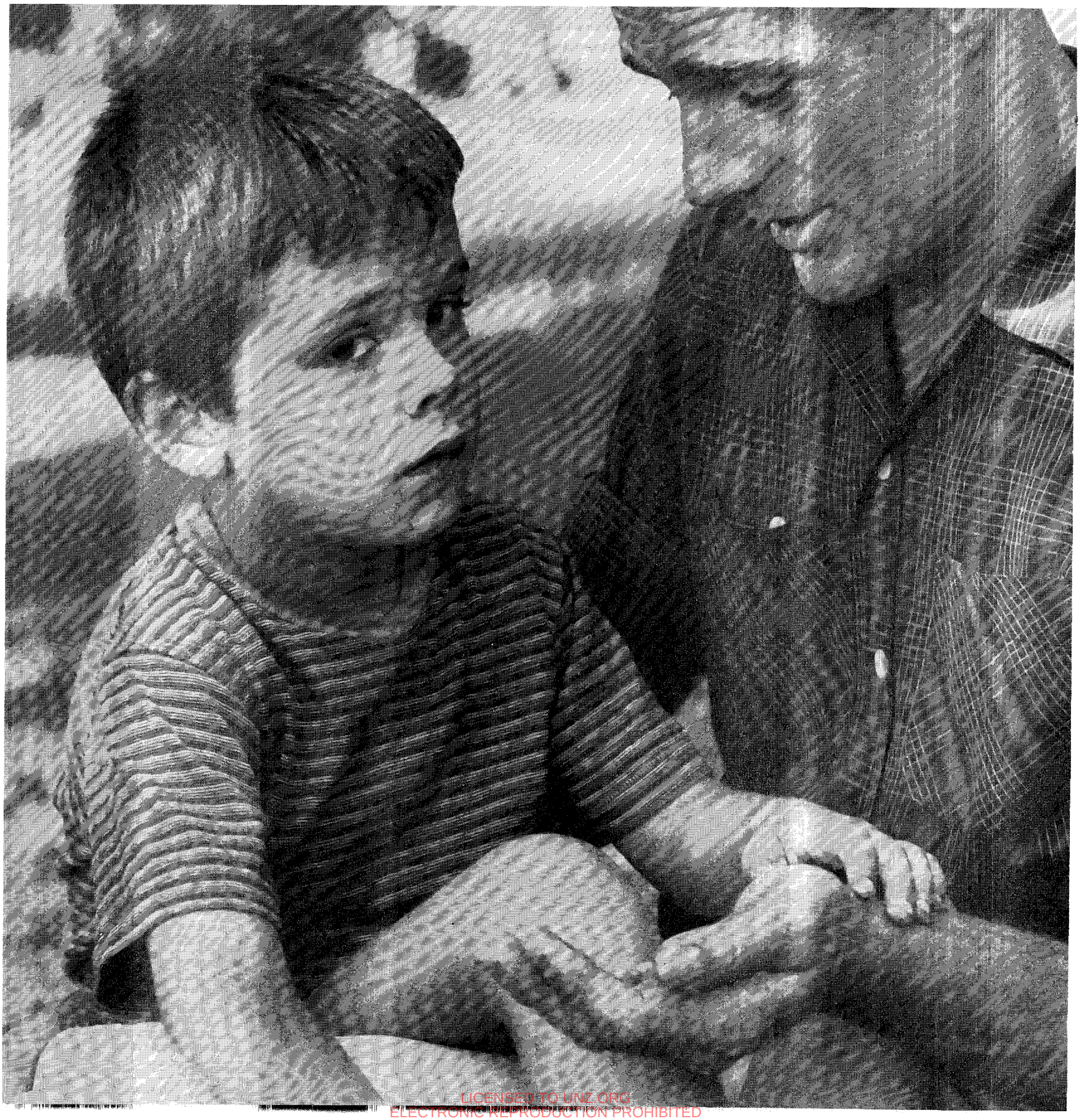

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THE ANSWER

for men who need

(but think they can't afford)

at least $10,000

more life insurance!

New York Life's popular Whole Life policy protects your family at a low premium cost—builds high cash values fast!

Here's a policy that offers permanent life insurance in an "economy size package." Because the minimum amount is $10,000, savings are possible which are passed along to you and make the premiums much lower than they would otherwise be. For a man of 35, for example, the annual premium for standard life insurance is only $23.59 per $1,000. And rates are correspondingly low for all ages.

Low as the premiums are, Whole Life builds up *high cash values* quickly—equal, in fact, to the full reserve after only seven years! These values are a source of ready cash available for emergencies.

Dividends payable on Whole Life can be used to reduce the premium payments. Or, you can allow dividends to accumulate, increasing the policy's cash value. Or, you can apply them under other available options. The low premiums, high cash values and dividends combine to make Whole Life unusually attractive.

If you have been telling yourself that you ought to have more life insurance to protect your family or your business—but have been putting it off because you think you can't afford it—ask your New York Life agent for all the facts about Whole Life, or mail the coupon below, today!

NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT IN YOUR COMMUNITY IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Life Insurance

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Dept. EP-19, 51 Madison Avenue
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nylic

Please furnish me, without obligation, your booklet, "Measuring Your Family Security."

NAME_____ AGE_____

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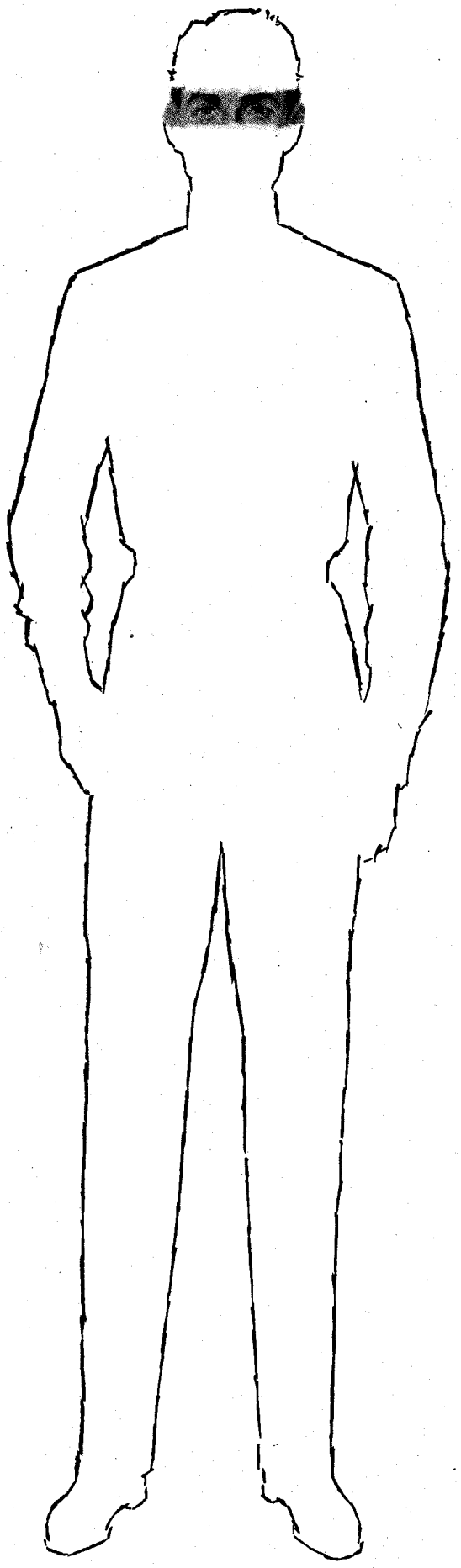
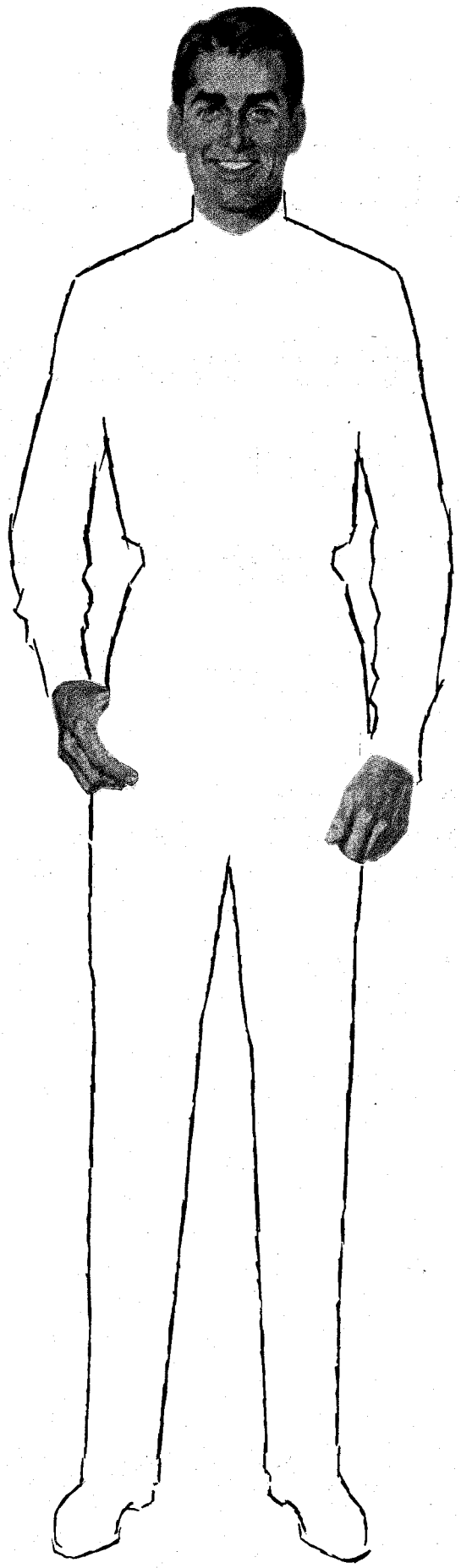


your eyes tell
people a lot
about you-



so does your
face-your hands:
they're all of <u>you</u>
that people see-

the other 90%
of what they see
is what you wear.

Dress Right - you

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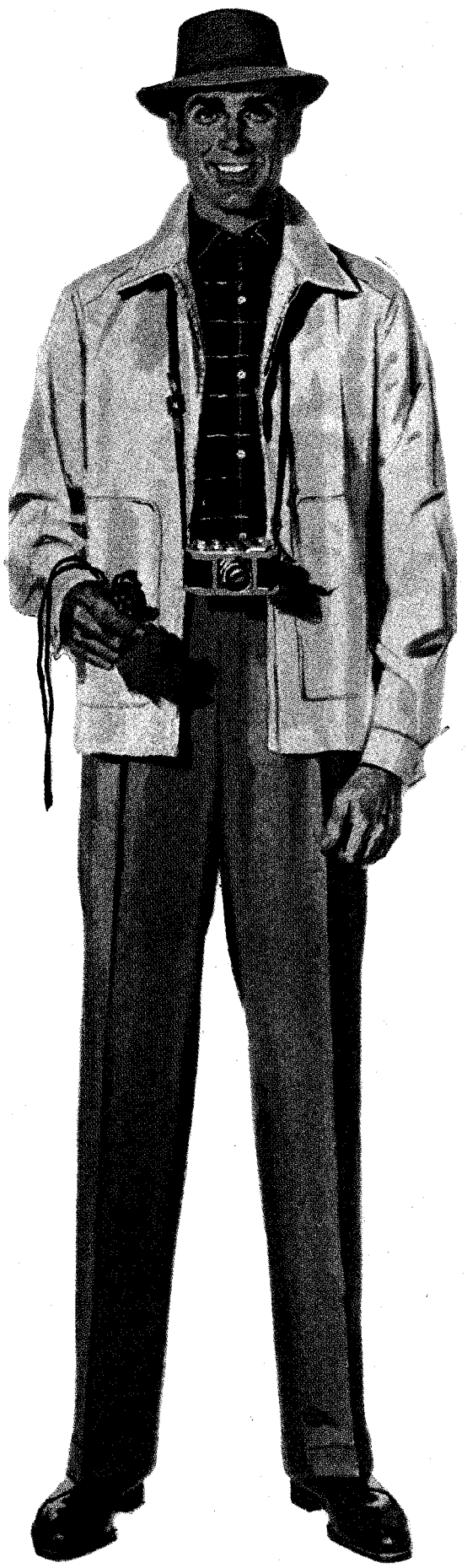


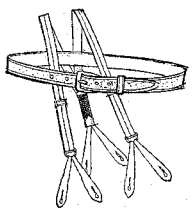
yes, every minute
of every hour
of every day-

what you wear
never stops talking
about you

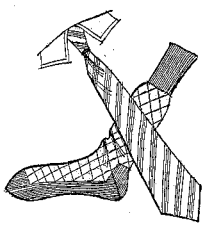
How to **Dress Right** for every occasion

When you look your best—that's when you *do* your best! Dress right . . . in play clothes, church clothes, school clothes, work clothes . . . and you go through the day with a comfortable, *confident* feeling. Then you do a better job, bowl a better frame, smack a longer drive, make a bigger hit with *her!*

It's never too early to start. *Dressing right is a knack. It's a habit. You don't have to be a "sharpie" or a "dude"; you don't have to dress UP. Learn what looks best on* you. *The style of a collar. The cut of a coat. The kind of a hat. Ask the salesman in any store that displays the Dress Right emblem for advice about* you. *He'll have a lot of helpful hints. If he suggests something new, don't be afraid to* try it!



Always, all ways, be neat. Keep the shine on your shoes and not on your pants. Make sure your clothes hang right—keep the slack out of your slacks! A good-looking belt or a pair of suspenders that go well with the rest of your outfit can do wonders for your whole appearance by making your trousers look the way their manufacturer intended them to. And while *you* don't see your socks every time you take a step, other people do. A pair of socks that stays up is one of the *neatest* buys you can make.



Speaking of socks, how's the pair you're wearing right now? How do they go with your tie and your suit? A few extra seconds to choose the *right* socks, the *right* tie before you go out...that's time well spent! Little details can make a whale of a difference in what your clothes tell the world about *you.*

can't afford not to!

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear

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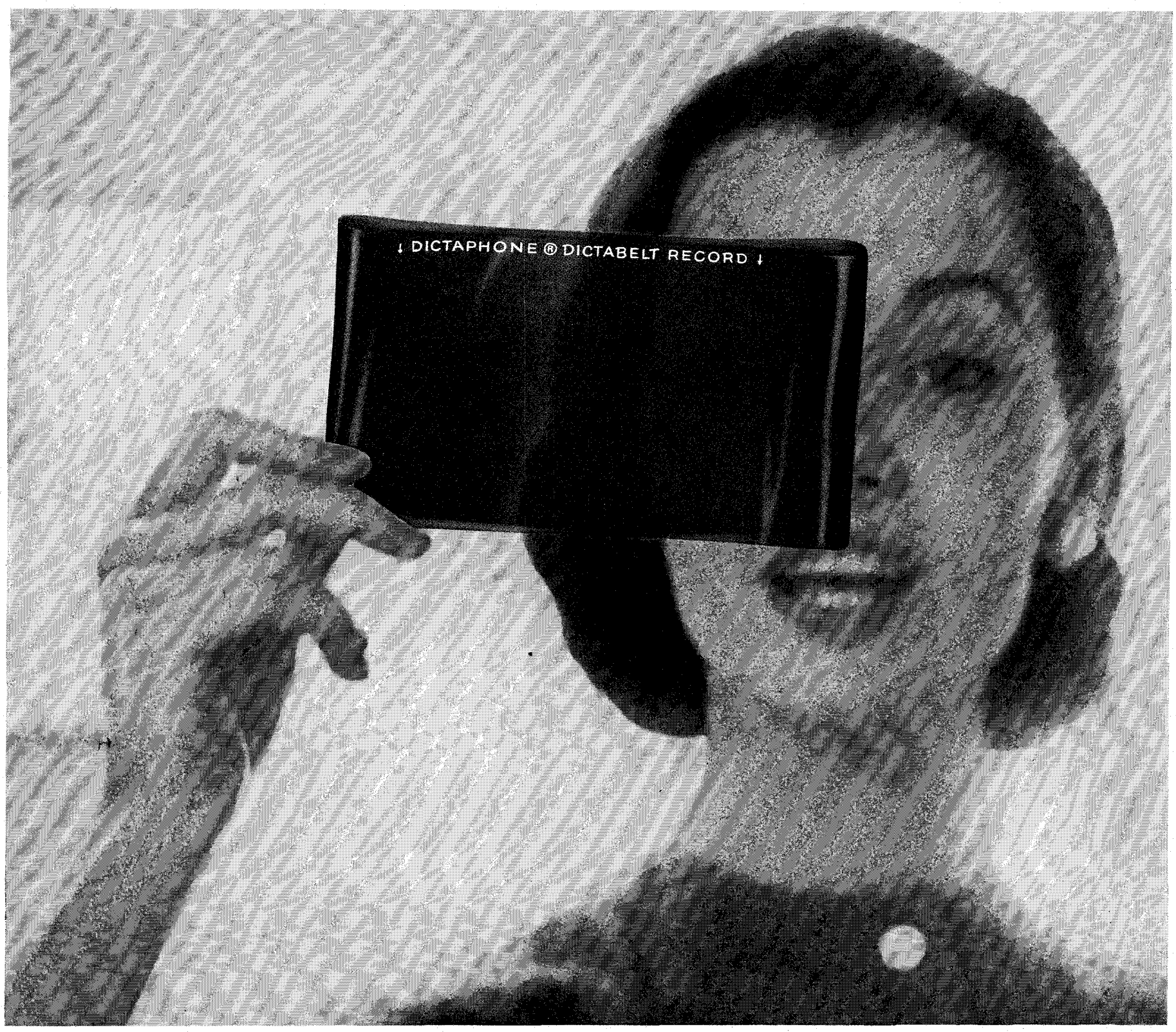

things look rosier at the office since her boss began dictating on Dictabelt records

The Dictaphone TIME-MASTER *dictating machine and Dictaphone's exclusive* DICTABELT *record.*

SINCE the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER dictating machine came to the office, life's been a lot more pleasant for this secretary—and her boss.

He dictates onto Dictaphone's crystal-clear DICTABELT records any time—without waiting for her to drop her work and run in with a shorthand pad. And no longer must she break dates for overtime dictation.

Her typing goes faster, easier and more accurately with DICTABELTS, too. And she can schedule her day to avoid bunching up of work at going-home time.

Unique DICTABELT advantages that have made the TIME-MASTER by far the world's leader among all dictating machines:

DICTABELTS are unbreakable, flexible—can be mailed or filed like a letter. Dictation is recorded *visibly* so you can't lose your place; *permanently* so it can't be erased or changed.

DICTABELTS are easy to use and their real cost is less than any other dictating medium—slip on and off in a second.

All in all, DICTABELT and the TIME-MASTER can save time and effort for any boss and secretary. Call your local Dictaphone office for a free desk trial or information about our rental plan. Or write Dictaphone, Dept. W, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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In Canada, write Dictaphone Corporation, Ltd., 204 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto . . . in England, Dictaphone Company, Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London W.1. Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trade-marks of Dictaphone Corporation.

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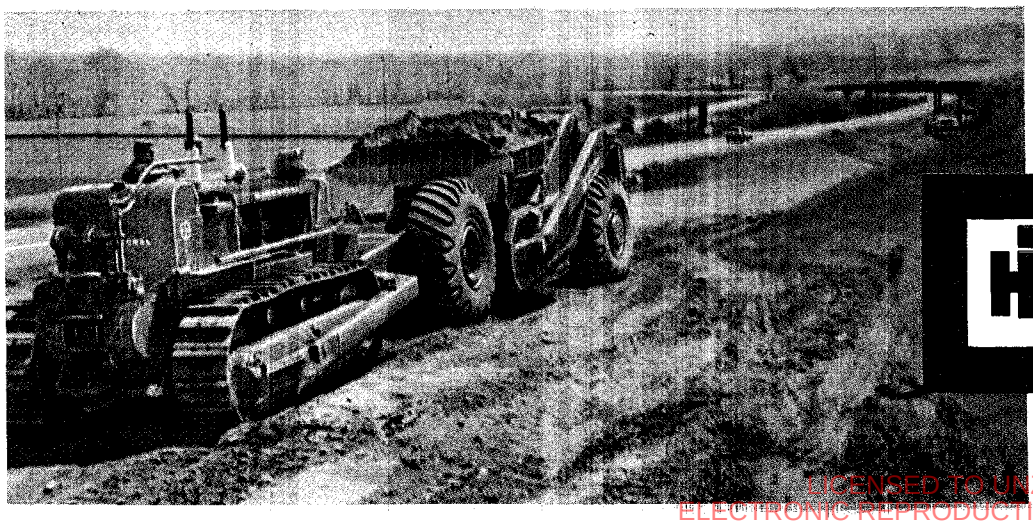
INTERNATIONAL POWER...

ALL BLAZER for your Superhighways!

This International TD-24 crawler-dozer unit is carving the way for a new section of highway in Oregon. With finger-tip steering and constant power on both tracks, the big dozer quickly and safely opens right-of-way through timber-covered mountainside.

With the right-of-way cleared, modern earthmoving equipment like this International Payscraper and TD-24 "pusher" tractor can roll in to make the dirt fly, hauling up to 22 cu. yd. per load. Thanks to the speed and capacity of these giant machines, tax dollars today buy more miles of good roads than ever.



Pioneering a mile-saving cut-off through rough country takes a steel-nerved operator with nimble, non-slip crawler power at his command. It's a job for International power. Sure-footed, ground-gripping International crawlers provide more safety and bulldozing efficiency than any others!

You'll see these big machines "doubling for dynamite" on all the rugged highway jobs—trail blazing the tough stuff aside, so high-speed, rubber-tired International earthmoving units can take over and turn mountains into easy grades.

That's how your new superhighways start. And from *new* giant, off-the-road haulers to the world's most complete line of motor trucks, there's International equipment to give your tax dollars new mileage-buying power—at every highway building step!

International Harvester Company,
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

International® Construction Equipment

A COMPLETE POWER PACKAGE INCLUDING: Crawler, Wheel, and Pipe-Boom Tractors . . . Self-Propelled Scrapers and Bottom-Dumps . . . Crawler and Rubber-Tired Loaders . . . Off-Highway Trucks . . . Diesel and Carbureted Engines . . . Motor Trucks . . . McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors.

See you at the ROAD SHOW, Chicago, Jan. 28-Feb. 2, 1957

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INTERNATIONAL POWER

INTERNATIONAL Construction Equipment blazes trails for new superhighways. But "IH" doesn't leave the scene till the job's done! As rugged INTERNATIONAL Tractors move on, equally rugged INTERNATIONAL Trucks help finish the job.

Newest aid for American road builders is the great new INTERNATIONAL heavy-duty V-Line with its V-8 engines up to 257 hp.—*most productive V-8 horsepower in any truck!* Thanks to it, you can be traveling your new superhighways sooner!

Sure-footed INTERNATIONAL V-8 six-wheelers work with speed that's almost incredible for their size. They go practically anywhere—carry staggering loads of material that will soon become miles of smooth highway. Their dependability keeps the job moving on schedule—or ahead of it.

As the highways grow all over America, you will see INTERNATIONAL Trucks on the job 'most everywhere, speeding the work and cutting the costs.

What job do you want done better and faster? Which truck can do it? Your INTERNATIONAL Dealer or Branch has the right answer in the world's most complete truck line. Why not call today?

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • CHICAGO

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The dump trucks are two of the great new INTERNATIONAL heavy-duty V-8's. The pickup is the new light-duty four-wheel-drive INTERNATIONAL.

speeds your new roads into reality

INTERNATIONAL® TRUCKS

® Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors • Construction Equipment • McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

See you at the Road Show, Chicago, January 28 to February 2, 1957

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Most Daring Guarantee for Winter Driving!

You Go in Snow or We Pay the Tow!

Enjoy Guaranteed Traction all winter long. Put new General Winter-Cleats on your rear wheels and get a written guarantee that you go in snow or... *we pay the tow!*

There never has been a tire guarantee like it. It takes all the work and worry out of Winter driving.

Reserve a Pair for Your Rear Wheels Now!

Don't wait for the first storm to bog you down. See your General Tire Dealer now. He will reserve a pair in the proper size.

THE

GENERAL

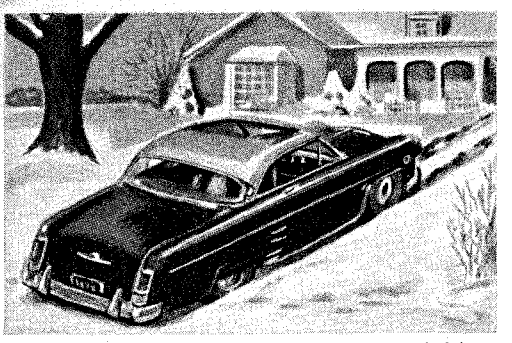
Winter-Cleat

Tubeless or Tube Type • White or Black Sidewalls

Available for the New Cars with 14-inch wheels

THE GENERAL TIRE

NO SPINNING—NO SKIDDING getting away from ice-rutted curbs. General Winter-Cleat power-traction pulls you away easily, quickly.



NO SLIPPING—NO SLIDING on inclined driveways. General Winter-Cleat power-traction makes the going effortless.

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There was a dull, rumbling thud, then a flash of blue flame from the interior of the recording truck. Archy lunged down the slope.

The Secret of Shining Brook

He was a petroleum engineer, an oil snooper,
but when trouble broke out in a wild Canadian boom town,
he found himself prying into murder.

Beginning a new serial By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The man behind the huge flat-topped desk was small and desiccated. He had big, fawnlike ears, and his skull was covered with bristles of faded, pinkish hair. His suit looked as if he had stood under a shower while wearing it. But his small eyes were as bright and beady as a sentinel crow's. If he had swung his chair around, he could have had a magnificent view of the lower Hudson, but he very seldom took the trouble to look. He reached out a clawlike finger which never had known the ministrations of a manicurist and pressed a button. Almost instantly a very neat and competent young man opened the door and stood waiting. The small man regarded him sardonically.

"Was you ever mussed up?" the small man asked.

"Not during business hours," the secretary replied, quite undisturbed.

"Has that young spriggins showed up?"

"He's waiting, Mr. Hawks."

"Boost him in," said the president of the Trans-Oceanic Oil Company.

The secretary turned and motioned, and a young man who might have been thirty or under came through the door. The secretary disappeared. The newcomer was lean, not quite six feet tall, with a dried-out appearance as if all superfluous weight had been sweated off him.

"What's your name?" snapped Mr. Hawks.

"I think you know my name," the young man said.

Hawks narrowed his eyes and glared, which had no appreciable effect. The glare was

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supplanted by an expression that might have been approval. "Don't like bein' shoved around, eh?" he asked.

"Not much," said the young man.

"Sure, I know your name. And a hell of a name it is. Archimedes Bolivar Butts. Sensitive about it?"

"Are you," retorted the young man, "sensitive about William Makepeace Hawks?"

"Sometime," said Mr. Hawks, "you're goin' to irritate somebody and git yourself fired."

"It's happened," rejoined Butts.

"Siddown," said Mr. Hawks. "Smoke?" He extended a cigar.

"Pipe," Butts said.

"I hear tell you're a nosy guy," said Mr. Hawks.

"So what?" Butts wanted to know.

"So I sent for you," Hawks answered.

"Halfway around the world because I'm nosy?"

"Yup. How'd you like Abadan?"

"Stinks. Dysentery. Lousy food. I liked it."

"Then you'll like Alberta," Hawks said. "Forty below. Muskeg. Bugs. Rains. Mire."

"Sounds dandy," Butts replied. "What's about Alberta?"

"You're on your way there," Hawks said.

"Am I? Maybe I don't want to go to Alberta."

"You're a geophysicist, ain't you?"

"Right."

"A geophysicist's a snooper, ain't he? Pryin' into things layin' deep down in the earth?"

"That's a way of saying it."

"Snoopin's snoopin'," Mr. Hawks declared, "whether it's five thousand feet down or on the surface. Takes the same kind of talent. What's science except bein' nosy? You did some surface snoopin' around Abadan."

"I'm inquisitive," Butts answered. "What's haywire in Alberta?"

"Maybe nothing," Hawks answered. "But I got a feelin' in my bones. I got to be president of this blasted comp'ny on account of havin' feelin's in my bones. When I get one I don't just rub with arnica."

"So you want to rub this one with me?"

"Yup," Hawks replied. "I want you should hyper up there. You ain't apt to meet anybody that knows you. How are you on mud?"

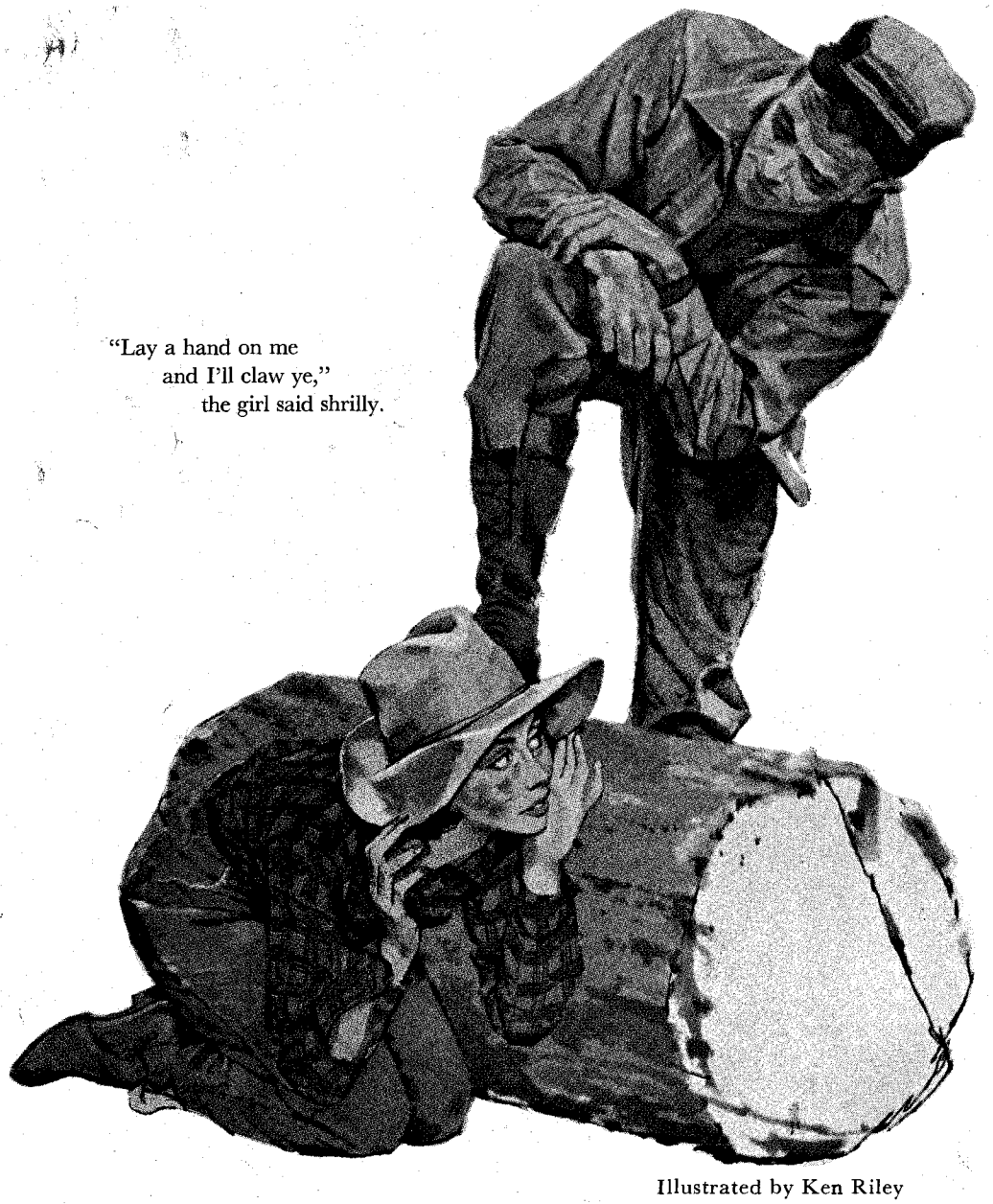
"I was mud engineer in Texas five years ago."

The gentlemen were not talking about mud as one finds it in an unpaved road after a rain, but about something quite, quite different and very, very important in the drilling of an oil well.

"They want a mud man up there," Hawks explained. "I get to hear these things somehow. I wangle it so you get the job."

"So I'm demoted," Butts said ironically.

"Demoted, hell!" snapped Hawks. "You draw down your reg'lar salary, which we deposit here to your account. You draw your salary as mud engineer up there. And you git a bonus if you prove my bones don't ache without a reason. When can you high-tail it for Calgary?"



"Lay a hand on me
and I'll claw ye,"
the girl said shrilly.

Illustrated by Ken Riley

"I'd like a meal at a night club; I'd like to see a show ——"

"This is Thursday. Your transportation will be for Monday."

"Anything to go on?" Butts asked.

"Nothin' to take into court," Hawks said. "Just a hunch somethin's sour. Now clear out. Find you a gal and hit the high spots. I pick up the check. Good luck. You report to me, see? Not here. To my house." Mr. Hawks got up, extended his hand and grinned. "I got a hunch we'll git along. I don't cotton to yes-men."

"Get a girl and hit the high spots," Mr. Hawks had said. Butts shrugged and grinned wryly. He had been for three years in the Near East. He never had been stationed in New York, and had no acquaintances in the city. An enterprising young man with cash in his pocket could equip himself with temporary companionship, but that did not seem attractive. New York itself became suddenly unattractive, and he wished he had arranged to leave immediately for Alberta. It was better to sit in the blistering heat of some cookhouse in the inclement desert with good companions than to dine in the most sumptuous New York restaurant alone.

He took a taxicab uptown to his hotel, where he dawdled about the lobby, bought cigarettes and newspapers and sauntered to the elevators. He did not notice the other passengers who ascended with him, nor who got off at the same floor. He walked down the corridor to his room and opened the door. As he was about to close it with a backward shove, he felt pressure against it, and a voice said, "Let me in, please."

He looked down into gray-green, intent eyes in a small, grave face that somehow surprised him even in this moment of surprises. It was not the sort of face that asked strange men to admit it to their bedrooms.

Butt's eyes traveled downward over a petite, gracious figure to small shoes which had come from no shoe store popular with shopgirls. The gray, tailored suit had come off no hanger, but from the hands of an artist worthy of his hire. There was a necklace which could have been real pearls. She was expensive, but good-taste expensive.

Archimedes Bolivar Butts was nonplused. "Well," he said. "Well."

"May I come in, please?" the girl asked gravely.

He stood aside to permit her to enter, and closed the door. "The idea being?" he asked.

"Necessity," said the girl.

"This," said Butts, "is a new one."

"It's rather new to me," she replied, walking across the room and seating herself in a chair.

"It adds up to what?" he asked.

"Clutching at straws," she answered.

Butts was not a credulous young man. When a situation was suspicious, he was apt to view it with suspicion. He had been called across oceans and a continent upon a confidential mission. Men engaged upon confidential missions do well to keep their eyes open.

"What's my name?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I've no idea," she answered.

"Where did I come from?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't know," she said.

"What is my business?" was his next question.

(Continued on Page 94)

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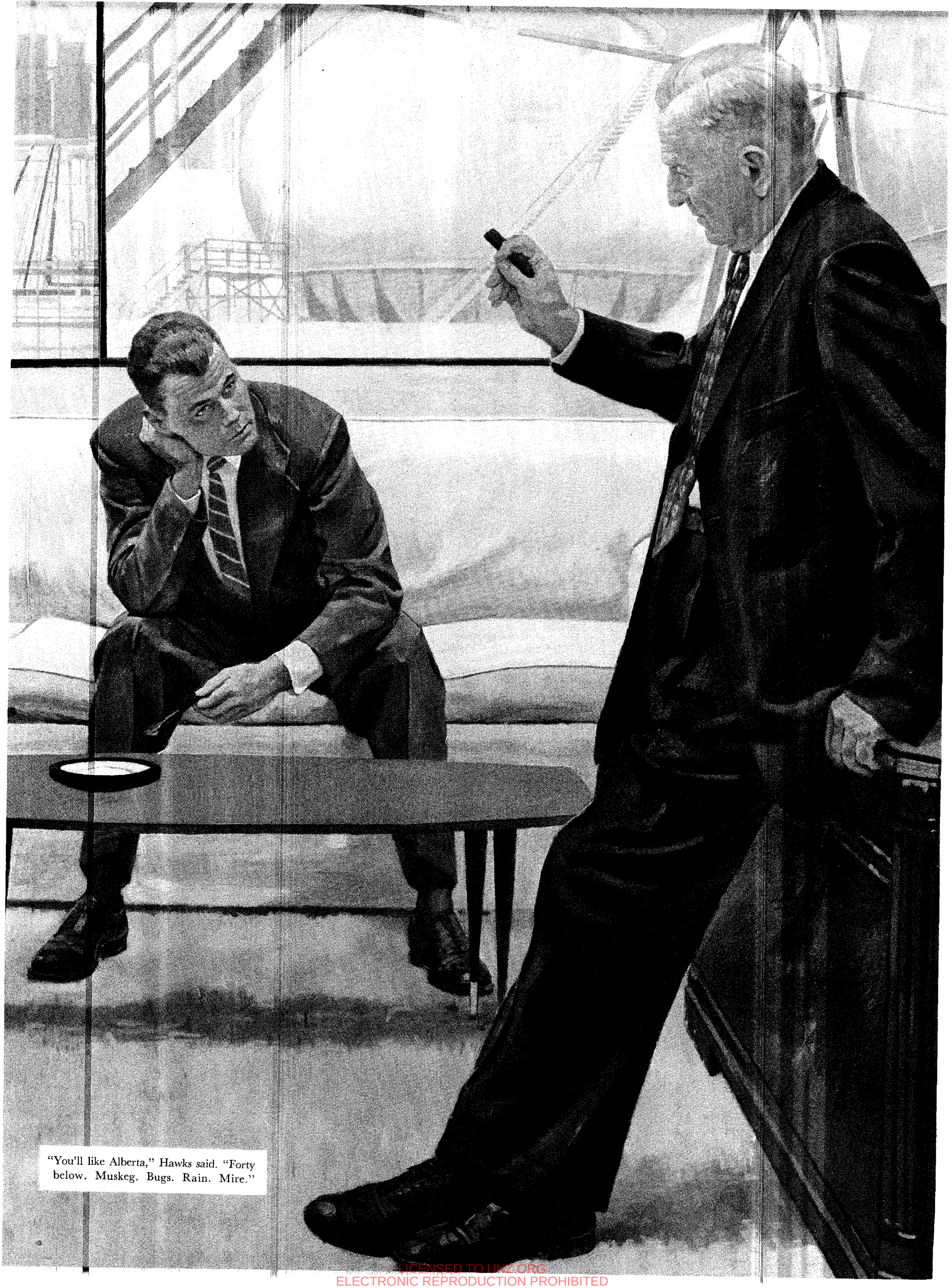

"You'll like Alberta," Hawks said. "Forty below. Muskeg. Bugs. Rain. Mire."

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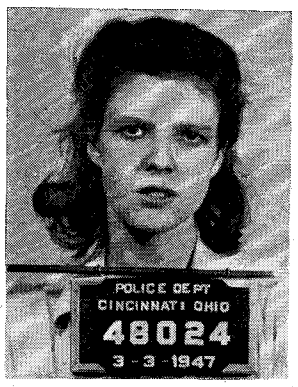
For more than 50 years, police all over the country have been stymied by this elusive clan which preys on suckers. Here's the incredible story of

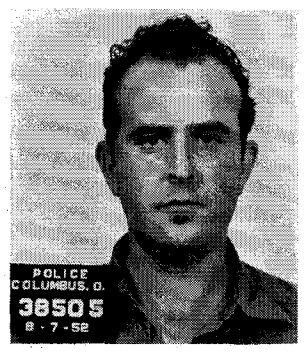
The Terrible Williamsons

By John Kobler

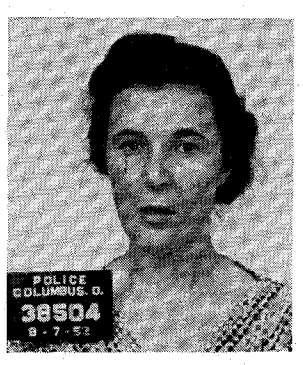


Jean Williamson

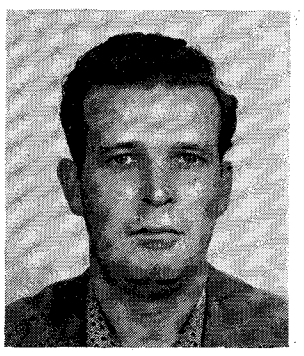
Margaret Jean Williamson



Daniel Williamson



Jean Williamson

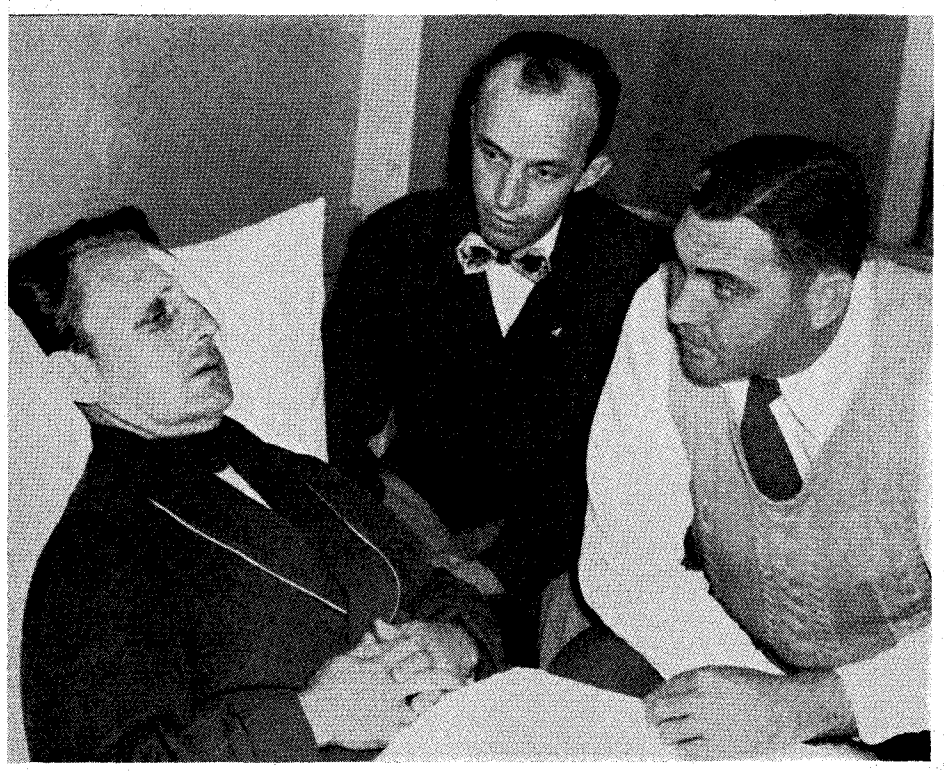

Peter David Williamson

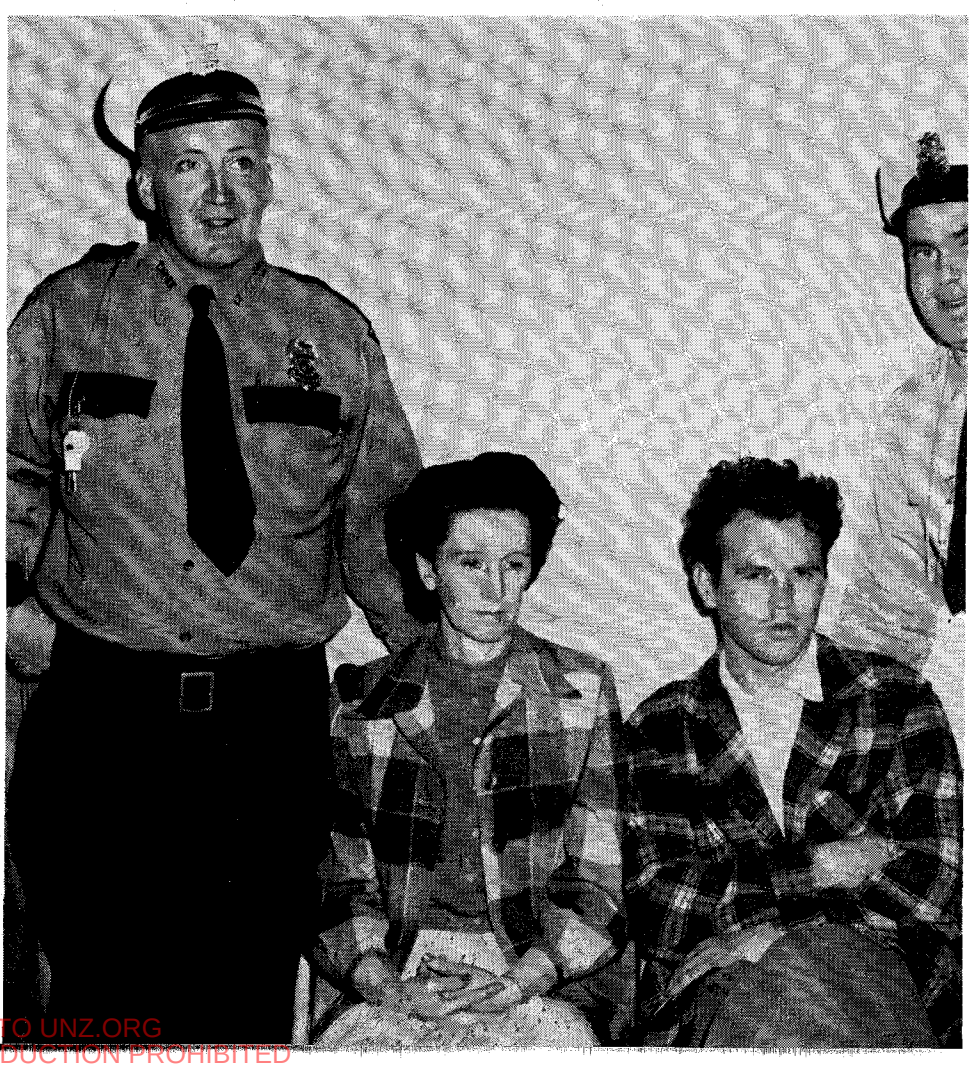
William Williamson

Above: some of the Williamsons as they appear in rogues' gallery. Note the similarity or identity of women's names. It is a clan practice to duplicate first names to confuse the police. William Williamson (*bottom right*) was sentenced for another bad family habit: draft evasion.

Among the craftiest professional swindlers at large in America today is a teeming, heavily interbred tribe of nomads known to law-enforcement agencies as the "Terrible Williamsons." Of Scottish origin, established here for more than half a century and sporadically enriched by fresh migrations of relatives, they ply a country-wide, door-to-door trade in bogus goods and services, netting profits as high as 2000 per cent. In the course of a year, traveling two or three families together in caravans of trucks, trailers and glossy, late-model cars, they may invade every state, Alaska and parts of Canada. The Better Business Bureaus, the chief recipients of their victims' complaints, estimate the Williamsons' annual haul at around $1,000,000.

Their spending reflects this prosperity. Besides expensive cars, most of them fitted with nickel-plated trailer hitches, they own race


Matt Carroll, a Williamson by marriage, lost his left eye when a clansman clobbered him with a two-by-four during a gory tribal fracas at Miami Beach in 1952. He is shown with two ambulance attendants.


These two Williamsons, Katherine and James, suffered a temporary business setback last July when police in Littleton, N.H., arrested them for peddling their "Oriental" rugs without a license. They were fined $200 each and released.

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One of the counterfeit trade-marks the bunco artists use to pass off bolts of shoddy as "British woolens."

Davina McDonald is the only member of the clan ever pictured in action. She sold this rug to a Scarsdale, N.Y., reporter-photographer, claiming that it had been hand-woven by Italian exchange students in this country. Actually, the rug was a cheap, machine-made carpet.

horses, pedigreed dogs and gilt-edged securities. When prosecuted, as they often are, they retain the sharpest legal brains available. If bail bonds are called for, they are seldom at a loss to furnish them in large amounts. They usually jump bail and have forfeited tens of thousands of dollars rather than submit to courtroom examination. Such disbursements they regard as normal operating expenses. In their ceaseless roamings they stay at de luxe motels and trailer camps, wine and dine in Lucullan style. Combining business with pleasure, they follow the sun to Florida and Southern Texas in winter, in summer to the Canadian border.

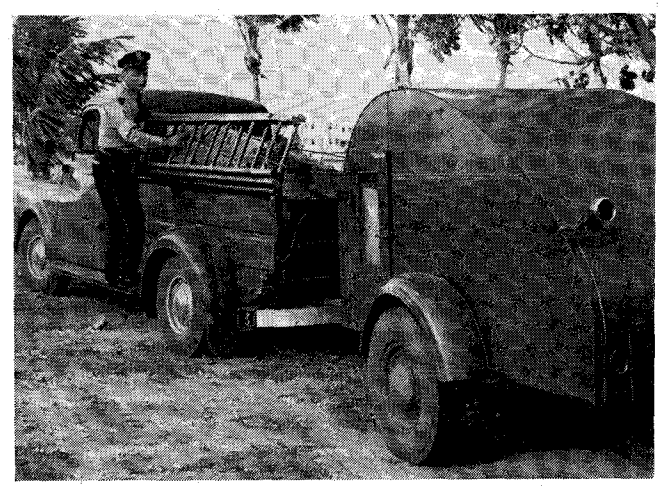
Many of them look and talk alike, with burrs thick as taffy. Marriages between first cousins are common, marriages outside the tribe almost unheard of. Williamson was the name of an early ringleader and it still predominates among them, but there are also innumerable kinsmen bearing other fine old Celtic handles. The vice-president of the National Better Business Bureau, Van Miller, once attempted to construct a genealogy from police records. He managed to clarify the relationships of thirty-eight Williamsons, eighteen Stewarts, eleven McMillans, six McDonalds, four Greggs and seven Johnstons, at which point the bloodlines became so entangled that he abandoned the project. The confusion is further compounded by duplications of first names within the same family, a clan practice probably calculated to make it harder for the authorities to know which Williamsons they want for what offenses.

They began operating on this side of the Atlantic, after generations as bunco artists abroad, during the first Cleveland administration, and neither frequent arrests nor the vigilance of Better Business Bureaus, the Federal Trade Commission, state and local police has noticeably curtailed their depredations.

The Terrible Williamsons stick to three main types of merchandising swindles, with occasional digressions into con games, thievery and assault. They peddle, at seemingly fantastic bargain prices, products purported to be rare handmade imports, but which are actually cheap, domestic and machine-made, such as "Oriental" rugs from New York's Seventh Avenue, "antique Irish" lace that never saw Ireland or a tatting cushion, "British woolens" containing mostly acetate or rayon, rabbit skins dyed to resemble baby seal.

Sometimes they display fabrics of good quality; then, with a sleight-of-hand, substitute fakes. Sometimes they fob off bolts of suiting material, which, when unrolled, prove to be too skimpy to make up even the trousers. An Oklahoma City tailor told the local B.B.B. that he had turned down almost 200 customers who wanted suits cut from woolens for which they had paid the Williamsons fifteen dollars a yard. "It retailed at maybe a dollar fifty-nine," he said, "and wasn't worth tailoring."

The fabrication of this brummagem, together with forged labels, comprises a little-known American industry which has long been under surveillance by the Federal Trade Commission. In (Continued on Page 55)



A favorite Williamson swindle is the fast, cut-rate paint job, done with paint stretched so thin that rain washes it right off. This Williamson paint truck, carrying an Idaho license, was impounded by Miami Beach police.

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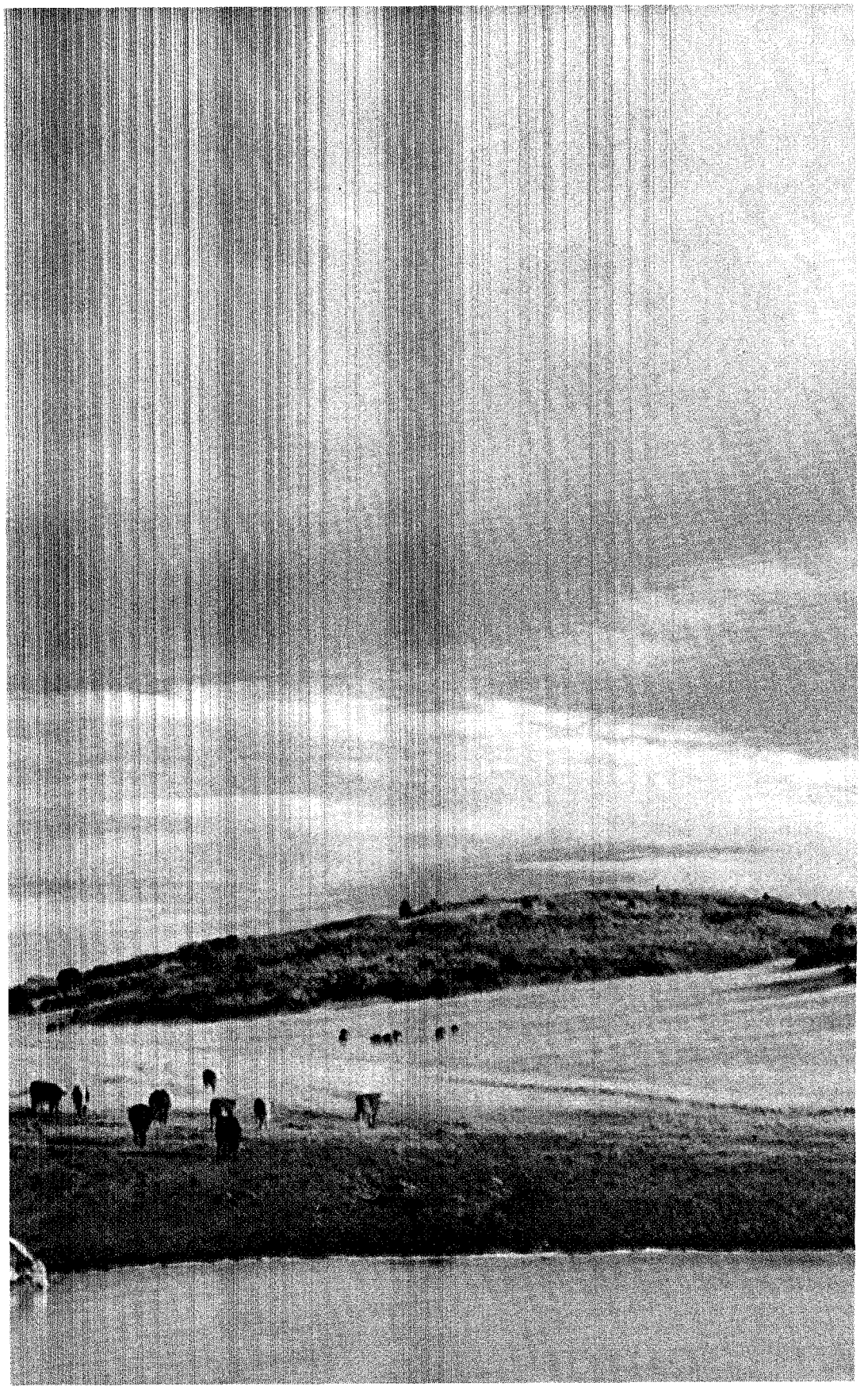

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The Face of AMERICA

WATER HOLE

Where, oh where, are the ruthless cattle barons of yesteryear? They are in fiction, pardner. No longer do cattlemen fight Injuns, bully sheepherders, or battle for watering spots. Today, in prosaic contrast, cattlemen must have more than passing knowledge of business practices and science in order to survive. They bone up on such subjects as animal husbandry, genetics, veterinary medicine and scientific farming. They even dabble in meteorology and geology to learn more about water (these cattle are at a man-made water hole on a New Mexico ranch). In addition, they must become expert in market trends and tax laws and innumerable Government regulations. But the biggest problem cattlemen face today is how to produce more and better beef on less land. It's enough to drive them to tales of the Old West for escape reading. © Photograph by Harvey Caplin

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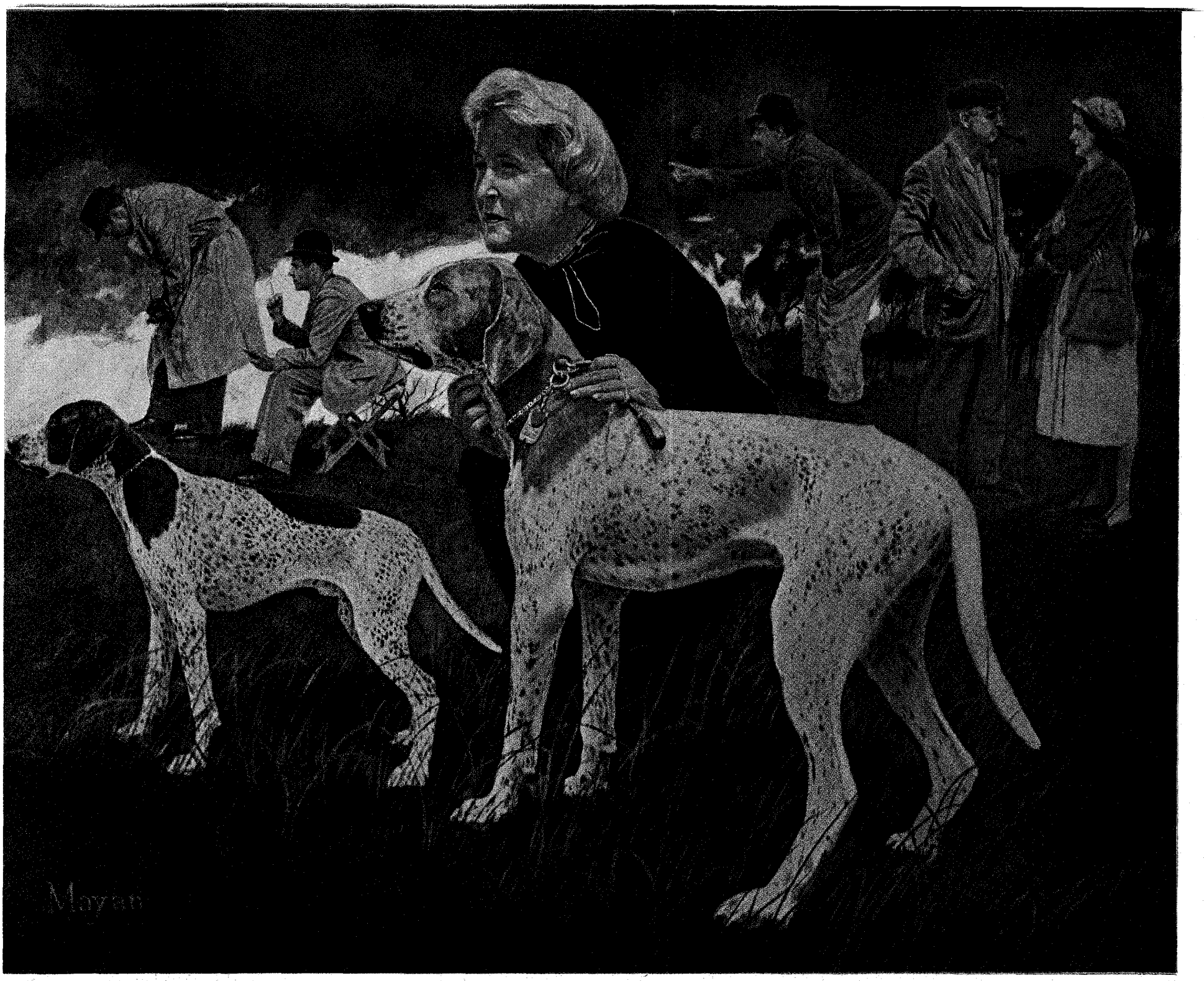

As she bent over him, you could see him pulling himself together and the fierce light beginning to shine in his eyes.

A Sporting Proposition

What can a woman teach her husband about training a dog? You'd be surprised!

By DION HENDERSON

"Come to think of it," my old man said, "a good many of my warm friends had cold noses."

He was inside the house talking to ma and he said that because ma was making some general comparisons between the time he spent on the bird dogs and the time he spent running the newspaper, and the last thing she said was that it appeared to her that Mr. Culpepper cherished some of his dogs more than he did some of his in-laws. She mostly meant the big white pointer we called Rebel, on the one hand, and my Uncle Pierce, on the other. Uncle Pierce used to be my old man's partner on the newspaper.

"I'm not about to volunteer any observations on your remarks, Mrs. Culpepper," my old man said. "But if you all would do me the honor of asking me for my considered opinion ——"

He came out on the veranda then, tall and reckless-looking with his grin and what my ma called charming, even though he was backing up all the while.

Ma came right after him, holding a finger out in front to shake at him.

"If you hadn't been so foolish about that Rebel dog to begin with, you'd never have quarreled with Pierce," ma said. "And if you weren't so stiff-necked you'd have gone back to the paper afterward. And," she said, shaking the finger, "if you weren't downright ornery, you'd at least give in and go back now, with Pierce practically pleading for you ——"

"Foolish, stiff-necked and ornery I may be, Mrs. Culpepper," my old man said, grinning the way he always did when he talked like a colonel of the Grays, "but I wish to be recorded, ma'am, as (Continued on Page 74)

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Red Alarm in the Middle East

A Post editor's report on the explosive situation in this international hot spot.

By Demaree Bess

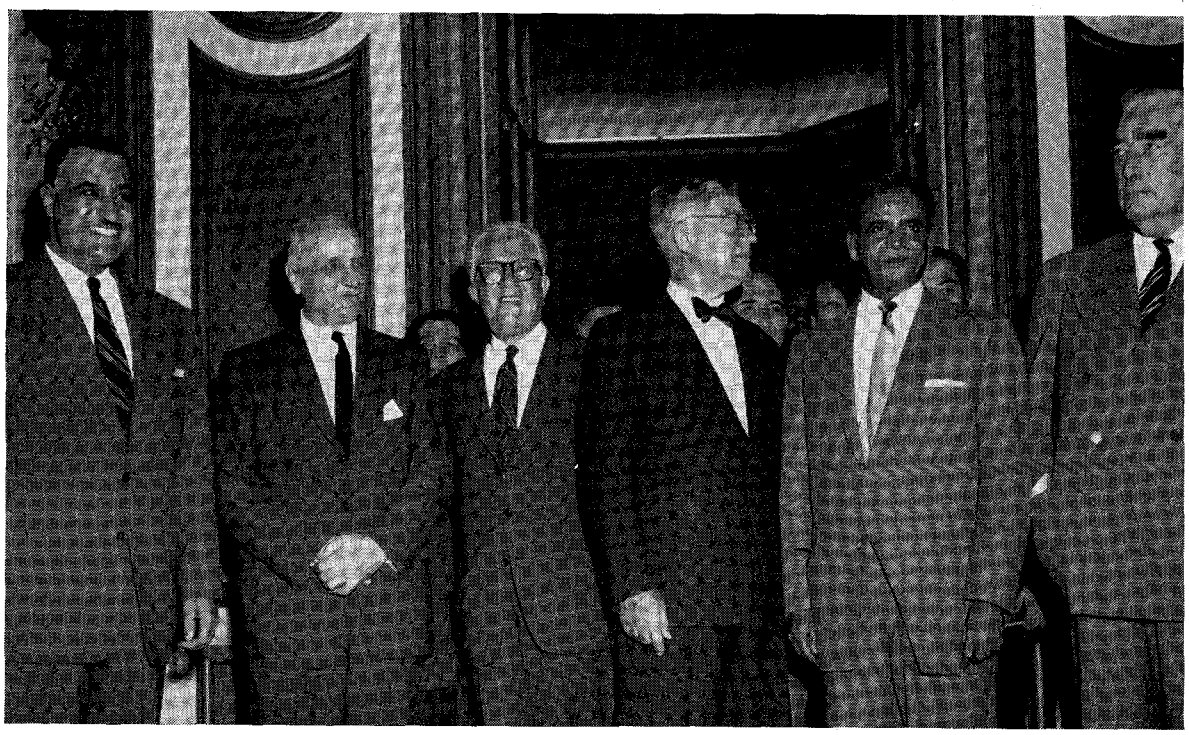
Those Asian and African countries known as the Middle East have now become the No. 1 theater housing the nonstop political drama which Washington and Moscow have been staging for more than twelve years. Europe provided the setting for Act 1 of this thriller, and the Far East furnished the exotic locale for the tragic second act. In the Middle East about a year ago Russians and Americans began to set the stage for Act 3, which is now being performed. This drama really is a problem play, and the principal problem with which it deals is whether the United States and Russia can settle their disputes without resorting to another total war.

In Egypt a few weeks ago I watched one of the opening scenes in Act 3, which featured the Suez Canal. It looked at first as if the Suez Canal controversy would be resolved by the three governments most directly concerned—Britain, France and Egypt. But then the United States and Russia made their entrances, and everybody saw that this was just another episode in the American-Russian main show. The Suez Canal fracas came into focus as a minor scene in the panoramic spectacular which features the world's only two super powers.

By this time Americans must be feeling overstuffed with information about the Middle East. Ever since the Egyptian dictator, Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser, took over the big ditch in Egypt last July, the American public has been fed an intensive dose of education and propaganda. Shoals of reporters, broadcasters, commentators, Government spokesmen and assorted specialists have undertaken to make sure that no angle of Middle Eastern developments is overlooked. Possibly this flood of written and spoken words has produced more confusion than enlightenment. When news developments follow one another in rapid succession, it is easy to lose sight of Washington's chief interest in the Middle East. So far as Americans are concerned, the one essential fact about that part of the world is that the United States finally has come to grips with Russia there, and the outcome is likely to be as important to Americans as anything which happens in Europe or the Far East.

So the Middle East is certain to be a big news story for Americans for years to come. Yet even experts disagree about just where the Middle East's boundaries lie. Last September, after American newspapers had displayed Middle Eastern news on front pages almost daily for more than two months, I asked a dozen widely traveled Americans to list the countries this term conveyed to them. Every one of them gave me a different list. A retired general who was on General Eisenhower's planning staff during the war wanted to include Greece and other Balkan countries. Others named Afghanistan, Pakistan and even portions of Asiatic Russia. Turkey was put on everybody's list.

This confusion was not surprising because Middle East is such an imprecise term that the Encyclopaedia Britannica does not even include it in its (Continued on Page 109)



The smiling dictator, Egypt's Gamal Nasser (*left*) with the "Suez committee." The conferees, headed by Australian Prime Minister Robert Menzies (*far right*) failed to break Nasser's grip on the canal.

The Russians have chosen the Middle East for a new struggle with the United States and its allies. The two nations, the author says, today confront each other in an area where the odds are greatly in the Russians' favor.

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Stevenson and Michigan's Democratic Gov. G. Mennen Williams. Adlai hopes that "Soapy's" popularity will swing the state's twenty electoral votes to him this fall.

The Key State of Michigan

An expert interprets the political campaign being waged on a battleground which could decide the Presidency.

By Samuel Lubell

Like many Michigan voters, Walter Frank plans to vote for both President Eisenhower and Gov. Williams. His son, Tom, is strictly Republican.

Early last year Michigan's Republican legislators decided to submit the state's voters to a psychological test, *en masse*. Since 1944, Michiganders entering the voting booth have been handed two separate ballots, one for President and another for state offices, an arrangement which some Republicans felt had helped elect a Democratic governor, even though the Republicans carried the state in the presidential contest. For this November, though, the legislators decreed there should be only one ballot. Their obvious hope was that the multitudes voting for Dwight D. Eisenhower would vote a straight party ticket and so sweep all Republican candidates into office.

How effective this stratagem proves in discouraging ticket-splitting should make a fascinating post-election study. As this is written, after five weeks interviewing typical Michigan voters in five cities and thirteen rural counties, I find that perhaps 200,000 to 250,000 persons are thinking of casting ballots for both President Eisenhower and Democratic Gov. G. Mennen Williams. Many of the same voters who felt "Ike is a good man to deal with the Russians" went on to comment, "But Williams is my man for governor" of the state. Other voters, in their remarks, reflected the developing American skill of playing one party against the other for economic or other benefits.

One woman, whose mother is a secretary for Walter Reuther's United Automobile Workers, explained, "My husband and I talked it over and decided good times now make it

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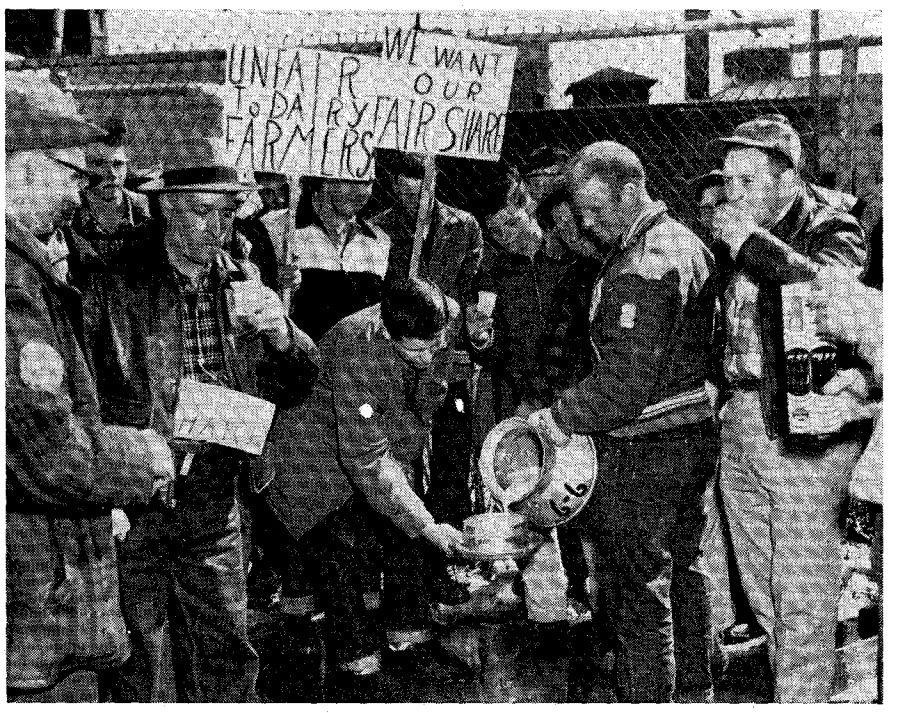
Four years ago in Michigan, Ike swamped Adlai by 320,000 votes, capturing districts that had been tabbed "impregnable" Democratic strongholds.



Disgruntled dairy farmers, demanding more for their milk, picket a dairy during last spring's milk strike. The trend among Michigan farmers favors the Democrats.

worth voting for Ike again. But if things go bust Williams is the man to help us out. It doesn't hurt to have an ace in the hole."

This brand of ballot juggling is worth attention because it points up the really big political story taking shape in Michigan today. On the surface the election there may seem like a popularity contest with two theme songs, "I like Ike" against "I like Soapy." But enormously more is at stake. As the home state of the nation's largest industry and largest labor union, Michigan has long been the most interesting single arena for the contest between the two most powerful political forces in the country—Big Labor and even Bigger Business. Currently in Michigan the political struggle of these giants is taking a dramatically new turn, one bound to exert a profound effect upon American politics for years to come, regardless of who wins in November.

Perhaps the best way of picturing this portentous change is to think of the sharply contrasting techniques of warfare employed in World War I and World War II. Through most of the New Deal years, the political battling in all our larger industrial states was much like the trench warfare of 1914–1918. The Democratic voting masses were dug in behind their big-city fortifications. The Republicans were entrenched equally strongly in the well-to-do suburban heights and the rural countryside. In Michigan these fortified positions were so tenaciously held that in three successive presidential elections—from 1940 through 1948—fewer than 30,000 votes, out of more than (Continued on Page 112)

In Detroit, colored youngsters play beside a wall put up some years ago to keep Negroes out of a white residential area. Today, Negroes live on both sides of the barrier. They vote almost solidly Democratic.

Although the prosperity of recent years has appreciably weakened the Democratic hold on the urban masses, all is not peace in Michigan. Right: A strike scene at a Detroit factory in 1954.

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By GEORGE BRADSHAW

The Sensible Type

Milly had no intention of marrying an improvident bum. But, unfortunately, she was in love with one.

"It's sad," Milly said, "sad to leave the old place, on this beautiful day."

She stood on the high-pillared veranda of the great white house, slim in gray skirt and yellow sweater, looking back, for one last moment, at the closed, locked doorway.

"How long have you lived here?" said Mrs. Dennis, who stood below her on the graveled path.

"Let me see," Milly said, turning. "Four weeks, I think. Four weeks last Tuesday."

"You've done a good job. But now come on. I'll take you to the next one. It's a real stunner."

Milly picked up her case, followed Mrs. Dennis to the driveway. There stood two cars, one an ancient, well-polished wood station wagon, the other a shiny new sedan. Mrs. Dennis got into the new car, Milly into the old.

Along the winding roads of the neat clipped jungle that is Beverly Hills, Milly followed the leader. In a general way she knew where she was, but in that green labyrinth north of Sunset Boulevard there is always an unexpected turning, and in the end they took one. Suddenly stone pillars led them into a winding driveway, and after an impressive climb they came out onto a wide and handsome courtyard before a house.

Milly got out of her car. "Wow," she said.

"I thought you'd like it," Mrs. Dennis said.

"What is it?" Milly said.

"Mediterranean. In Beverly Hills, whatever isn't Colonial or Regency is Mediterranean. Never Spanish. Remember that."

They began to walk around the enormous, rambling structure. Mrs. Dennis said, "It was built by King Smith just before he died."

"Who?"

"King Smith. Maybe he was before your time. A big cowboy star. And, my dear, it has everything. A ballroom and a Turkish bath, and innumerable bedrooms and living rooms and so on and —— Look!"

They were at the front of the house now. Acres of lawns and gardens stretched before them. On one side lay a tennis court, on the other a glittering blue pool. "And down there," Mrs. Dennis said, "you can just barely see behind the trees, are the stables."

"But who is going to want this?"

"Someone," Mrs. Dennis said. "You'll see. We've rented it three times. But now the owners want to sell."

"Well, maybe," Milly said.

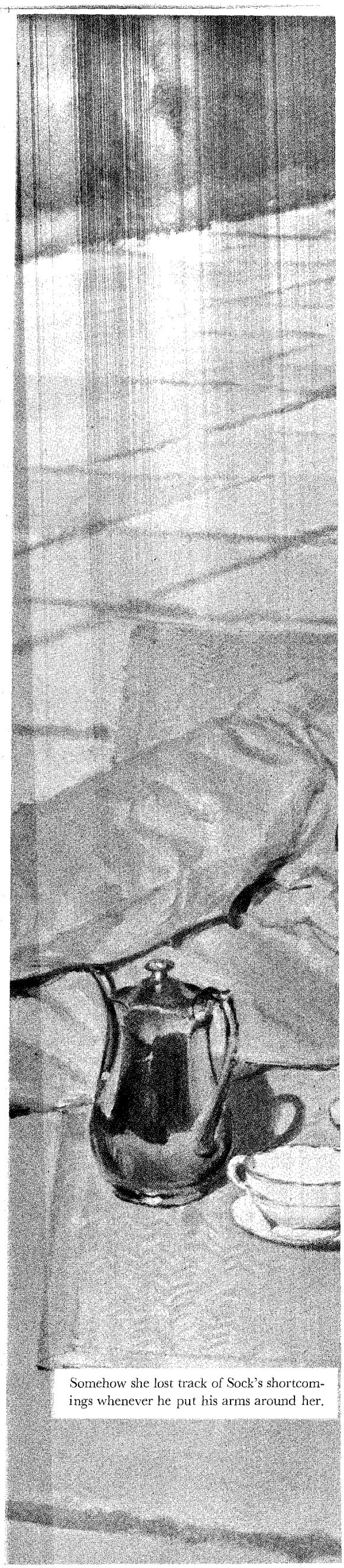
"You were skeptical about that Colonial job," Mrs. Dennis said. "And it only took four weeks. I'll get you the keys."

They walked back again to the cars. "I've had the water and electricity turned on," Mrs. Dennis said.

Milly spent what was left of the afternoon unloading her possessions from the station wagon and setting herself up for light housekeeping. The house was furnished with that meager grandeur that seems native to rented places, but off a library—it must have been a library, it had shelves if no books—she found a moderate-sized bedroom with a bath which suited her.

(Continued on Page 131)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea



Somehow she lost track of Sock's shortcomings whenever he put his arms around her.

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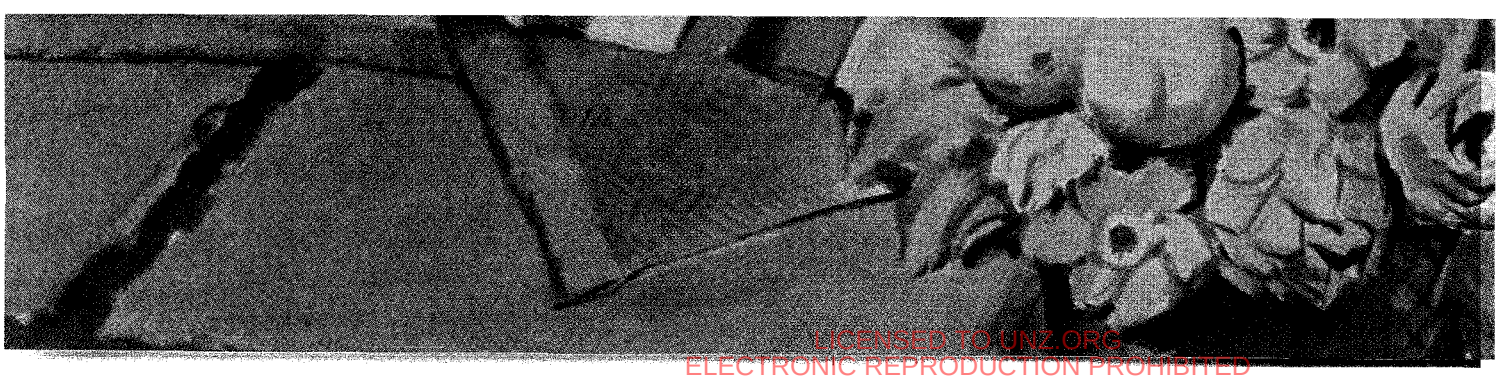

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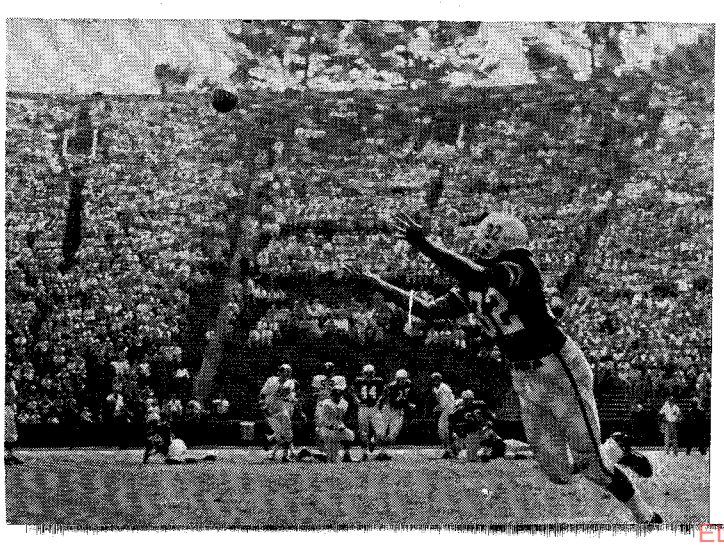
As usual, Taylor had predicted victory—but on September 29 the final score was Michigan State 21, Stanford 7. After the game Taylor coolly declared, "That's our last defeat of the season."

He Always Says "We'll Win"

Stanford's Chuck Taylor is that rarity of rarities among coaches—an optimist. "What's the use of going into a game expecting to get whacked?" he asks.

By Clayton Going



Taylor teaches a wide-open passing game. Here Stanford halfback Paul Camera snares an aerial in the MSU game.

When Stanford upset Ohio State's Big Ten champions, 6–0, last year in a national TV Game of the Week, very few football men could boast that they had called the turn in advance. One was the boyish-looking Stanford coach, Chuck Taylor, but in his case the prediction was something less than sensational because Taylor always picks his Indians to win. As the United Press reported in designating him Coach of the Week for his Ohio State triumph, "Taylor is the greatest exponent of positive thinking in the coaching business. He is a man who confidently expects his team to win every game."

On the West Coast the Stanfords have become notorious for winning games they're supposed to lose and for booting ones they figure to take. Didn't they lose, 10–0, to low-rated Oregon State only a week before the Ohio State game? They pushed the Beavers all over the field, but couldn't do what really counted—get the ball across the goal line.

Such setbacks have little outward effect on Taylor's (Continued on Page 140)

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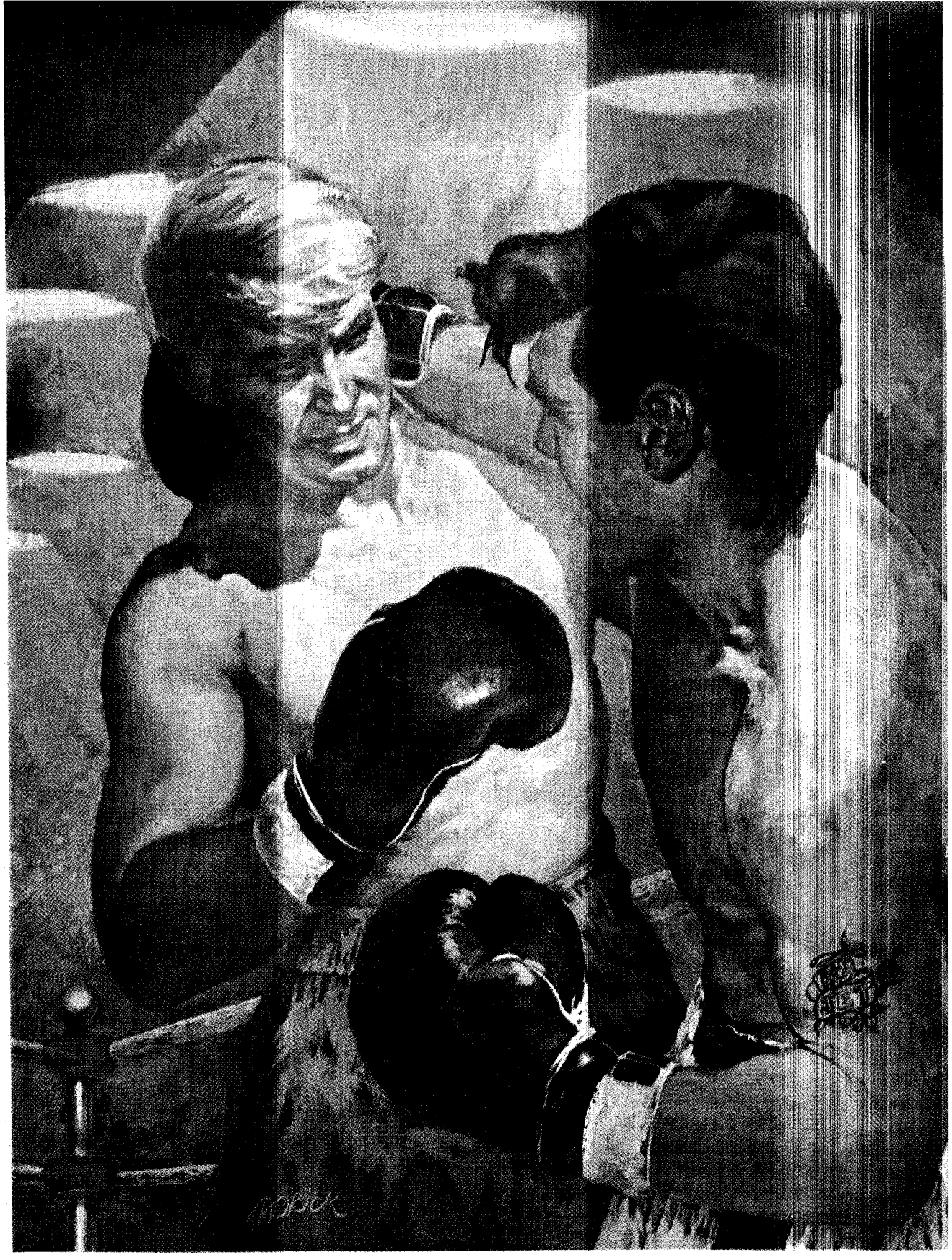
Even the winner is a loser when

The Fix is On

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT



Andy heard the other man's hoarse whisper, "Take it easy—I'm goin' five."

There were a number of sports writers around the training ring as Andy Nielsen worked out for his ball-park fight with Jet Bender, but they were only incidental to Kay Cameron. Andy had studied journalism with Kay at the University of Missouri; now she was writing and he was fighting. He was aware of her, as he should not have been while exchanging punches with Chick Gannon.

Chick, his sparring partner, fought in a crouch, weaving in imitation of Jet Bender's style. Andy moved around him easily, spearing him with a left, coaxing leads, keeping him away from close quarters. Chick shifted suddenly, hooked to the body and crossed with his right. Andy caught him with a left hook and Chick went down. For a split second. Andy looked at him, surprised; then he shrugged and went to his corner. Oscar Helm, his manager, waved to him.

"O.K.," Oscar said. "That's enough!"

Andy glanced past the sports writers to the girl in the third row. She wasn't looking at him; she was frowning at Chick Gannon, who was very slow in getting back on his feet. He thought about her as he showered and dressed. She hadn't changed much since she was the girl in his life at Columbia, Missouri; slender, dark, intense, the prettiest girl he knew. He had wanted to play for keeps in those days, but she wouldn't have it that way.

"I want to find out what I am and what I can do first, Andy," she said. "I've got to prove something to myself."

She had proved it. She had her name on a newspaper TV column now in the big town and she did reviews for a big magazine. Andy hadn't seen her very often in the past several years and neither of them was a letter writer. He hadn't gone home to work with his father in the automobile agency as he had planned. They had moved far apart, he and Kay.

She was waiting for him when he finished dressing; straight and trim in a dark suit, crushed felt hat, a maroon scarf fitting the v of the suit lapels. Andy felt awkward, unsure of himself; too sharply aware of Kay's smartness, his own roughness, the glamour of her world, the crudity of his.

"It was nice of you to come out, Buttons," he said.

She smiled at the old nickname. "Did you think that I wouldn't?"

"I didn't know."

Conversation, once started, however clumsily, flowed by itself, became easier with each passing moment. There was a path around the lake where he did his roadwork every morning, rowboats pulled up on the shore. He sat with Kay on the boathouse bench and the early-summer sun was warm.

"Tell me," she said; "that last sparring partner of yours, he wasn't knocked out, was he? He just went down because he wanted to?"

Andy grinned, remembering his own surprise. "They do sometimes," he said. "Maybe he'd had enough. He isn't paid for getting himself killed."

Kay didn't respond to the light touch. "That's what you call taking a dive, isn't it? Going in the tank?"

Andy looked at her, startled. "Not out here! Not in a training camp. It wasn't a fight. The guy wasn't in there to win."

"If he did it in a real fight, it would be called taking a dive?"

"I guess so. Yes."

Kay looked out across the water. He could reach out and touch her, but she seemed as distant as the other shore. "Can you win your fight with this Jet Bender, Andy?" she said.

His professional life had been short, but he had taken every middleweight in the Middle West, and he had climaxed with a surprise knockout of the No. 4 challenger in Chicago. That fight had (Continued on Page 104)

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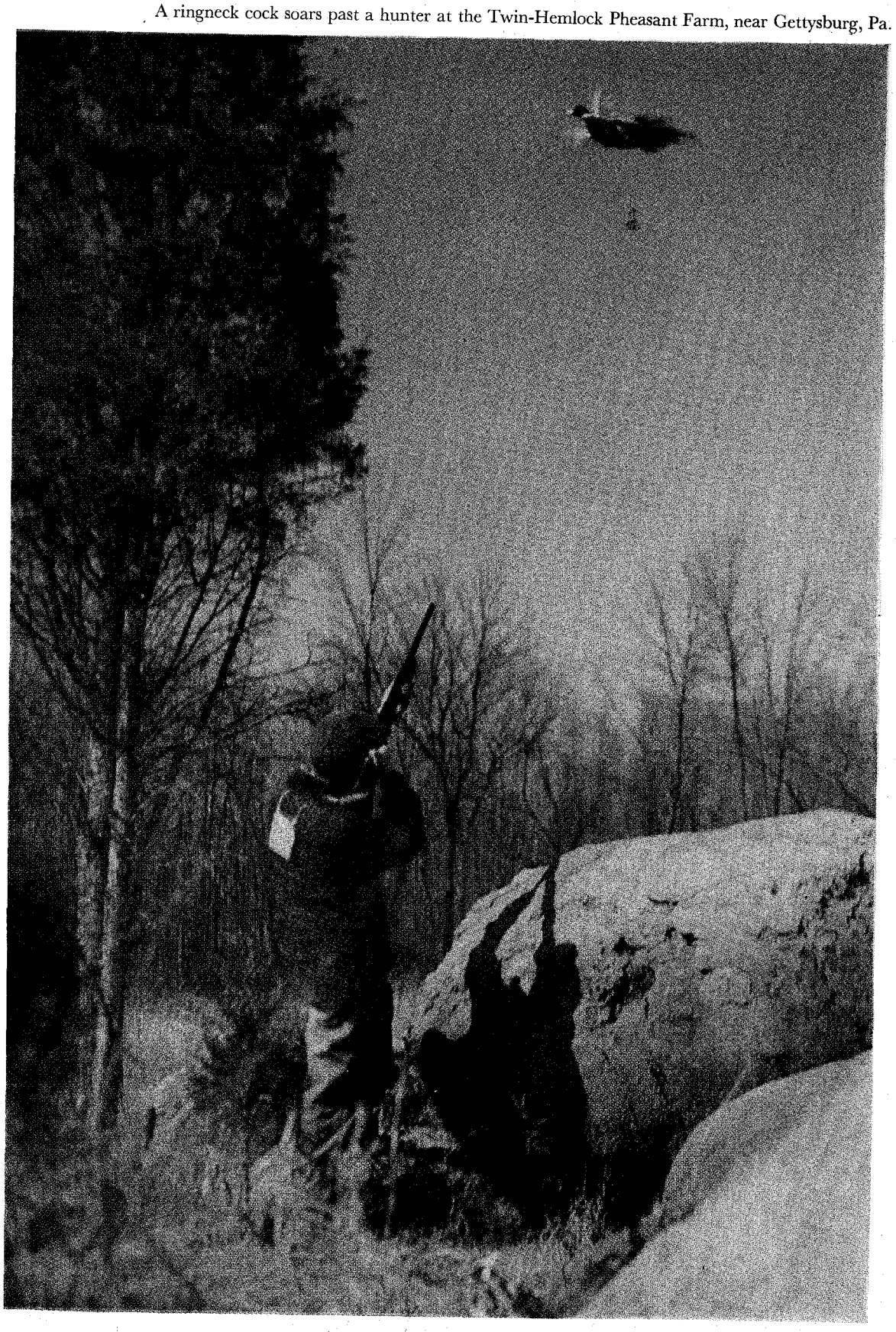
Hunters Never Had it So Good

By BILL WOLF

Want to bag some pheasants for dinner? This shooting preserve guarantees good hunting–and the only "limit" is set by your pocketbook.

A ringneck cock soars past a hunter at the Twin-Hemlock Pheasant Farm, near Gettysburg, Pa.



Ten miles southwest of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in one of the hollows among the gentle hills of the region, lies a 410-acre farm where customers pay to harvest the only crop it produces, and come armed with shotguns to do so. They drive up in their city togs—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, dentists, clerks, mechanics—and change into rough clothing in a comfortable room which is part of the remodeled barn on the place. Then they take their guns and dogs and walk down a slope toward bottom lands where tawny grasses, sedges and sorghums grow like fields of grain.

Shooting starts almost immediately. This farm's exotic crop is pheasants, and they are present by the scores and even by the hundreds. The harvesters' only job is to find them—and hit them, if they can. When a hunter reaches his self-imposed quota, which could be any number of pheasants that he wishes, he returns to the clubroom and pays an average of about $4.50 for each bird killed.

A pay-as-you-go hunter's dog retrieves a fallen bird. Sportsmen without dogs of their own can get them at the shooting preserve.

Photographs By Gus Pasquarella

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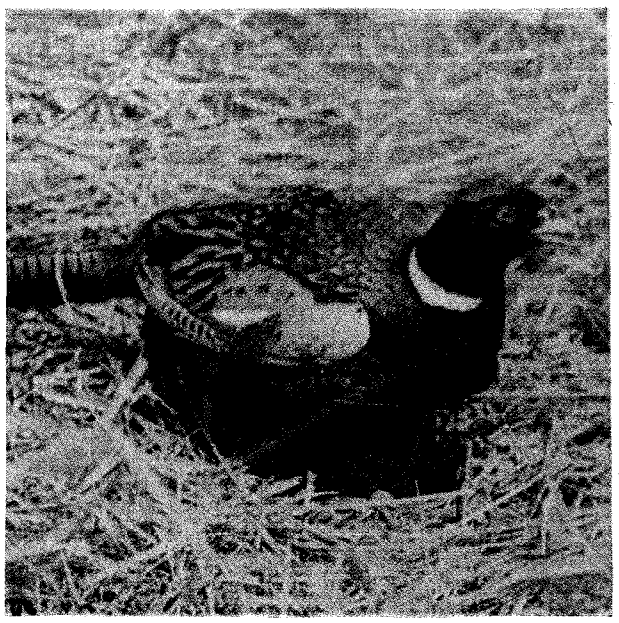
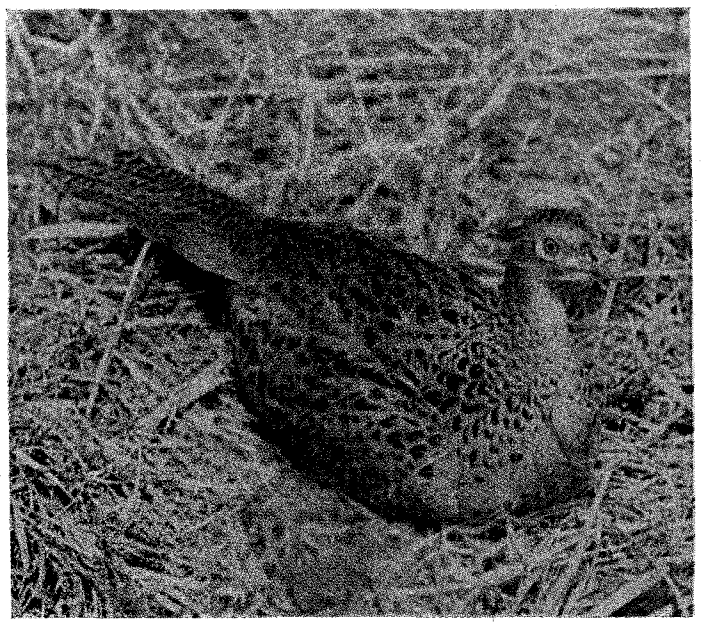


The regal ringneck, most popular of pheasants.



At the preserves, the plain Jane hens are legal game.

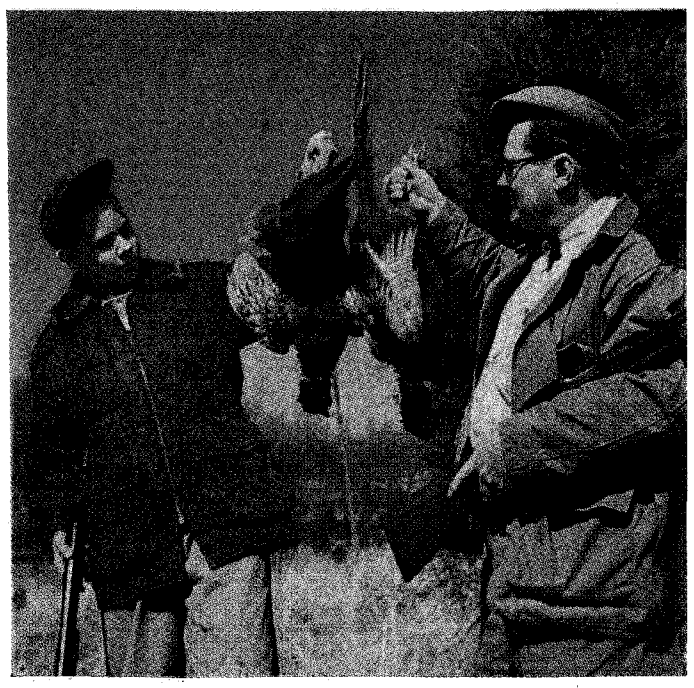
"Specs" keep birds from pecking each other.

Then he changes back to his street clothing and drives home or back to work. In two hours or so he has had more actual shooting than he could have enjoyed in two weeks of public hunting on open land, and he may have been away from his business only half a day.

"It's the busy man's way of hunting, tailor-made for the fellow who must shoot in his limited spare time or hang up his gun," says Daniel Leroy Yingling, the farm's personable owner. "However, we have customers from as far away as Ohio who want to make a trip of it when they go gunning, or who bring their families along to see the Gettysburg battlefield or President Eisenhower's farm, which is about three miles from here."

Yingling's place, the Twin Hemlock Pheasant Farm, is located near the borough of Fairfield some three miles west of Route 15, the main highway between Gettysburg and Emmitsburg, Maryland. It is a regulated hunting ground, as such private—but open to the public—shooting preserves are known in Pennsylvania. More than half the states permit bought-and-paid-for pheasant shooting, which is also known as controlled shooting, fee hunting, commercial hunting,. preserve hunting, put-and-take shooting, and—among a large segment of bitterly opposed public hunters—as "that damned barnyard shooting" or "rocking-chair hunting," two terms loosely applied by those who have never tried it.

The booming sound of shotgun fire rolls across the Yingling farm for five months each year, from October first to February twenty-eighth, with seldom a letup except on Sundays and when the weather is so foul that not even hunters will stir afield. Under the preserve's special permit, both cock birds in their regal plumage and plain Jane hens in their drab tan are legal and in any number—the farm produces between 8000 and 10,000 pheasants annually. Obviously, this is not public hunting. Pennsylvania's (Continued on Page 115)



A pair of sportsmen compare birds. The farm guarantees hunters a day's bag of four pheasants each.

Until their release, pheasants are kept in huge wire range pens, with overhead wire high enough to allow the birds to fly and develop wing muscles such as free birds have.

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Sam with a happy customer, TV star Nanette Fabray. On an average day 4000 people shop at Goody's.

Duke of the Disc Dealers

Sam Goody runs the world's largest record store—without salesmen. Sometimes customers have to stand in line for an hour to get inside the place.

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

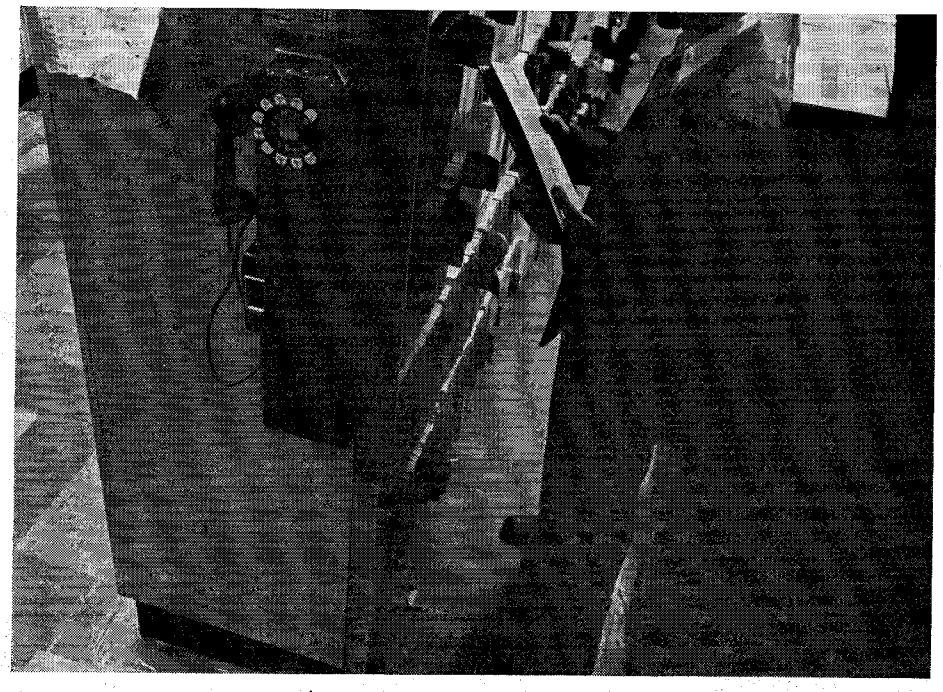
Goody (center) helps Pakistani Ambassador Ali and his begum add to their collection of American jazz.

One day last winter a New York merchant named Sam Goody returned from lunch and entered his self-service record shop on 49th Street, just off Manhattan's Times Square. Nodding to the clerks around the door, Goody started toward the rear of the store, threading his way through the customers milling around before the long, head-high racks of records.

"I saw this fellow who acted suspicious," relates Sam, looking owlish behind his glasses, "and so I moved in close to him and made believe I was looking at records too. I still had my hat and coat on. The next thing I knew, this man, he looked around and took about half a dozen records from the shelves and stuck them under his coat. Then he looked around again and he even looked at me, but he didn't say anything. So I went up to him and said, 'So you think you're going to get away with that?' And this fellow looked around and said, 'Yeh, you take some too. You ought to be able to get away with it. There's nobody watching.' So I said to him, 'Well, if I do, it won't do me much good because it only happens that I'm the guy who owns this store.' So this fellow gave me a startled look and opened his coat and dropped the records and went out of there fast."

This invitation to pilfer his own wares did not unduly shock Sam. When you run the world's largest record store you have to be prepared for almost anything—music lovers being the individualists they are. Goody's customers—an average of 4000 a day visit the store, while additional thousands order by mail—include royal households, ambassadors and diplomats, the Armed Forces at home and abroad, entertainment stars, audiophiles, professional musicians, glassy-eyed collectors and just plain people who want to buy a record or two. The average purchaser at Goody's leaves between fifteen and twenty dollars with the cashiers when he leaves the store, but there have been single orders for more than $25,000 worth of records, and there is one indomitable character who has appeared once a week for more than a year to ask for a record which has never been pressed. No one pays any attention to Marilyn when she shops at Goody's for Bartok, Alban Berg and other long-haired discs—because, obviously, Mozart is more exciting than Monroe—and no one bothers the gentleman who (Continued on Page 121)

Photographs by Margery Lewis



1 Here, a reformed thief re-enacts the theft of a record album.

2 Records aren't easily concealed, but this fellow gives it the old college try.

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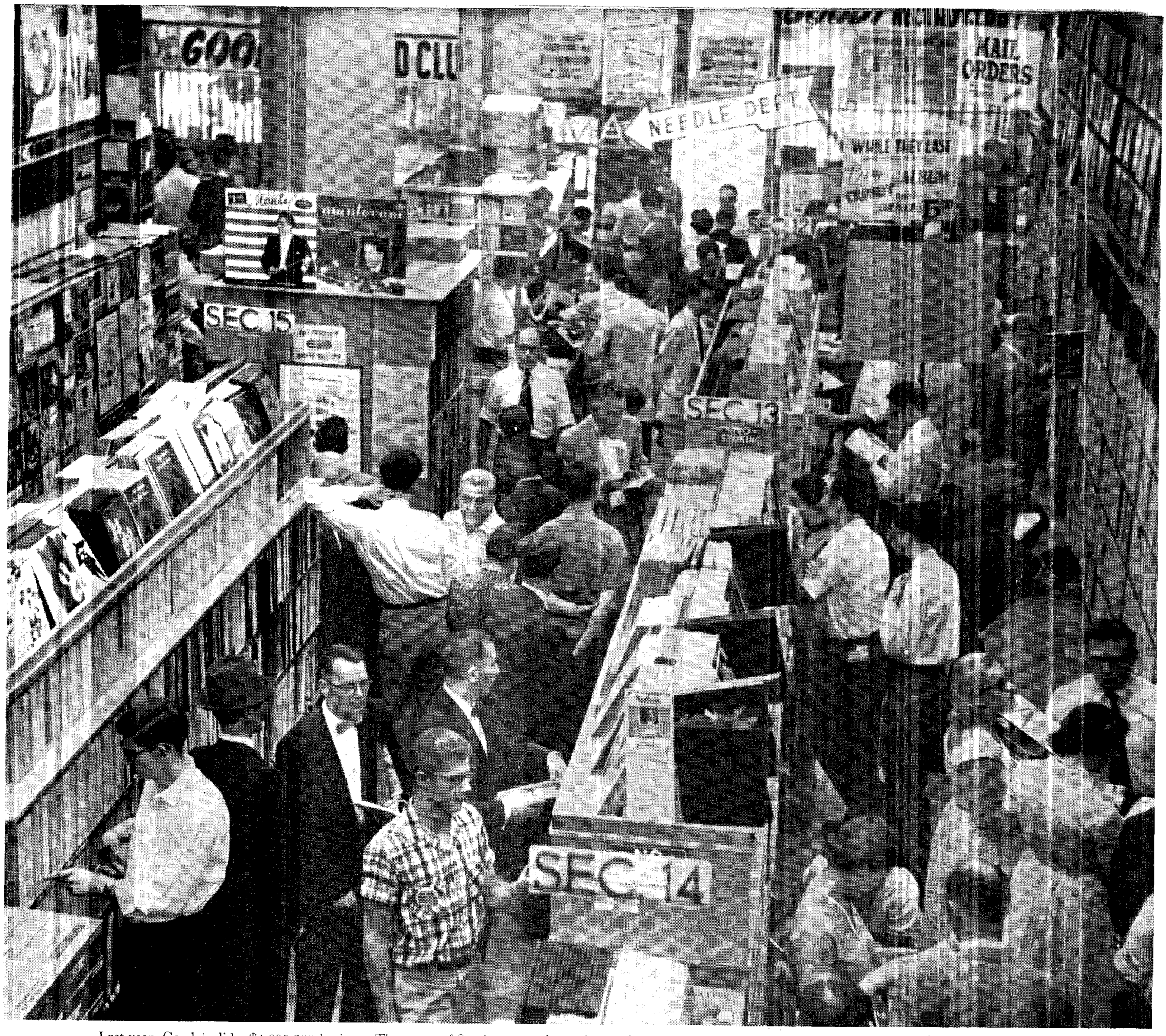
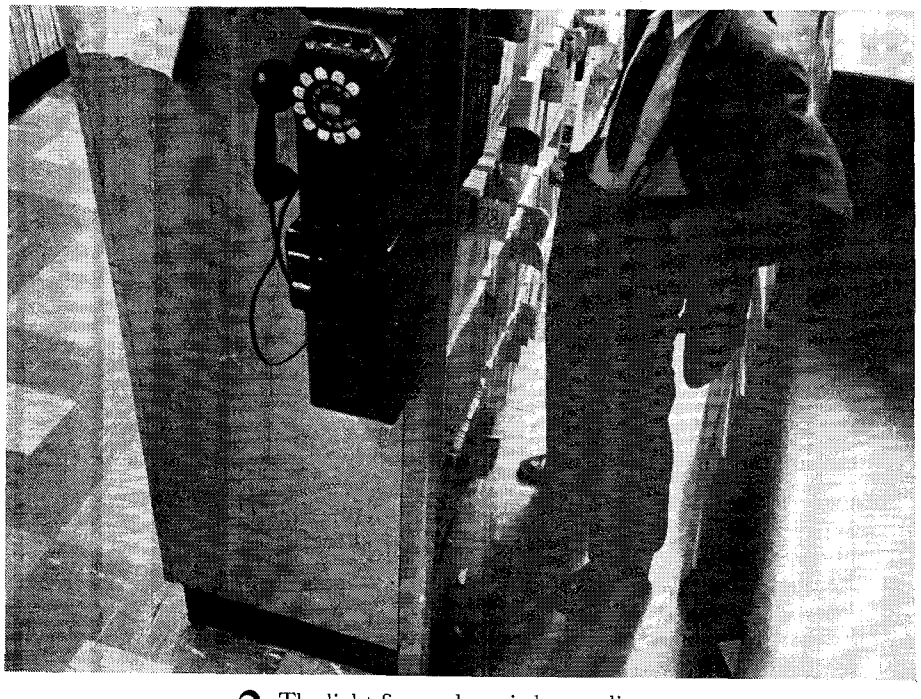
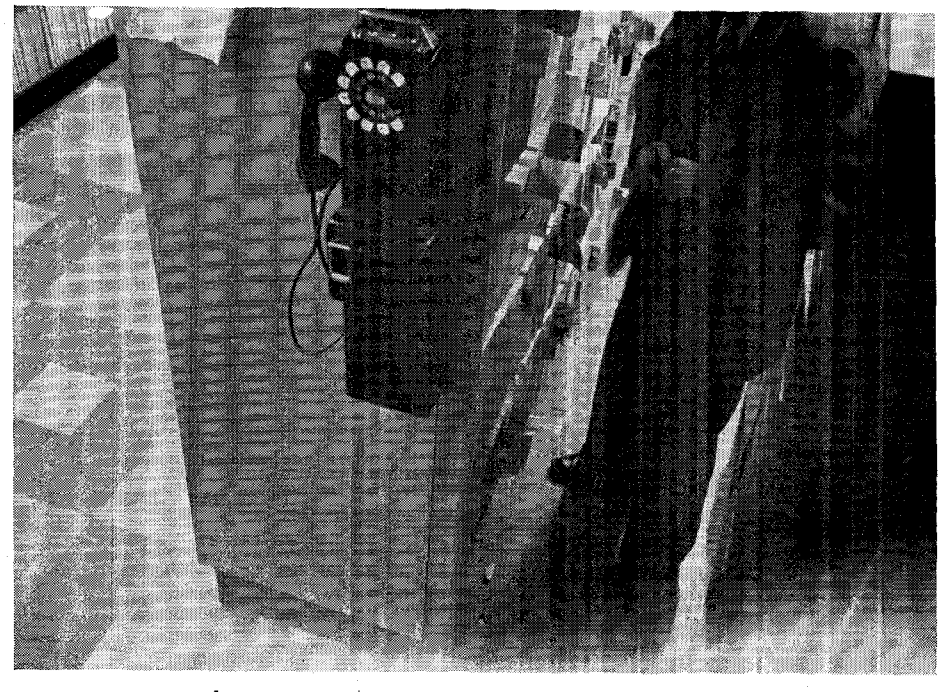


Last year, Goody's did a $4,000,000 business. The secret of Sam's success: low prices and a huge stock. He carries a line of 38,000 different LP records.



3 The light-fingered music lover adjusts his loot, and prepares for a getaway.



4 Buttoned up and ready to go, the thief will now get an unpleasant surprise from the shop's "spotter."

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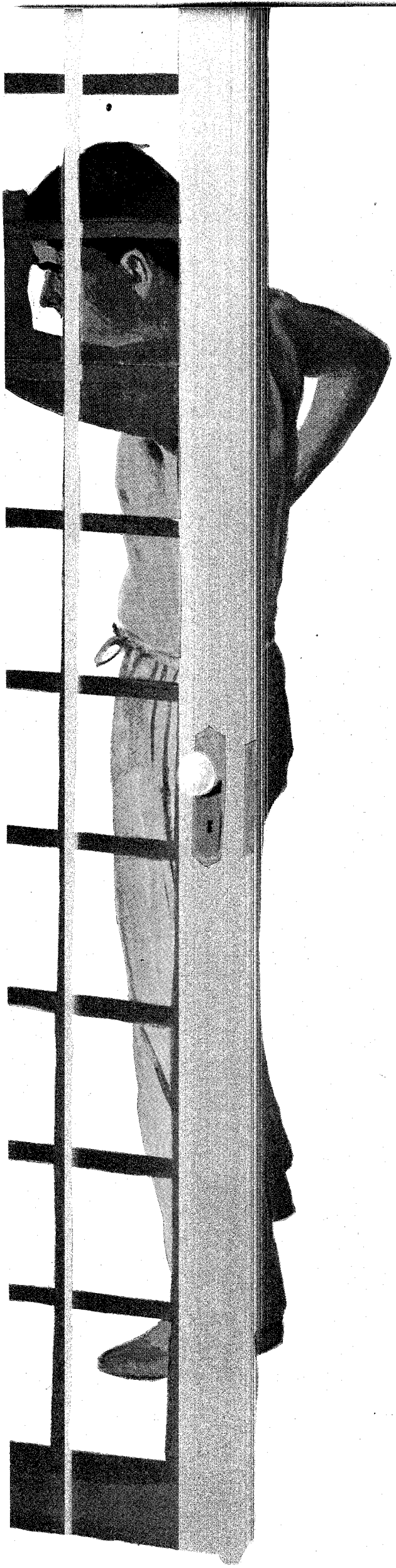

By FRANCES ENSIGN GREENE

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

BREAKUP

Sometimes she'd wake up and see him by the window, and she'd know he was wanting to be gone . . .

Although this is the story of a successful and happy woman, it has a strange ending, one that disturbs and delights me by turns. Actually, of course, nobody's story can be over until his life is over, and Mary Jordan, by her own admission, is just thirty-four. I never heard of anybody doing just what she did, and probably that's what disturbs me, but there is an undeniable pleasure in seeing someone slip out of the neat little pattern of expected behavior in order to be true to himself, and that's what delights me. But I'd like to know what you think of the debt she incurred, and the rare way she paid it.

I first met Mary Jordan at a cocktail party, one of those deadly ones from five to seven where people come at eight and stay until eleven, milling around with drinks in their hands and being veddy, veddy smart and a little hysterical.

There was the usual count, who asked to be called Gigi because, after all, this was a democratic country; the wife of a very great actor and her mother; an overblown torch singer fast making a fool of herself; a couple of television writers and several producers; a portrait painter of great charm. And there were about twenty others, all of whom were somebody too.

There was also a very beautiful woman sitting on a couch talking to the painter. I recognized her at once—so would you have. She is as far up as she can go in her profession, which may account for the little shadow around her eyes; unless you remain static when you get to the top the only possible movement is down. But her beauty is legendary, and she has probably made a fortune, so there was no occasion for sympathy.

She had on a black-and-white creation that made her look like a gorgeous, gentle Cossack. I went over and spoke to the painter, who introduced us and then went in search of another drink, so I sat down beside the beautiful Mary Jordan and we began to talk, and it was as simple as that. I liked her suddenly—you know how it is. You meet someone you have never seen before, realize that you are in tune with each other, and a fully matured liking springs from you like Minerva from Jupiter's head. Other people came and went, but doggedly we kept on.

After a bit, she said, "Straight ginger ale on an empty stomach is beginning to get me. I could do with some food, couldn't you?"

We found our hostess, and there was something of a struggle with words—she'd wanted Mary Jordan to sing for the people, but while Miss Jordan was charming about it, she was definite. My heart warmed to her.

There was a restaurant just around the corner, and we went in and ordered scrambled eggs. I sat there beaming; it was fun being with someone who was as easily recognized as a movie star. As a matter of fact, she's made several pictures, been in television for the last five years, and, heaven knows, her photographs have been in the papers often enough. People nudged one another and stared, but she seemed unconscious of it.

She leaned forward, her gray eyes slanting. "You have amazing bits of information," she said. "I read something of yours once in which you said the best maple sap came from trees that had a layer of slate under them. How did you know that?"

"Oh, I probably heard it years ago and dragged it out of my subconscious. Just a whiff of a thought." I was almost shocked that she remembered careless words I'd written and had forgotten myself.

"I see. You assimilate things and file them away for future use—everything you hear and see. But that's such a load. Aren't you awfully tired?"

I smiled at her. "Thanks for understanding that. But it's not a conscious tiredness. It's just a cageful of mice scurrying about in the noodle. I know smatterings about a lot of things, and I can't add up a column of figures—and why did you remember that about the maple trees?"

"Because I came from Vermont. We had a stand of maples with slate under it, just as you said in your story. I always helped in the bush during the sugaring, along with the rest of the family. If you've never dipped a ladle into boiling sirup in the sugar bush, poured some onto fresh snow and popped it into your mouth while it was still warm and waxy—then, my friend, you haven't lived."

I'd about exhausted my own sketchy knowledge of the maple industry, so (Continued on Page 126)

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Dr. Julius Kolacskovszky and attendant Gladys Allen make the rounds in a ward for "untidy women" at Ohio's Columbus State Hospital.

Inside the Asylum Part Four

PSYCHIATRIST AT WORK

A doctor's job in a state mental hospital offers few material attractions, but sometimes the reward is very great: a salvaged life.

By John Bartlow Martin

Photographs by Larry Keighley

A ward doctor's day at the State Hospital in Columbus, Ohio, begins at eight A.M., when he makes the rounds of his wards. From then until he leaves at five P.M. he is a very busy man indeed. In fact, Dr. Gordon L. Smith was taking care of the entire acute female section of the hospital not long ago—four wards, containing 300 patients.

The American Psychiatric Association says there should be one doctor for every thirty such patients. Yet state-hospital doctors all over America face the problems Doctor Smith faces. Let us spend a day with him to see how he manages.

Today is Thursday, the only day Smith can spend entirely on his wards. A shaggy, rumpled man of thirty-nine, he begins with Ward 15.

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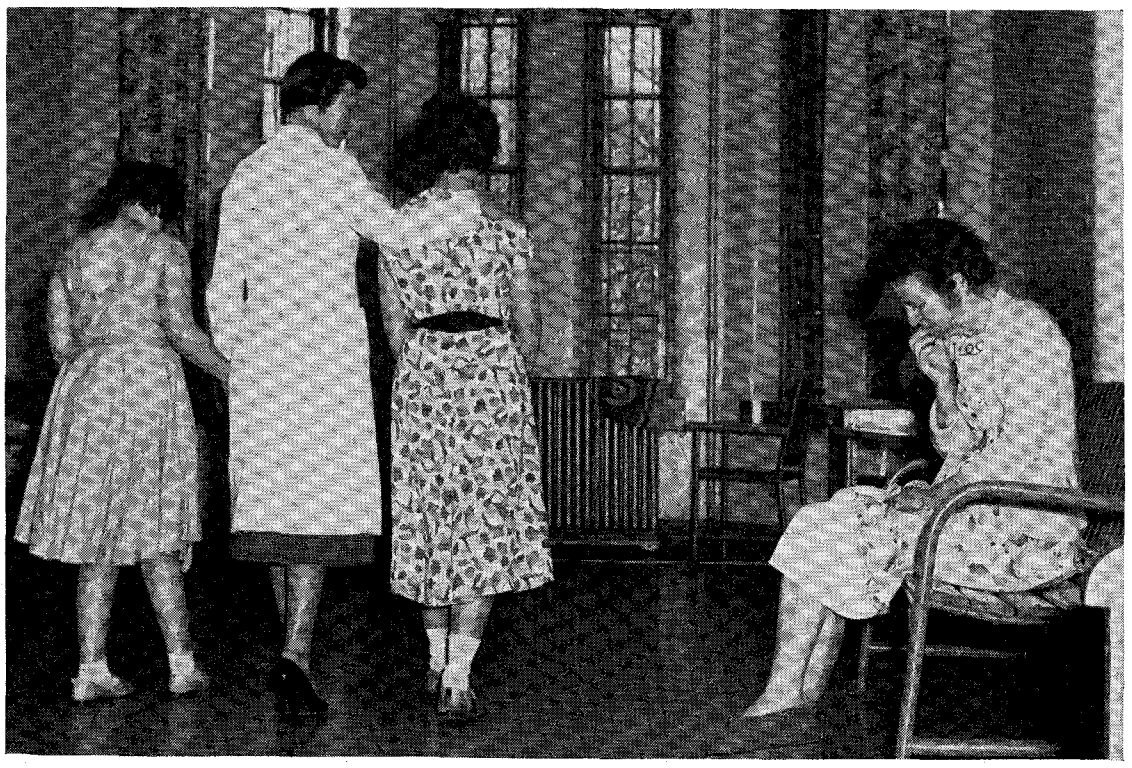

In Ward 11, Dr. Mary Hippert chats with teen-age patients, who share quarters with older women because there is no other place for them. These women's wards are noisier than the men's—more yelling, wild weeping and raucous laughter.

The most direct route to 15 lies through his other wards, but if he goes that way, patients will besiege him with their problems and he'll never get to 15. So he sneaks up a back stairway. His wards cover the entire second floor. He toils ceaselessly to keep them well organized—to fend off the chronic patients other doctors would send him, to hang onto good nurses and attendants.

New patients are admitted to Ward 13. If a patient improves there, she is moved forward to Ward 11. If she continues to improve, she goes on to 9 and then home. Of course, some slip back and eventually are moved upstairs to the chronic wards. Smith says, unlocking the door to Ward 15, "I've got fifty-seven patients out since I took over these wards two months ago, and only three have bounced."

Ward 15 is Smith's disturbed ward. In the bare, dingy main hall a score of women are pacing to and fro or sitting on wooden benches; one is sprawled on the floor. A half dozen of them gather round Smith, but he says, "I'm sorry, I have to attend to something," and he goes to the nurse's office.

A tall blond young woman in white hands him the record of a new patient, saying, "She beat another patient up on Ward Five last night and they brought her here. She's very combative." Doctor Smith studies her record and tells the nurse to put the patient on electroshock. The nurse asks whether another patient may go outdoors. Smith says, "She's a fighter at times. What if she gets in trouble?"

"She doesn't get in trouble when she isn't kept on the ward all the time." He agrees to try it. The nurse asks if another patient isn't supposed to be getting Thorazine or Serpasil. "She is," Doctor Smith says. "I thought she was already getting it. I talked to Doctor Kovitz about her." The nurse says no drugs ever arrived for her. Smith telephones the pharmacy. Dr. Benjamin Kovitz, the clinical director, hasn't yet approved drugs for her. Smith says, "I'll have to stir him up on that," and jots a reminder in his notebook. All the time the ward is filled with a dull murmur of sound; occasionally someone screams. The women's wards are noisier than the men's—more yelling, wild weeping and laughter. This is probably why women get a great deal more treatment than men.

A woman with a furtive manner glides into the room and clutches the nurse's shoulder and asks eagerly, "Did you get to ask him yet? About my trial visit? You know—my trial visit." Smith recognizes her and asks if she wants to go (Continued on Page 81)

Arrival: A new female patient (left) is interviewed by Dr. Gordon Smith. She will be sent to Ward 13, the admitting ward. Doctor Smith's job is to get to know her and start her on treatment.

Release: Dr. Robert Dane (rear) watches one of his patients (man in right foreground) leave the hospital to go home. Student nurse Walter Courson is giving the patient's wife a hand.

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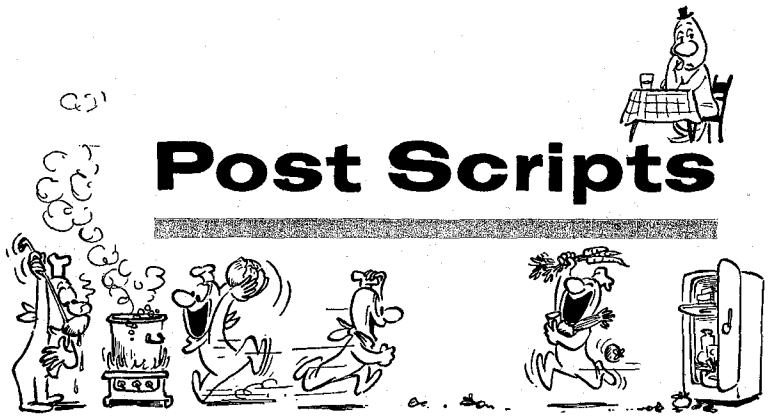


Post Scripts

Heinrich Schnibble at the Football Game

"Meinself ist beggen der pardon. Ist das sitzen-spot ben tooken?"

"Das sitzen—oh, the seat. No, it's not tooken yet, bub."

"Goot! Ich ben Heinrich Schnibble."

"Please to meetcha. Who you pulling for?"

"Ach! Ist meinself pullen? Excusen der ——"

"Oh, no. What I meant—— Say, did you ever see a game before?"

"Nein; excepten mit watchen der TV."

"Well, if there's anything you don't understand, just ask the old football expert, Waldo B. Bluster."

"Goot! Ist Herr Bluster ben soonisch arriven?"

"I'm Bluster, bub; me, in person and at your service. Just ask me something—anything at all."

"Meinself ist puzzlen mit das offkicken."

"Das off—— Oh, the kick-off. That's simple. One team kicks the ball to the other team, and they try to run with it."

"Ist der scramblisch oberjumpen und fighten und noggen-gebusten ben starten mit der off-kicken?"

"Well, it might look like that, but der scramb—— You see, the offkicken team tries to get the ball back so they can run with it."

"Himmel! Ist simpler mitout das offkicken, ja?"

"Of course not! Mitout das offkicken the game wouldn't start."

"Ach! Ich ben hopen das offkicken ist gecomen."

"Oh, it will. Now, the team mit the ball gets four downs to make a first down. If——"

"Ein touchendown?"

"No, no! Ein touchen—a touchdown ist a score. A first down just ben a chance to run der ball some more."

"Mit repeaten der noggen-gebusten some more, ja?"

"Der noggen-gebusten don't have any —— Look, Schnibble, if you're ben gonna interrupt all the time, I won't try to explain."

"Ach, du lieber! Excusen meinself, Herr Blister."

"Bluster. O.K., then, if they don't make der first down, they ben gotta kick, or punt, to the other team. Got it?"

"Ja, ja. Der puntenkicken und das offkicken ben der same."

"No, they don't ben the same! Der puntenkicken ist —— Well, der team mit —— Uh—suppose I just start all over mit das offkicken. One team ist ——"

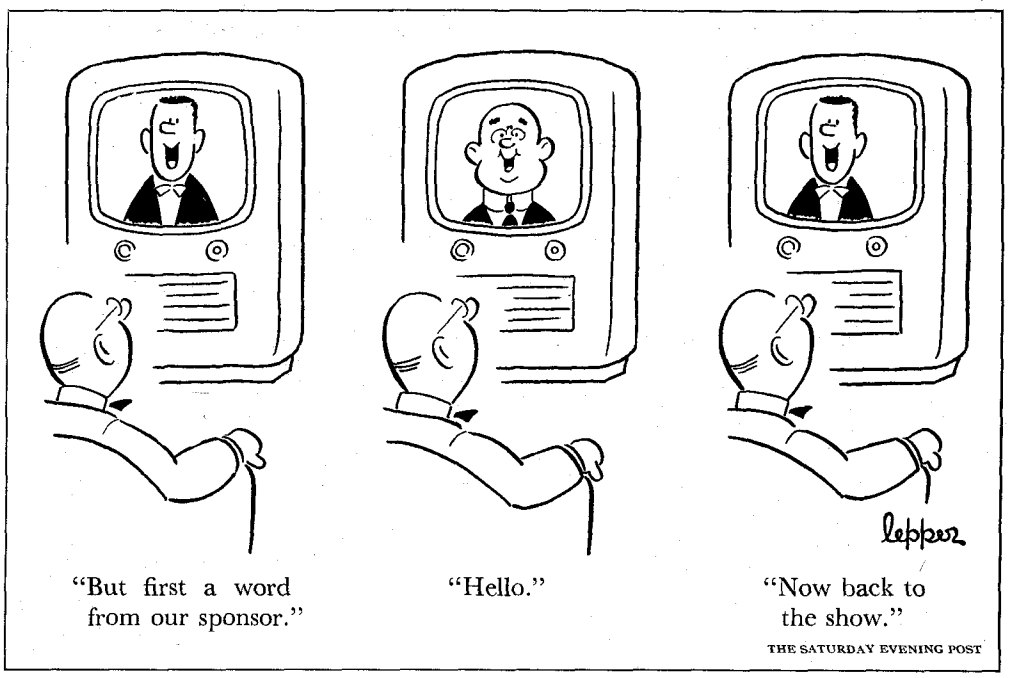
"Himmel! Ist Heinrich Schnibble ein dummox?"

"Oh, no, Schnibble! Ich ben—well, I'm a little mixed up meinself. Now, der team mit der offsitzen—I mean, der touchenballers ist puntenkicken und —— Himmel!"

"Ach, Herr Blister! Der footenballers ben outcomen!"

"Goot, Herr Schnibble! Goot! Der scramblisch oberjumpen und fighten und noggen-gebusten ist starten soon! Please explain it to meinself."

DAVE MORRAH



"But first a word from our sponsor."

"Hello."

"Now back to the show."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll tell you something if you promise me you won't become panic-stricken."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Labor Trouble

Though once a pride in working
Was common in the land
And any form of shirking
Was resolutely panned,
Today, alas, one tangles
With people everywhere
Who'd rather work the angles
Than labor on the square.

RICHARD WHEELER

There's One in Every Bunch

"None for me, thanks. I'd like to have a Rillarah Punch Pleasant. You take a twist of dehydrated prune, a few drops of amino-acid concentrate, a jigger of South Alaskan thimbleberry wine and mix in ——"

"Don't bother giving me a pencil and paper. I'm pretty slow at these think games, and besides, I want to play some more of your records—especially this album of Swiss yodels. But don't let me stop you from playing the game anyway."

"We get out on the course so seldom, we should have some fun. Let's say the low man on each hole collects a dollar from the other three, and anyone landing in the rough off the tee antes up fifty cents into the kitty. Anyone who lands in the water sets up drinks all around and ——"

"If you'll get me an old stereopticon slide, a shoe spoon, a piece of black thread and a stiff paintbrush, I'll show you all a very interesting trick I learned when I attended our convention last month in Cleveland."

PAUL C. LAW

Arty Party

The tales they tell
Are obscure or—well,
  Rather racier than my wont.
I'm either pretending
I get the point
  Or pretending I don't.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Declarations I Wish I Hadn't Declared

1. Run along to your meeting, dear; I'll give the kiddies their baths.
2. Next time Jimmy Peters calls you that, punch him in the nose. I'll take care of his father.
3. You won't catch me becoming a slave to a well-kept lawn.
4. There's nothing in there that would interest you, officer; just a few trinkets we picked up in Quebec.
5. If Old Man Jamison were here right now, I'd tell him straight to his face!
6. We ought to appoint one of us to talk to the Kimberleys about keeping their dog confined.
7. Never mind setting the alarm; I always wake up on time.
8. You can look if you want to, but I'm telling you my screw driver is not in that drawer!
9. Bring your little game over to daddy, sweetheart, and he'll fix it.
10. I've got a five-dollar bill that says I'm absolutely right.

DICK EMMONS

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACTION

starts with AC...

hot tip spark plugs

CHANGE AT LEAST EVERY 10,000 MILES

. . . the spark plug others follow!

AC Spark Plugs paced the modern trend to high-compression engines and high octane fuels! AC Spark Plugs pioneered the most impressive list of advances in ignition history! There's an out-ahead AC Hot Tip Spark Plug specifically designed to get the best performance from your car's engine. Insist on AC Spark Plugs.

FIRST with the stronger one-piece heat-sealed shell construction.

FIRST in welded side electrode construction for better heat and electrical current conductivity.

FIRST to incorporate a resistor element for elimination of radio interference from the ignition system.

FIRST with fused metal-ceramic seal to stop center-wire compression leakage.

FIRST in the use of unglazed insulator tip to resist lead attack.

FIRST with the aluminum oxide insulator in the United States—a patented AC ceramic composition!

FIRST to use greater "scavenging" area between insulator and shell.

FIRST with the long, thin, recessed, quick-heating insulator tip—the AC Hot Tip—another AC exclusive!

FIRST with the copper-core electrode *to improve performance under special high temperature operating conditions in commercial applications.*

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

WATCH WIDE WIDE WORLD . . . NBC-TV

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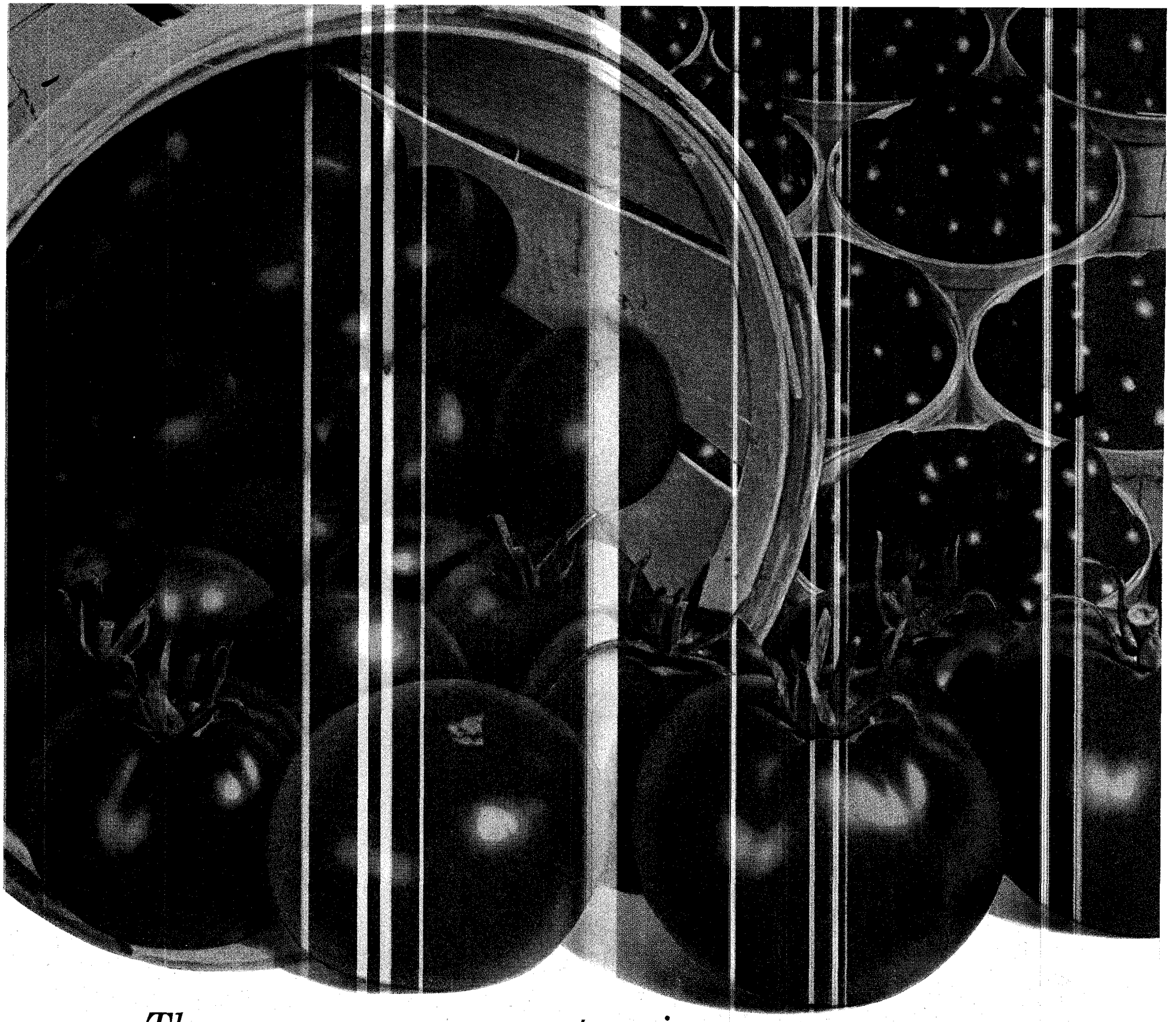

There are so many ways to enjoy...

The Campbell

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The Big Red Ones Roll in...

After 3 years of Campbell Care the new crop is ready for your table

It took only a few weeks of fast work and close timing to get the entire 1956 crop of Campbell Tomatoes to our kitchens. But behind this plump, red harvest lie three years of painstaking work.

Almost that much time is needed just to select and increase the seed from which each year's crop is grown. The seedlings were planted in specially prepared soil and nurtured to maturity with the help and advice of a Campbell Field Man. The people who picked the tomatoes were given special instructions, so they picked the ripe fruit at just the right stage of ripeness.

Yet it is extremely unlikely that all the tomatoes you see in the picture were able to pass Campbell's rigid tests for color, flavor, and uniformity.

The fruit that did was hand-trimmed and given at least six cleansing baths in cold running water. Then the Campbell Chefs took over with their proverbial blending skill.

What came of it all is waiting at your favorite food store for you to take home and taste. You can enjoy the Campbell Tomato, 1956 crop, in our tomato soup, tomato juice, and V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices. And also in the sauces of Franco-American Spaghetti and Campbell's Pork and Beans.

When you do we think you'll know we practice what we preach when we say:

"To make the best, begin with the best— then cook with extra care."

Tomato

Campbell Soup Company, makers of: *Soups* • *Tomato Juice* • *Pork & Beans* • **Franco-American, Swanson** *and* **V-8** *Products*

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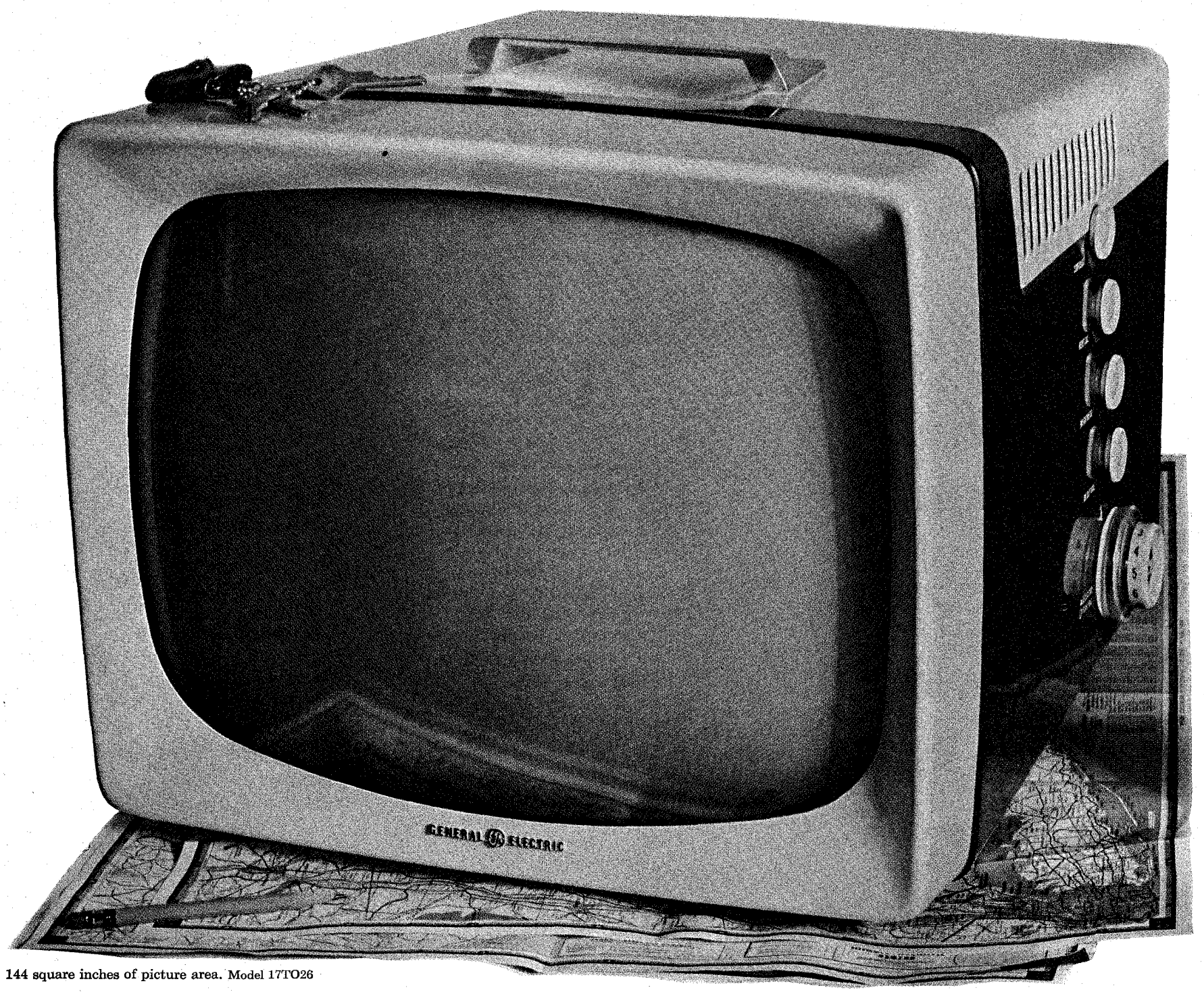


144 square inches of picture area. Model 17TO26

Big-screen General Electric portable brings in programs anywhere a console will

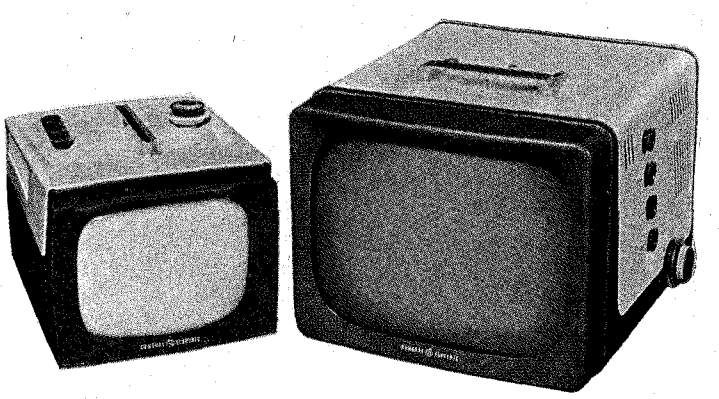
It's amazing enough that the General Electric Big-Screen Portable is *so* light. Just 32 pounds, so it's easy to carry wherever you want to be while you watch your favorite programs.

But then add this fact: this General Electric Portable can bring in pictures anywhere a console will. Your General Electric dealer will gladly prove it to you in side-by-side tests. Ask him to, next time you see him.

That'll be soon, we'd be willing to bet, once you've considered the other features this big-screen, high powered lightweight General Electric Portable brings you.

Such as the Aluminized Picture Tube and dark-tinted safety window (both General Electric ideas) for clean, clear pictures indoors or out . . . a hide-away compartment for the power cord, a sturdy aluminum cabinet, your choice of Bermuda Bronze or Terra Cotta and Ivory.

Chances are you're heading for your General Electric dealer's right now. (Look in the Yellow Pages under "Television.") See the whole line of General Electric Portables. But please don't hoard them; just buy as many as you need.



Personal Portable—weighs less than 13½ pounds . . . as little as $99.95!* Brings in as sharp a picture as your present set. 43 square inches of picture area—Model 9TOO2

Companion Portable—weighs only 26 pounds! Aluminized Picture Tube, dark-contrast safety window, built-in antenna. 96 square inches of picture area—Model 14TO18

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices which include Federal Excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse 8, New York.

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Will Your Child Fail in School?

Jefferson Elementary School, New Rochelle, N.Y.: A sensible mother (right) accompanies her child to an after-school conference with the author. Most parents are "too busy" to visit their children's teachers, Miss Donatelli reports.

When a boy or girl doesn't get passing grades, the parents are usually to blame, says this teacher—and she backs her statement with some dramatic case histories.

By Rosemary V. Donatelli

Is your child going to fail in school this year? If so, whose fault will it be—yours or his? The chances are that it will be yours.

If he passes, will he get an education? Probably not. He'll get nine or ten months of refuge in a classroom and, if he's alert and fortunate, he may learn a few things. But he won't be educated, at least not as well as he might be. Whose fault will it be—yours or the school's? The chances are that it will be yours.

When school opens every September, most mothers heave a great sigh of relief. The children are out from underfoot and mother can pass a relatively peaceful autumn, winter and spring. For those nine or ten months your child's teacher will see more of him than his father will. She'll spend almost as much time with him as his mother will. And the odd part about it is that most parents are delighted to have it this way.

In the few but exhilarating years that I've been teaching—I'm twenty-six now and I've loved almost every minute of the four years I've been teaching—I've come to the conclusion that parents are one of the most tragic flaws in our educational system. There was a time in America when much of the education that a youngster received was in the home; Abraham Lincoln and thousands of other boys and girls didn't do too badly under this primitive system. Today parents neglect or reject even the simplest responsibility for helping to educate their own children, thus ignoring their own great resources in relieving the crisis in the schools. If parents undertook to renew, even in part, their historic role as teachers of their young, they'd help the children earn a much better education despite the critical shortage of classrooms and teachers. Certainly they shouldn't do this without the advice and guidance of their child's teacher, but they should seek out this advice.

For this is a resource that exists today; we don't have to spend billions or wait years until it becomes reality. Moreover, it's a resource that should be exploited at all times and places, crisis or not. Parents are the most important single element in a child's education. You can have fine schools and wonderful teachers, but if you don't have parents who take an intimate and energetic interest in what their own children are doing in school—well, a good deal of the time and effort of those youngsters in the classroom will be wasted.

(Continued on Page 86)

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PHILLIPS' TOOTH PASTE SALE!

NOW—to one of the *best decay fighters* ever known (milk of magnesia) there has been added a new, brisk, flavorful foam that makes Phillips' Tooth Paste *best* for *sweetening your breath!* And the new taste is sheer delight—as fresh and cool as frosted mint. Offer is limited, so get this double package bargain *today*.

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THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN

The young lieutenant wanted to do one last job before he died.

"So!" the bulletheaded Captain Skoda sneered as he studied the leader of the captive British party. "The great Keith Mallory! The greatest mountaineer of our time. I doubt whether posterity will rank your last climb as among your greatest; there are only ten steps leading to the gallows in the fortress of Navarone."

Skoda didn't hold the upper hand for long. When he tried to wring information from Mallory by torturing the wounded Lt. Andy Stevens, Mallory and the huge Greek named Andrea raged into action and disarmed their German captors. In the stunned silence that followed, Andrea shot Skoda through the heart.

Capt. Keith Mallory and a team of experts—including demolitions man Dusty Miller and telegraphist Casey Brown—had been sent to Navarone to silence the great guns that controlled the approaches to the nearby island of Kheros. Soon the Germans would attack British-held Kheros and massacre the 1200 soldiers there. The Royal Navy would attempt to evacuate Kheros in time, but such an operation would be suicidal unless Mallory succeeded in his mission.

Two natives of Navarone, Louki and Panayis, were leading Mallory and his men in their escape from Skoda's garrison to a rock-jumbled part of Navarone known as the Devil's Playground. The party was nearing its destination when a squadron of Stukas roared over them and dropped a deadly rain of bombs. Then the earth exploded beneath Mallory's feet and darkness closed over him.

VI

Wednesday, 4:00 P.M.
to Wednesday, 6:50 P.M.

Mallory struggled up from the depths of a black, trancelike stupor. "Aha! Observe! Signs of life at last!" There was no mistaking the slow, nasal drawl. "Ol' Medicine Man Miller triumphs again!" There was a moment's silence, a moment in which Mallory was increasingly aware of the diminishing thunder of aero engines, the acrid, resinous smoke that stung his nostrils and eyes, and then an arm had passed under his shoulders and Miller's persuasive voice was in his ear, "Just try a little of this, boss. Ye olde vintage brandy. Nothin' like it anywhere."

Mallory felt the cold neck of the bottle, tilted his head back and took a long pull. Almost immediately he had jerked himself upright and forward to a sitting position, gagging, spluttering and fighting for breath as the raw, fiery *ouzo* bit into the mucous membrane of cheeks and throat.

"What are you trying to do?" Mallory demanded. The fire had died down in his throat and he could breathe again. "Poison me?"

"Take your pick," Miller interrupted grimly. "Either that or a sight worse poison in about fifteen minutes, when brother Jerry gets here."

"But they've gone away!"

"This little lot's comin' up from the town," Miller said morosely. "Louki's just reported them. Half a dozen armored autos and a couple of trucks with mortars."

"I see." Mallory twisted round, saw a gleam of light at a bend in the wall. A cave—a tunnel, almost. He turned again to Miller. "Trouble again, Dusty; nothing but trouble. Thanks for bringing me round."

"Had to," Miller said briefly. "There's hardly anyone left to carry you. Casey Brown and Panayis have both been hurt, boss."

"What? Both? How—how bad are they?" There was so little time left, so much to do.

"How bad?" Miller shook out a pack of cigarettes and offered one to Mallory. "Not bad at all, if we could get them into hospital."

"You still haven't told me ——"

"Sorry, boss, sorry. H.E. wounds, both of them, in exactly

(Continued on Page 64)

Stevens said, "It's time you were gone, sir. Just light me a gasper and fire a few random shots . . . "

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GREAT NEW SOURCE OF POWER for your car!

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GIVES YOU MORE *knock-free power! Actually all the power your engine, new or old, can deliver.*

Top octane Sky Chief with Petrox is the finest premium gasoline built for all high compression engines.

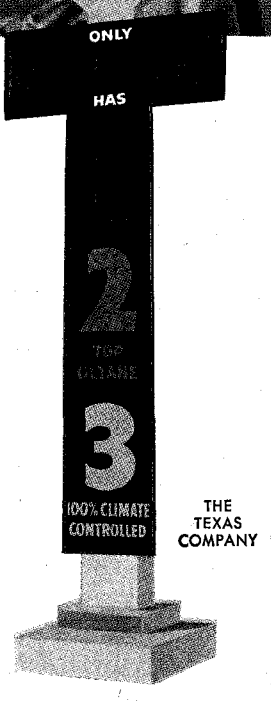
GIVES YOU MORE *miles! Actually a bonus of up to 1,000 extra gasoline miles a year!*

Based on a 10,500 miles-a-year driving average. You get up to 35 extra gasoline miles in every tankful.

GIVES YOU MORE *engine life! Your engine stays younger. Actually as much as 60% longer engine life.*

Depending on condition of your motor when you start using Sky Chief. Spark plug life may be increased as much as 300% — valve life as much as 360%.

[*These are FACTS – PROVED by an independent research organization in over a MILLION MILES of ROAD TESTS*]



Only Texaco *Sky Chief* gives you 1 • 2 • 3 power!

1 PETROX. Provides a protective coating for rings, cylinders, spark plugs, valves, pistons. Cuts power loss from harmful engine deposits, friction and wear!

2 TOP OCTANE. Highest octane Texaco Sky Chief gasoline of all time . . . for more power—smooth, effortless, knock-free power you can feel every mile you drive!

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IN ALL 48 STATES

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The Terrible Williamsons

(Continued from Page 27)

recent years the FTC has issued cease-and-desist orders against two Williamson suppliers.

Purchasers of the Williamsons' textiles, however, fare better than those who succumb to their second great swindle. The younger males of the clan prowl the back country in trucks full of paints and spray drums, looking for peeling houses or barns. Flashing business cards (TREATED SHINGLES NEVER WARP. WILLIAMSON & SONS, BARN PAINTING, ROOF PAINTING, OIL TREATING, OUR SPECIALTY), ten-year certificates of guarantee and cans of nationally known paints, they offer a fast cut-rate job. They then stretch a few dollars' worth of the paint with so much crankcase oil and other noisome adulterants that with the first rainfall it washes off, leaving the house and grounds below in a hideous and highly flammable mess.

In Commercial Point, Ohio, not long ago, an invalid farmer, who had not been able to afford the price quoted by local contractors to repaint his farmhouse and outbuildings, paid a Williamson $464. It will cost him, if he can ever raise the money, that much again to have the damage repaired.

The Williamsons' third and most recently developed swindle involves the installation of lightning rods. Impersonating electrical engineers, complete with fraudulent university diplomas, endorsements from insurance companies and factory guarantees of free maintenance for five years, they try to frighten their prey by showing them photographs of gutted houses. As a convincer, they promise that customers signing up for a "Williamson Lightning Rod" will automatically get a 50 per cent reduction of their fire-insurance premiums. The rigging they fasten to the roof, for which they charge $200 to $300, consists of rope or wood painted to look like metal.

Astute students of human nature and accomplished actors, masters of dialect, disguise and the plausible build-up, they know how to feel out a prospect's weakness—his greed or vanity, his fear, naïveté or sentimentality—and angle their pitch accordingly. Their repertory of characterizations is extensive: a British-merchant-marine man just off the boat with smuggled prayer rugs from Istanbul, a Canadian fur trapper who has eluded the border patrol, an orphaned colleen forced to sell for whatever she can get her tuberculous mother's dying handiwork. With such farragoes the Williamsons have duped doctors, lawyers, teachers, college students, businessmen who pride themselves on their shrewdness.

What is the secret of their success? How have they endured so long? Mainly because, though their aggregate profits are enormous, their individual operations generally involve mere misdemeanors, such as peddling without a license, misrepresentation, violating local sales-tax laws, punishable by fines or, at worst, short jail terms. Moreover, victims who have been prepared to buy smuggled goods or take advantage of some destitute immigrant widow hesitate to stand up in court and admit it. As a Topeka attorney, who paid thirty-five dollars for a $7.50 rabbit skin, told the B.B.B., when it urged him to prosecute, "They made a sucker out of me and I don't want people to know it."

Nor are the authorities themselves always very aggressive. In a good many towns with overcrowded jails and jammed court calendars they are content to chase the nomads away and let some other community worry about them.

To eradicate the Williamsons as a gang it would be necessary, on the one hand, to unravel their intricate family relationships and, on the other, to prove organized conspiracy, something no agency has so far been able to achieve. The B.B.B. often speculates about their tax situation, but this would be tougher still to elucidate, since they pay for everything in cash, keep no bank accounts and have no permanent addresses.

One of the B.B.B.'s richest sources of information about the Terrible Williamsons has been a series of letters from an unknown correspondent, dating back to 1938. Though variously signed "S. White," "Wm. Ross," "John Burns" and "Charles Williamson," their similarity of style, punctuation and penmanship indicates the same author. He may be, as he claims, a Williamson himself, who deplores the crimes of his kin and aims to put an end to them. Certainly he must be close to the clan, for no stranger could have furnished so many details which subsequently proved to be accurate.

At times he has apprised local B.B.B.'s that the Williamsons were nigh. "Warn your public Cities and Farmers," his letters customarily begin. Hard on the heels of his disclosure to the Pittsburgh bureau last July that more than fifty Williamsons were scouting the suburbs with paint sprays, woolens and laces, complaints flooded in from duped bargain hunters. Three Williamsons were arrested and fined, but the majority escaped. "Please I Beg you please," "Charles Williamson" wrote, "don't reveal Even Ware these letters were mailed from they would Kill my poor old wife and myself."

In recent communications from this white sheep he places the total number of Williamson families—"all double 1st cousins"—at between 75 and 100. Each is ruled by a boss, who guides them to likely fields of plunder. These bosses in turn take orders from the big boss of the clan, Uncle Isaac Williamson, alias Two Thumbs, whose wife goes by the sobriquet of Black Queen Jennie. From each family he exacts periodic assessments, the amounts varying with its current profits. "And it ain't no chicken feed," observes "Charles Williamson."

To insure collection, Uncle Isaac sometimes dispatches his three brawniest sons—Alexander, alias the Gopher; George, alias Goose Neck; and Tom, alias Texas. The mere mention of those aliases suffices to strike terror into the hearts of the tributary Williamsons. At his Florida winter headquarters Uncle Isaac receives as many as 100 letters a week from his far-flung flock, keeping him up-to-date on their whereabouts and exploits.

When required to travel himself, the big boss delegates authority to one of two families. The first includes John Williamson, alias Jack Horn; his wife, Sarah; and their sons, John, alias Comfort; James, alias Lady Fingers; Isaac, alias High Head; and William, alias the Turk. The second privileged family consists of Dan Williamson, alias Buckie, and sons Tom, alias Peanuts; William, alias Black Greaser; Dan, Jr., alias Brown Bull; and John, alias Elk's Tooth.

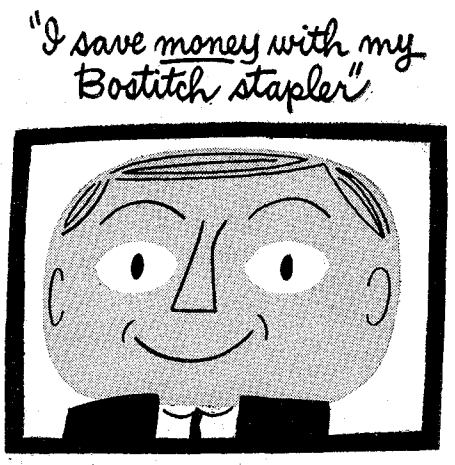
The informant cites some impressive financial statistics. "Forty dollars' worth of Lightning Rod materials," he calculates, "will bring in 6–7 hundred dollars' profits to the Williamsons. Two of them fleeced $28,000 in Iowa and Minnesota, all profit. They charged a childish old man and woman $250.00 for 3 dollars' worth installed on their barn in Minnesota last summer (1954)." Paint-spraying their way through Michigan during the summer of 1948, he further attests, another family netted $60,000.

In 1955 a good deal of what "Charles Williamson" had been writing was corroborated when a distraught young house painter from Turlock, California, who, to protect his identity, shall be known as Paul Marshall, burst into the Oakland B.B.B. Some years before, he deposed, he had married a girl calling herself Bertie Hampton, who was living in Turlock at the time with her mother, a Mrs. Hazel Hampton. After the wedding, the mother moved away, saying that she proposed to join a large group of relatives a few miles to the north. As time passed, Bertie began urging her mate to throw in his lot with these relatives. They happened to be, said she, painters like himself, and they did a whirlwind business. But Marshall did not wish to leave Turlock.

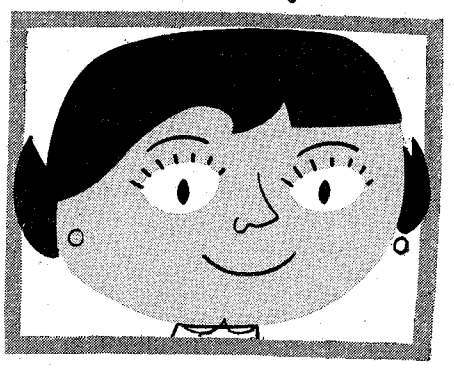
The mother showed up again, a slew of the relatives in tow, and she made a startling admission: the name was not Hampton, but Williamson; they all

"Don't give me that great white God routine! . . . Where have you been for the past three years?"

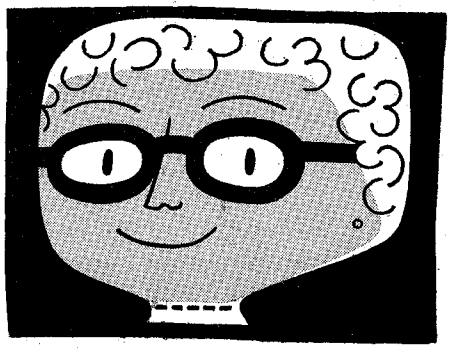
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



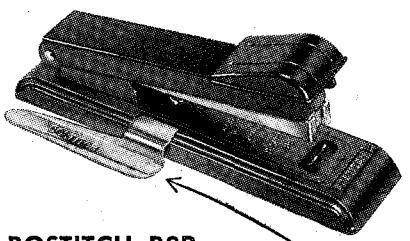
In the office, staples cost less than clips, won't snap off so papers come apart in the files.



At home, this tacker, paper fastener, and bag sealer is always near at hand.



In the classroom, one can post notices and fasten papers twice as fast as with tacks or clips.



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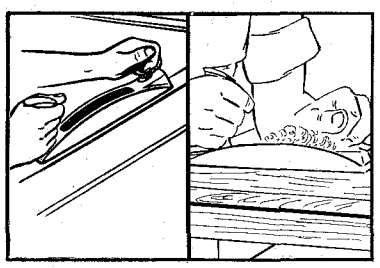
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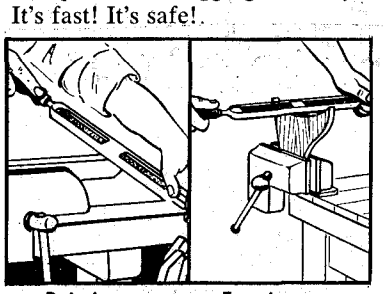
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450 sharp edges work together!

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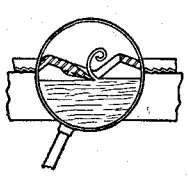
Tough, long-lasting replacement blade fits both tools — 98¢.


Your hardware dealer has Stanley SURFORM now. Look for it. Try it. For free tool catalog and descriptive SURFORM folder, write Stanley Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 710 Elm St., New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY
The Tool Box of the World

belonged to the notorious clan, and she headed this branch of it. Marshall's description of one of his brothers-in-law sounded to the B.B.B. like that of a man who had defrauded four elderly Oakland couples in roofing deals.

Cowed by her mother, Bertie, the only Williamson known to have married outside the clan, announced that she must return to it, and implored her husband to come with her. The others chimed in, extolling the joys of the nomadic life, the abundance of easy marks, the fat earnings. The mother, possibly to intimidate him, talked freely of the violence which had been inflicted from time to time by irate Williamsons. Appalled, Marshall refused to have anything to do with them, and so his strange wife left him.

"They'll stop at nothing," Marshall told the B.B.B., and he related how, according to his mother-in-law, Williamsons had frequently shot and stabbed each other in intrafamily clashes over the division of territory and loot, relying for immunity on a clan code of silence and mutual support.

Several such tribal bloodlettings are on record. During the winter of 1935, twenty Williamsons headed by an Isaac—not to be confused with Uncle Isaac—and eighteen McMillans headed by a John, the former peddling floor coverings and linoleum, the latter woolens, holed up together in an Atlanta, Georgia, trailer park. Bitter commercial rivalry had been smoldering of late between the two families. It exploded into a slugging match, John McMillan's son, David, and Isaac Williamson's son, James, severely battering each other. David was briefly jailed and fined $12.50 for disturbing the peace. The families parted, sworn enemies.

Tooling through Springfield, Pennsylvania, months later, the Williamsons halted for lunch at Zimmermann's Tourist Camp. As they piled out of their cars, they ran into the McMillans, who had been based there for a week. The air turned blue with curses. There are two versions of what ensued. Some witnesses said that the Williamsons advanced, brandishing bats and ice picks, others that John McMillan attacked first. He was packing a revolver. As the other tourists scurried screaming for cover, he pumped a bullet into Isaac's midriff, a second one into his daughter Bella's right leg.

Bella quickly recovered, but Isaac, his stomach, liver and lung perforated, lay in a hospital for eight months. McMillan, meanwhile, was held for trial. He pleaded not guilty. So evasive and contradictory was the testimony of the warring families that the jury deliberated for twenty-six hours. In the end, it acquitted him. The judge then ordered the defendant to pay 75 per cent and his still-ailing adversary 25 per cent of the court costs. As one of the Williamson girls brushed past McMillan on her way out of the courtroom, she was heard to mutter, "We'll get you yet."

The scene of another murderous Williamson fray, a year later, was Oklahoma City, where fourteen of the clan—three of them named Isaac—not counting myriads of children, were living in adjoining trailer camps. Their consanguinity was as intricate as that of rabbits occupying the same hutch. From what a bewildered homicide squad eventually gathered, of the four daughters of sixty-four-year-old Mrs. Jean Williamson, the matriarch of the colony, two married Isaac (Cotton) Williamson, thirty-two, and James, Jr., thirty-three, who were brothers; and two married Isaac, thirty-two, and George C., thirty-three, also brothers. The two pairs of brothers were cousins. Mrs. Williamson also had three sons, Robert, twenty-eight, John Scott, twenty-five, and Isaac D., sixteen, the first two married to cousins.

Fur, rug and lace peddlers all, the men joined battle over territorial rights one night in the Tumble Inn trailer camp, haven of the Cotton Williamsons. Cotton collapsed, stabbed to the heart with an ice pick.

As the brawlers dispersed, his wife helped him to a doctor's office. Neither of them would tell what had happened. Cotton died.

For twenty-four hours the police ran around in circles, unable to determine who was who, let alone the identity of the slayer. They detained all the male Williamsons they could find as material witnesses. None of them would admit having even seen the fight.

The killing might have remained forever unsolved had not the wielder of the ice pick suffered pangs of remorse. He was George C. Williamson, who had been missing since the fatal night.

He had driven to the town of Guthrie, thirty miles north, locked himself in a hotel room and penned a note to his wife. "Birdie," he wrote, "I am sorry I killed Cotton. I did not mean it. It is tuff to die at my age. You have been a good wife and mother to my children. It would have been better we never met. Please tell mother to forget me as I am not worth it. Also yourself. Your mother was a very fine woman. Good-by to you and the children."

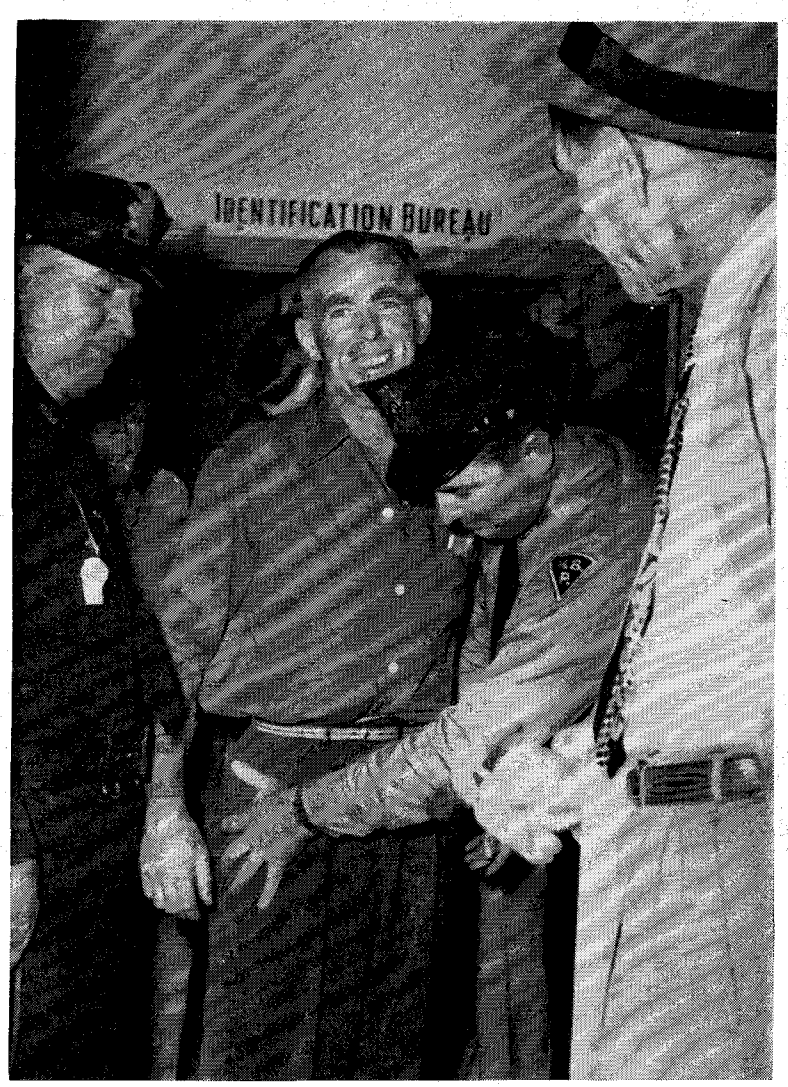
He then swallowed carbolic acid. It failed to kill him. He contemplated shooting himself with a rifle, but lost his nerve. Next afternoon, desperately ill from the poison, he walked into the Guthrie sheriff's office, proclaiming, "I'm the man you want."

Convicted of manslaughter, reduced from a charge of murder, George was sentenced to two years in McAlester Penitentiary, one of the few harsh penalties ever incurred by a Williamson.

Where and how the Terrible Williamsons procure their spurious merchandise is a question of perennial interest to the Federal Trade Commission. For linens and laces one of the principal sources is Sweeney & Johnson, a Cincinnati firm founded in 1865 by a pair of Irish-born traveling salesmen. It occupies a five-story, red-brick building at 220 East 3rd Street, crammed to the eaves with dry goods bearing such evocative labels as Gloccamorra, Cruskeen Laun and Nappy Tander, but all made in America or imported from China or Japan. A Fitchy Foo nine-piece, seventy-two-by-ninety-inch table set lists at six dollars, less than 10 per cent of what a Williamson in top form will get for it.

Sweeney & Johnson sell only wholesale by mail order, C.O.D., to traveling salesmen, of whom their books name more than 300. When the Williamsons exhaust their supplies, they wire the firm to forward more "c/o General Delivery" to the next community they plan to flimflam. By disposing of it all within the same state, they obviate some of the hazards of illicit interstate traffic.

So close and long-established are the Williamsons' relations with Sweeney & Johnson that some investigators suspect that they own part of the company. This the present manager, Patrick L. Sweeney, a burly, gruff and laconic man, denies. "They're good customers, that's all," says he. (*Continued on Page 58*)



Police frisk one of the Terrible Williamsons, who was taken into custody after the bloody intrafamily brawl at Miami Beach during Christmas week of 1952.

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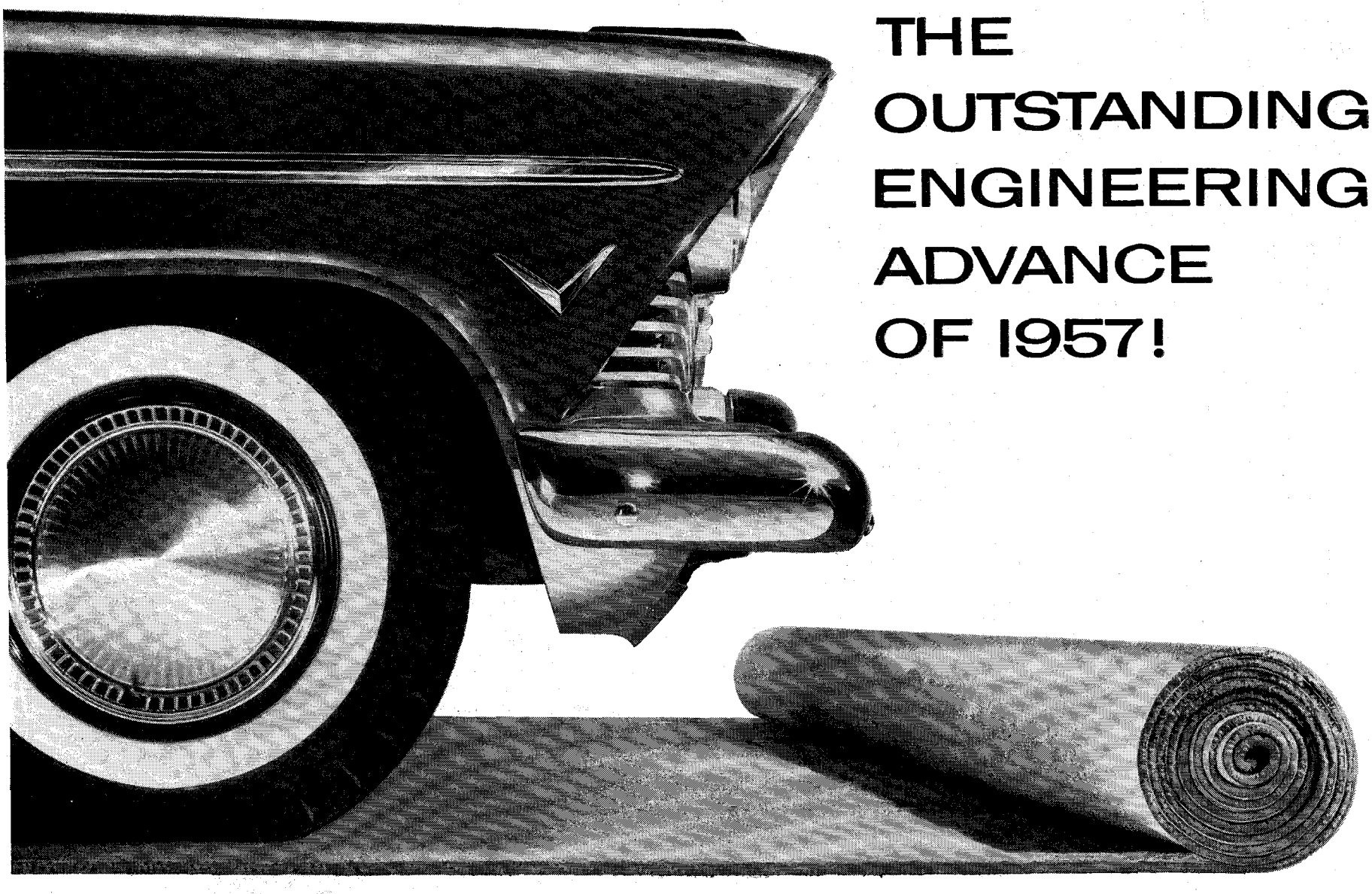
THE *FORWARD* LOOK

THE OUTSTANDING ENGINEERING ADVANCE OF 1957!



NEW TORSION-AIRE RIDE ...it carpets the road!

Only once or twice in a decade is there a major engineering "break-through" like this!

Chrysler Corporation's engineers have perfected a completely new suspension system, a new kind of *ride*—Torsion-Aire!

This means your car will have greater stability, levelness, "floating comfort"—on any kind of road. You will turn corners with virtually no "sway" . . . you will stop without a jolting "front-end dive" . . . you will ride as on a carpet, softly, quietly, without road shock!

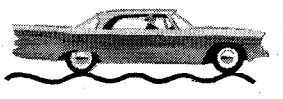
Yet Torsion-Aire is just a part of what Chrysler Corporation engineers and stylists achieved for '57, part of the *lasting value* built into these cars!

You will see new styling so striking and so right that it's called *The New Shape of Motion!*

You will enjoy Pushbutton *TorqueFlite*—a new transmission, smoother and swifter than any yet devised! You'll discover new engine performance . . . smaller wheels with softer-riding tires . . . the new ease and assurance of *Total-Contact Brakes!*

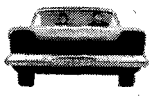
See the 1957 cars of THE *FORWARD* LOOK at your dealer's beginning October 30th. In every price range, in 93 different models, these are THE NEWEST NEW CARS IN 20 YEARS!

HOW TORSION-AIRE HELPS YOU



1 *Smooths the roughest roads*

2 *Turns corners without "lean"*



3 *Stops without "dive"*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION **THE *FORWARD* LOOK**

See the new **Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial** beginning October 30th

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(*Continued from Page 56*) "Sell to 'em on the same terms as other travelers. We don't claim the goods to be any different than it is. What they do with it, how much they charge, can't control that."

Through the years the Sweeneys have nevertheless rendered services extraordinary to the Williamsons. In Chicago, in 1933, following the arrest of two clansmen for peddling without a license, the late Patrick M. Sweeney, uncle of Patrick L. and the head of the concern, put up bail money. Then, as now, when arrested, the Williamsons would frequently give Sweeney & Johnson as their home address. They sometimes represent themselves to be its accredited agents. They write to each other care of the firm. They store luggage there. "We like to oblige our customers," says Patrick L.

Equally obliging are certain New York garment-center wholesalers. Last July a band of the bunco artists roaming New England, the trunk compartments of their cars full of "Oriental" rugs, decided to make a foray in the resort area around Littleton, New Hampshire. The choice was unfortunate. Littleton's Yankee-shrewd, FBI-trained chief of police, Stanley L. McIntyre, aware of the Williamsons' seasonal habits, had urged state troopers to eye all out-of-state cars with suspicion. A distinguishing mark of many Williamson vehicles, he pointed out, is a nickel-plated trailer hitch. Never did the nomads have a rougher time of it. In nearby Bethlehem, before they had even unloaded the rugs, a state trooper spotted three of them—Mrs. Katherine Williamson, forty; her brother-in-law, James Williamson, twenty; and a cousin, Mrs. Alexina Gregg, forty.

Under New Hampshire law the mere exposure of floating merchandise without a peddler's license constitutes a misdemeanor. A Bethlehem judge fined each defendant $200. Lacking the total sum, Mrs. Gregg asked permission to call a friend in New York collect; whereupon, at the suggestion of foxy Chief McIntyre, Bethlehem's chief of police, Howard Sanborn, slipped into an adjoining room and listened in on an extension. He heard Mrs. Gregg explaining her plight to one Samuel Wiseman, who runs Eastern Woolens at 245 West 27th Street.

"I'll wire the money," Wiseman promised. "Pay the fines and get out of town." The money arrived two hours later.

But the aroused Littleton police chief was not through with the trio yet. "You know," he remarked offhandedly, "I could use a small rug myself."

Eager to please, they offered him one of the few bargains in Williamson history—a three-by-five for $9.50. He promptly hauled them into the Littleton court and charged them with a second violation of state laws.

James Williamson shrieked, tore out fistfuls of hair and threatened to destroy himself. "You shouldn't excite him!" cried Mrs. Williamson. "He gets fits!" But the performance failed to impress the judge. He imposed three more $200 fines. Once again, Wiseman came to the rescue, and the Williamsons finally moved on, preceded by Chief McIntyre's warnings to police farther upcountry.

It was the same Samuel Wiseman who bailed out George and Jessie Williamson a month earlier in Marlboro, Massachusetts. A graying, portly, dignified couple in their late fifties, typifying the older generation of Terrible Williamsons, they had been peddling women's suit lengths bearing a famed Scottish trade-mark—*Fortis et Fidus* (Strong and Faithful)/Galashiels/All Wool—at $17.50 apiece to home-economics teachers in the county high schools. The pitch: "Ladies, the firm we represent wants you to have these at special low rates because of your standing as experts." The actual wool content ranged between 30 and 60 per cent.

After the couple had pocketed some $400, one home-economics expert grew leery and noted down the Delaware license number of their new eight-cylinder car. The police picked them up near Marlboro. They were asked to furnish bail of $500 and later fined $200, all of which Wiseman wired. "I didn't know what they wanted the money for," he says, "but I'd do the same for any of my customers."

Two other Manhattan firms from whom numerous Williamsons have acquired woolens are Joseph Gluck & Company, 305 Seventh Avenue, and Max Schwartz & Company, 27 East 20th Street. On April 2, 1953, the FTC issued a cease-and-desist order against Gluck for mislabeling domestic rayon "Heathrayon, worth thirty dollars.) At the factory gate, policeman Richard Hardy, armed with descriptions of the McDonalds and their car from other victims, was waiting for them.

Seeing him, they dashed back into Kopochus' office. "The deal's off," said James, stuffing the check into the treasurer's pocket. But the gesture availed him nought.

From the family car Hardy removed fifty bolts of cloth, two .22's and a .30-30 rifle and a seven-inch, commando-type switch-blade. "We like to hunt," the McDonalds explained. Alexander, Sr., and William were arrested in a motel on the outskirts of the city where a total of eleven clansfolk had been staying. Four McKays, a William Johnson, an unidentified woman and an infant fled the state in five high-powered cars and a trailer.

The authorities chose to be lenient. Dropping charges of carrying concealed weapons, conspiracy and obtaining money under false pretenses, they prosecuted the McDonalds for the lesser offenses of false advertising and peddling without a license, to which they cheerfully pleaded guilty. "A well-knit family," was how the lawyer they hired described them to the judge, and he added, "Why, I've bought socks marked 'all wool' myself in reputable Hartford stores only to discover they were seventy-five per cent wool."

Not only did the foursome get off with fines of $240, the police restored to them the impounded fabrics.

While the Williamsons normally abstain from commercial crimes that carry heavy prison sentences, they do now and then replenish their inventories by theft. To what extent, Maria McMillan, a slender, twenty-two-year-old brunette, intimated four years ago to detective Donald Wood, of the Columbus, Ohio, Police Department.

"Have you stolen so much you're confused and can't remember, is that it?" Wood asked her.

"That's right, sir," Maria demurely replied.

Early that August a band of the gypsies had pulled into Columbus' Pearly Gates Motel toting textiles and paints. It was the seventeenth time members of the clan had favored the city since 1927. There were, besides Maria, her two older married sisters, Jean Williamson, and Mary McMillan; Mary's three small children; Jean's husband, Daniel; and a man rejoicing in the name of Calvin Coolidge Correll.

In the morning they separated, each to ply his or her specialty. For once, they do not seem to have found any takers. A week later Maria and Mary resorted to shoplifting, rifling three Columbus department stores. While Mary, the picture of maternal devotion with her three offspring, kept watch, Maria popped into shopping bags close to $1000 worth of suits, dresses, furs and children's apparel. In the third store, Aunty Jean joined them to relieve Maria of a shopping bag and whisk it back to the motel. As Maria started filling another one, two store detectives nabbed her.

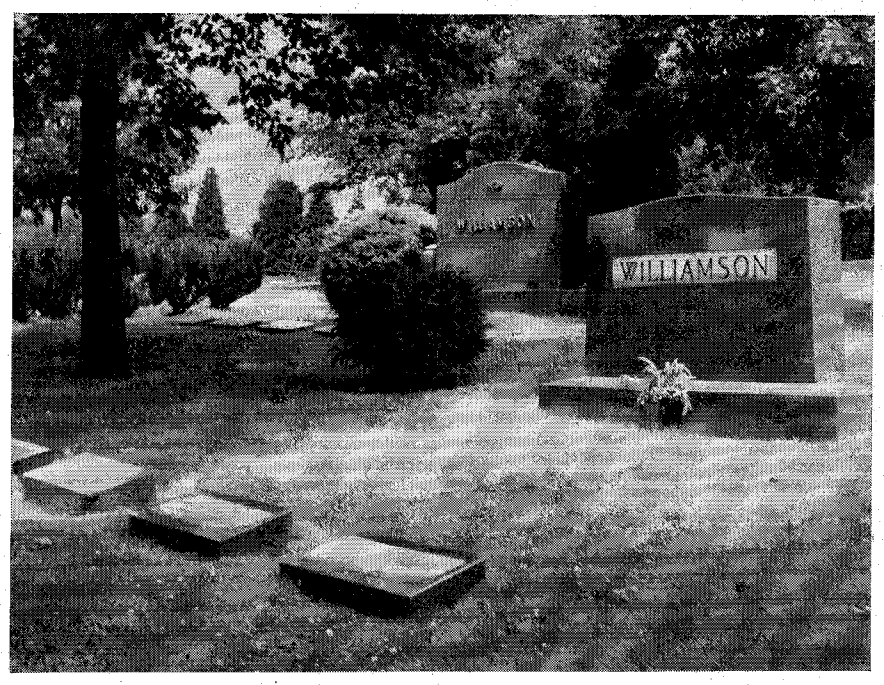
Descending upon the motel to round up the rest of the crew, the police found mounds of unworn clothing from which the labels had been detached, and two strongboxes containing $3500 in cash and $10,000 in Government bonds. When the girls mentioned Sweeney & Johnson as their address, the Columbus police requested their Cincinnati colleagues to make a check. In the company's storage rooms they counted some 200 boxes and trunks being held for various Williamsons, full to bursting with merchandise of indeterminable origin.

No complaints having been lodged against Daniel Williamson or Calvin Coolidge Correll, the police released them. The three sisters were booked for grand larceny. They suffered relatively little inconvenience. To their defense—at a fee reported to be $2500—rose one of the city's leading trial lawyers, the former lieutenant governor of Ohio, Paul M. Herbert. Upon his representation that Jean Williamson had entered the United States illegally from Canada five years before and would be deported, the prosecutor dropped the charge against her. (She was not deported, however.) The court convicted Maria and Mary, but freed them on probation after Herbert movingly pleaded, "Like so many good women, they made one foolish little mistake."

As an ethnic group the interbred Williamsons are as distinctive in their way as Hottentots or the hairy Ainus. Their social life is confined to the clan; they mingle with strangers only to pluck them. Two physical types predominate—the jet-haired and swarthy, suggesting an admixture of black-Celt blood; the sandy-haired and ruddy-cheeked common among the red Celts. The men tend to be thickset, of medium height, virile and personable; the women high-spirited and bold of eye, exerting their sex appeal to obfuscate their male victims.

Of the current crop of clan girls the bonniest specimen is perhaps Davina McDonald, twenty-one, reddish-blond, freckled and plump, who excels at a variant of the imported-woolens game. Displaying swatches of genuine famous-name brands, she solicits orders for custom-made suits, part payment in advance, the customer to be measured later by her brother ("Brither's the tailor o' the family"). Last year, in Kansas City, Kansas, she approached seven college boys, baiting her hook with a promise to date them after working hours. The smitten students handed over $200. It was the last they heard of Davina or her tailoring brother.

Davina also holds a rare distinction. She is the only Williamson ever to have been photographed on the job. This befell her in Scarsdale, New York, when she convinced a newspaper reporter of her own sex, a Miss Bette Barber, that four machine-made rugs had been hand-woven of pure wool by Italian exchange students at (*Continued on Page 61*)



Most Williamsons wind up in this Cincinnati cemetery, where each family branch maintains its own plot and strives to outshine the others in mortuary magnificence.

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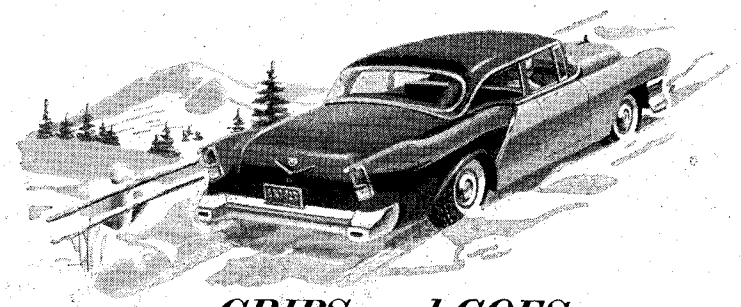
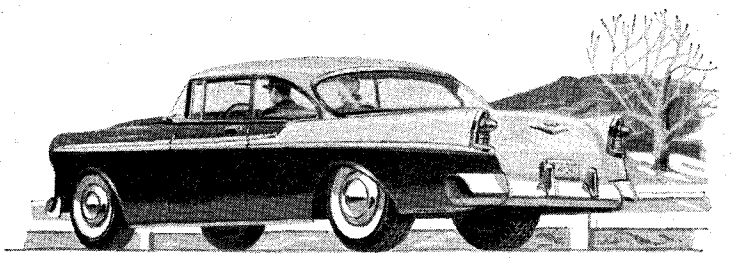


GRIPS and GOES uphill on snow or ice!



Rides smoothly, quietly, even on dry pavements!

Drive WORRY-FREE in all kinds of bad weather on the sensational new

KELLY *Explorer* *winter tire*

Here, at last, is a winter tire that digs in, grips and goes—like a sure-footed runner wearing spiked shoes! Every Kelly Explorer has *thousands* of sharp edges and deep-cut cross ribs with zigzag angled slots. Like penetrating spikes they give you *gripping action* that provides sensational, sure-footed traction in all kinds of weather. With Kelly Tubeless Explorers you can climb uphill or down . . . surely, quickly! Whatever the weather condition—snow, ice, rain or mud—Explorers will get you going and keep you going . . . safely!

And what's more, the Explorer tread has an amazing new exclusive "Harmonic Balance" that eliminates whine and noise as it's never been done before! Explorers ride quietly even on dry pavements! Switch to Kelly Explorers on your two rear wheels and you'll drive worry-free all winter long!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO., CUMBERLAND, MD.

Available in Whitewall and Blackwall Tube Type and Tubeless including 14" size for 1957 models

KELLY *Springfield* **TIRES**

EXTRA SAFE!

New! Overall sure-footed tread that grips and goes in every kind of weather.

TRULY QUIET!

New! "Harmonic Balance" tread pattern to eliminate build-up of tire whine and noise!

Look for the Sign of Worry-free Driving

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(*Continued from Page 58*)

Berea College, Kentucky. The story struck Miss Barber as newsworthy. She asked Davina if she might take a snapshot of her with her wares. Cupidity triumphed over caution, and Davina prettily posed before departing with Miss Barber's check for $245.

Most Williamsons lack formal education, never having tarried in any community long enough to attend school. The arts of dupery, however, they learn young from their elders, who, as a consequence, occasionally incur penalties for contributing to the delinquency of minors. One of the Jean Williamsons was an old hand at the Irish-lace dodge at the age of fourteen. "The thinking of the adults," stated the Turlock man who unwittingly married into the clan, "is that they themselves should teach their children how to become swindlers and easy-money artists and not dilute their minds with what they consider inferior public education." Even toddlers play a role in the nomads' activities, accompanying their parents to create pathos. "Poor wee chap," the mother will sigh, hugging the babe to her bosom, as she entices her victim to buy some phony heirloom, "hasn't had a proper bite to eat for days."

Many of the clansmen wear Masonic emblems and, when in mourning, four stripes of black braid and a heart-shaped insigne on their coat sleeves, which purports to be an ancient Scottish observance. In 1936 an Omaha police lieutenant, after investigating the claims of a clutch of Stewarts and Johnstons, suspected of glutting the city with fake baby seal, that they belonged to several Masonic lodges, certified that they were indeed members in good standing. (According to "Charles Williamson," "Both men and women of them Really Fleeces the Masons for all they can get.")

Though no churchgoers, the Williamsons profess the Presbyterian faith and observe its sacraments. Their burial rites are spectacular. No matter where a Williamson dies, his next of kin ships the body usually to a Cincinnati undertaker, to lie in cold storage until the clan can be rallied. The final resting place is Cincinnati's Spring Grove Cemetery. The Williamsons chose the city during the '20's, probably because of its central location, as an oasis in the Sahara of their wanderings, where they could periodically renew contact with one another, survey the achievements of the season past and map their strategy for the season ahead. A few Williamsons, too aged for the rigors of the road, live in Cincinnati the year 'round.

Each family maintains its own Spring Grove plot, and strives to outshine the others in mortuary magnificence. They order the costliest coffins and the most richly panoplied hearses. In these transactions the women often act as bankers, producing wads of greenbacks from their stockings. At the funeral of a George Williamson, who died, aged eighty, last June, a cemetery attendant counted in the cortege 125 cars, all fancy-priced 1956 models. The florist bills exceeded $5000.

"They're very jealous of each other, very competitive," says a Cincinnati investigator who has long studied their ways. "They can't compete in their homes because they have no regular homes. So they compete in the lavishness of their funeral celebrations."

At the graveside, not long ago, a Johnston patriarch threatened an upstart Williamson with dire reprisals for trying to acquire a choicer plot than his. Between the Williamsons and the McMillans feeling once ran so high, reaching the boiling point when John McMillan shot Isaac Williamson in Pennsylvania, that to avert trouble during funerals the police would flank the procession.

In garish contrast to the simple white monuments surrounding them, the Williamsons rear immense slabs of polished, hand-carved, red Scottish granite, a thistle and a Masonic crest engraved in the face, costing, together with the plot, as much as $10,000. At present they own twenty-five plots in which they have interred some sixty relatives. As old age overtakes a Williamson in his travels, he pauses to procure a headstone, always of red granite, have the year of his birth inscribed on it, with space left for the obituary date, and send it back to Spring Grove. A smaller number of Williamsons prefer cemeteries elsewhere, notably Los Angeles, Atlanta and Providence, Rhode Island. In Providence's Grace Church Cemetery stands a single massive chunk of red granite carved into the shape of a davenport.

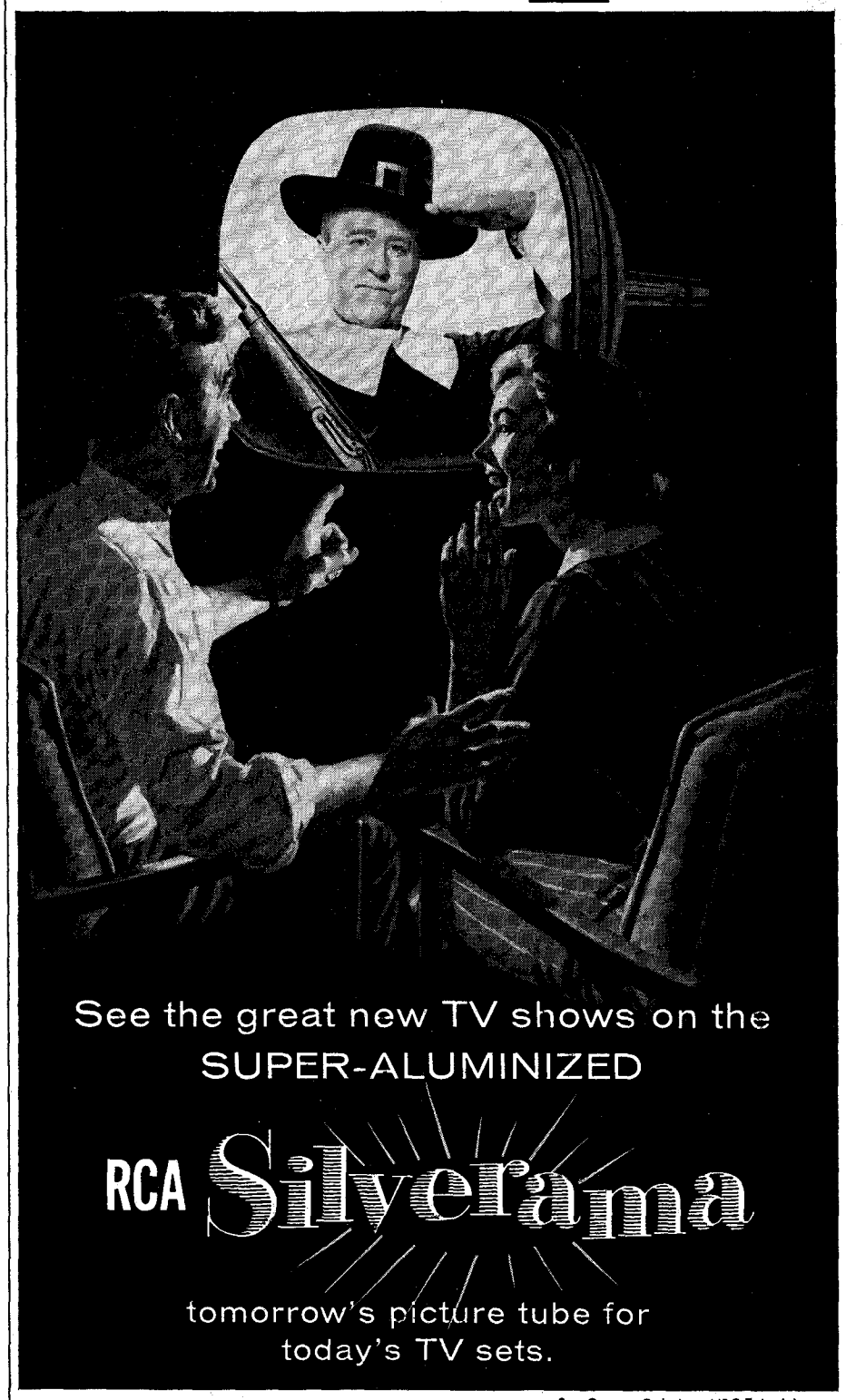
The funeral services take place in the undertaking parlor, never in church, the same Presbyterian minister officiating. Any babies born on the road he baptizes at the same time. A highly emotional breed, the Williamsons mourn with shrill fervor. Though they may have brawled with the deceased for years, they shed copious tears. Three or four of the women regularly swoon.

Unfailingly, every May, the bulk of the clan returns to Cincinnati both to honor their dead and to hold a convention—a custom which impels the local B.B.B. to circulate warning bulletins. Most of the celebrants, however, refrain from swindles while in Cincinnati, although a few

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now then. . . . where does it hurt you?"

This fabulous tube always reserves "two on the aisle" for every show!



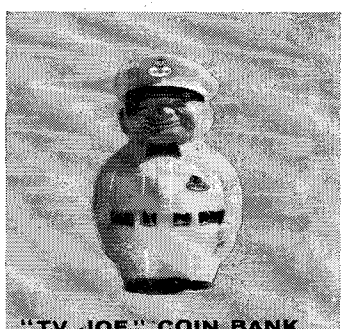
See the great new TV shows on the SUPER-ALUMINIZED

RCA Silverama

tomorrow's picture tube for today's TV sets.

See George Gobel on NBC Television

Why be satisfied with dull, dim TV pictures when a brilliant Silverama replacement tube can bring you reception you would hardly believe possible. Thanks to RCA's constant advances in electronic engineering, virtually any older set—regardless of its make or model—can give you brighter, clearer, sharper pictures with an RCA Silverama Super-Aluminized Picture Tube. So, don't "half see" what's on TV. Ask your service technician for an RCA Silverama. They cost no more than ordinary aluminized tubes; and best of all, they're sold with a full-year's warranty.



"TV JOE" COIN BANK

Here's a happy gift for children, a useful item for the home. To get your bank, see your neighborhood TV service-dealer; or send 35c in coin together with your name and address to: TV JOE, Post Office Box 666, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

RCA Radio Corporation of America
Tube Division Harrison, N. J.

See Peggy King, Celeste Holm, Cyril Ritchard, and Billy Gilbert in "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" on Producers' Showcase, Monday, November 12 in RCA compatible color and black-and-white.

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"SECRET" is about all we're allowed to say concerning many of the nearly half a hundred Air Force contracts now in various stages of design and development by Convair-Fort Worth's engineers and scientists. But it illustrates the advanced status of the projects facing us. Some of us are busy with the B-58, America's first supersonic bomber; others are exploring the feasibility of nuclear powered aircraft. The conception, the design, and the development required to achieve our goals present a staggering challenge that demands foresight and exploration into the unknown.

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zealots in whom love of craft runs particularly strong cannot resist mispainting a roof or two or peddling a bolt of shoddy.

They settle into motels and furnished apartments convenient to Spring Grove for their longest sojourn of the year in one spot. The proprietors have learned to be discreet.

"Don't monkey around with this bunch, mister," a motel keeper recently told an inquiring reporter. "You're looking for trouble if you do. I've got no more to say. I like to keep healthy."

Shortly before Memorial Day the Williamsons scour their monuments and trim their plots themselves. They spend all of the holiday itself, as well as the succeeding two or three days, distributing floral tributes and conferring.

Some Cincinnati merchants find it hard not to welcome the Williamsons' annual remigration, because, in addition to commemoration and palaver, it is a time of replenishment for the clan. Denying themselves no luxury, they scatter money lavishly, and the shop that satisfies one of them is likely to be patronized by the others. Without haggling or hesitation, they plunk down the full price in cash for whatever they desire. Last May, from the same agency thirty-five Williamsons bought new cars, all in the $5000 range. The 1955 models they traded in were, as usual, immaculate.

Several Williamsons play the stock market and pass their leisure hours watching the board in a prominent Cincinnati brokerage house. Their account runs to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. They also frequent the Ohio race tracks, and some enter their own horses.

The Williamsons are proud of their lineage and proud of their traditional guile, with no apparent sense of wrongdoing. The gullible, they seem to feel, were put on earth to be gulled, and they perceive no sin in assisting the operation of what they regard as a natural law. "We can trace our blood back to the Picts," a tribal elder once boasted. "Under the Romans we were tinsmiths, and for the last two centuries we've been in our present line of business."

The first to cross the Atlantic was Robert Logan Williamson. He resided for a while during the '90's in Brooklyn, New York, took a Scottish *émigré* wife, who bore him numerous progeny, and embarked upon the itinerant life. Kindred McDonalds, McMillans *et al*, fired, probably, by letters Robert wrote home, recounting the easy pickings in the Land of Opportunity, began emigrating too. By 1914 the prolific tribe was a fixture of the American underworld. The first B.B.B., which set up quarters in Minneapolis that year, had scarcely installed its telephones before a call came from the anguished owner of a Williamson-sprayed barn.

There are B.B.B.'s in 107 cities today, nearly each of which, every year since it opened, has been deluged with complaints from the Williamsons' prey. Incredibly, the personnel of the Columbus bureau have themselves twice been intended victims. In 1932, a William Williamson, aged nineteen, with a negligence which must have fetched him a sharp cuff from his father, Isaac, failed to note the name on the door, blundered in and attempted to charm an office manager, Miss Gertrude Rittman, with the lilting Irish-lace theme. While Miss Rittman feigned innocence, a secretary phoned the police. They let bungling William go when his father, who had nine other children in his caravan, agreed to leave the state by sundown.

Six years ago, Miss Rittman was startled to be confronted by a Scottish-talking lass seeking to interest her in a tablecloth embroidered by her half-blind old granny. Miss Rittman had no chance to summon the law. Suddenly glimpsing the B.B.B. emblem on a windowpane, the peddler bolted. Miss Rittman sped after her into the street, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"There's usually a member of the gang waiting around the corner in a car with the motor running," says the frustrated B.B.B. officer.

Wartime gas rationing somewhat hampered the Williamsons' movements, but could not stall them altogether. A contingent working Texas in 1943 devised an ingenious trick for wangling gas. Four or five Williamsons set out on a tour of the state in the same car, for which an A card had been issued. Reaching some town served by an overburdened gas-rationing board—Abilene was one of them—the owner of the car would transfer it in a wash sale to another Williamson. After obtaining his A card, Williamson No. 2 would transfer the car to Williamson No. 3, who, in turn, would obtain a card at the next port of call. By thus transferring ownership back and forth among themselves, a single car pool of clansmen could keep rolling indefinitely.

A Treat With No Tricks

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Some of the younger Williamsons also succeeded in staying out of the Army. They would—so "Charles Williamson" disclosed—feign insanity and, if necessary, accept commitment. In 1951 the Detroit Selective Service Board reported a William Williamson—profession, painter—as a draft dodger. It took FBI agents four years to track down the right William Williamson. They found him sunning himself in Tampa, Florida. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

The most recent mass arrests of Williamsons occurred in Miami Beach during Christmas week of 1952, the result of a gory tribal fracas. Hostilities erupted in a neighborhood of palm-shaded seaside motels and trailer camps where more than 200 of the gypsies were enjoying their annual winter vacation. The cause remains obscure, but into the thick of battle were swept seven Williamson and three Carroll brothers. Matthew Carroll wound up in a hospital at death's door, his right eye gouged out.

A sortie of uniformed and plain-clothes men, led by Detective George Green, steamed onto the scene just as the Williamson brothers retired to their rooms, doused the lights and locked the doors. They refused to emerge unless the besiegers produced warrants. But as one officer noted in his report: "We effected the arrests without same." The Williamson brothers were booked on charges of assault with intent to kill and released under bonds of $500.

Meanwhile, the Columbus B.B.B.'s Miss Rittman, whose ears prick up like a setter's at any news of Williamsons, reading the story in the local press, airmailed a long list of names to Miami. Checking them against those of tenants in the vicinity of the skirmish, the Miami police pinched twenty-seven more clansfolk on suspicion of being "rogues and vagabonds." They, too, had to post bail of $500 each. The 160-odd other wanderers, against whom no direct connection with the brawl was alleged, hastily packed their wares and drove northward.

When news photographers aimed their cameras at the defendants, a furious female Williamson, brandishing a milk bottle, threatened to bash in their heads. A Charles Stewart shouted, "You print my picture, I'll sue your paper! I haven't done anything!" At the moment of the raid, Detective Green had seen Stewart loading fabrics into his limousine. He impounded the limousine. He also impounded a Williamson trailer truck full of painting materials.

The thirty-four bailors did not care to forfeit such a large amount of money and they showed up for the hearing—one of the rare such instances in tribal annals. The proceedings, however, were anticlimactic. Neither assailants nor assailed would testify. Reluctantly, the court dismissed the case.

Thus far, 1956 has been a banner year for the Williamsons. During the first seven months their caravans are known to have touched at more than forty points as widely scattered as Orting, Washington, and Spartanburg, South Carolina; Goshen, Indiana, and Four Oaks, North Carolina. "Uncle Isaac and Black Queen, Jennie," wrote "Charles Williamson," "just came back from a European tour. They traveled first class on clipper planes off the other sucker Williamsons families' Con money."

Can nothing stop them? The B.B.B. is not sanguine. "As long as people allow themselves to be swayed by greed," says George Young, manager of the Cincinnati bureau, "as long as they delude themselves that goods or services can be bought at less than a fair price, the Terrible Williamsons will flourish. They maneuver so skillfully, their line is so magnetic that the hopeful bargain hunter just doesn't understand what's happening. I've even had victims admit they suspected a gyp, yet somehow, in spite of themselves, felt they were going to get something for nothing."

On the other hand, Young points out, nobody who takes four elementary precautions is apt to be swindled in a doorstep deal. They are: (1) demand and verify the peddler's credentials and license to peddle, (2) reject offers that smack of haste or secrecy, (3) beware the tearful dramatic appeal, (4) if in doubt, query the police or nearest B.B.B.

For decades the B.B.B.'s have so counseled the American public in the press and over the air waves. And still the Terrible Williamsons roll merrily along.

THE END

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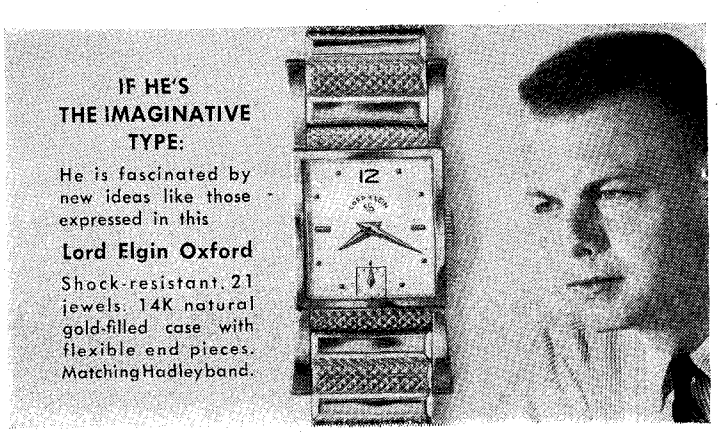
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Far from home –but not from help!

(Based on Company File #PAC16KAM11945)

It was nearly dark. No traffic to speak of. Just one car coming toward us . . . *but it was wobbling all over the road!*

I couldn't get out of the way. Not even by going off the road . . . onto the shoulder . . . into the fence. We were hit practically head-on.

My son Joe, sitting next to me, was badly injured. Our up-to-then pleasant vacation ended right there. With us a thousand miles from home . . . my car wrecked . . . Joe hurt . . .

Next day was Sunday. Joe was in a hospital. Satisfied that he was coming along all right, I finally took time out to send a telegram to my insurance company, the Hartford. First thing Monday I had their answer:

"CLAIM DEPARTMENT HAS WIRED DENVER OFFICE TO GIVE YOU EVERY ASSISTANCE ON YOUR ACCIDENT."

By 11 o'clock that morning the adjuster was there. He took care of all the details . . . even sold the wreck for me to a junkyard for $306.

Just three days later, I received a Hartford check for $1229 covering the remaining value of my car, after allowing for the $100 deductible on my Collision Insurance. Joe's hospital bills and other medical expense came to $911. These charges were also paid by Hartford under the Medical Payments feature of my Automobile Policy.

I want to thank the Hartford and all its people for the speedy and helpful service they gave us during that trying time. I think my experience proves that the value of Hartford insurance cannot be measured in dollars and cents. And certainly it cannot be expressed in writing or words!

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The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 53)

the same place—left thigh, just above the knee. No bones gone, no tendons cut. I've just finished tying up Casey's leg—it's a pretty wicked-lookin' gash. He's gonna know all about it when he starts walkin'."

"And Panayis?"

"Fixed his own leg," Miller said briefly. "A queer character. Wouldn't even let me look at it, far less bandage it. I reckon he'd have knifed me if I'd tried."

"Better to leave him alone anyway," Mallory advised. "And how did I get here?"

"No prizes for the first correct answer." Miller jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the huge form that blocked half the width of the cave. "Junior here did his St. Bernard act once again."

Mallory smiled. "Thanks again, Andrea."

"Thanks!" Miller was indignant. "A bloke saves your life and all you can say is 'Thanks'!"

"After the first dozen times or so you run out of suitable speeches," Mallory said dryly. "How's Stevens?"

"Breathin'. The gangrene's spread beyond the knee."

Mallory rose groggily to his feet, picked up his gun. "How is he really, Dusty?"

"He's dead, but he just won't die. He'll be gone by sundown. The Lord only knows what's kept him goin' so far."

"It may sound presumptuous," Mallory murmured, "but I think I know too."

"The high-class medical attention?" Miller said hopefully.

"Looks that way, doesn't it?" Mallory smiled down at the still-kneeling Miller. "But that wasn't what I meant at all. Come, gentlemen, we have some business to attend to."

"Me, all I'm good for is blowin' up bridges and droppin' the odd handful of sand in engine bearin's," Miller announced. "Strategy and tactics are far beyond my simple mind. But I still think them characters down there are pickin' a very stupid way of committin' suicide. It would be a lot easier for all concerned if they just shot themselves."

"I'm inclined to agree with you." Mallory settled himself more firmly behind the jumbled rocks in the mouth of the ravine that opened on the charred and smoking remains of the carob grove directly below and took another look at the Alpine Corps troops advancing in extended order up the steep, shelterless slope. "Let 'em come another hundred yards or so closer. Louki and I will start from the middle and work out; you and Andrea start from the outside."

"I don't like it, boss," Miller complained.

"Don't think that I do either," Mallory said quietly. "Slaughtering men forced to do a suicidal job like this is not my idea of fun—or even of war. But if we don't get them, they get us."

"I know, I know, boss." Miller stirred uncomfortably. "How soon do the mass executions begin?"

"Any second now," Mallory said softly. "I only hope that our friend Turzig isn't among this lot." He reached out for his field glasses, but stopped in surprise as Andrea leaned across Louki and caught him by the wrist before he could lift the glasses. "What's the matter, Andrea?"

"I would not be using these, my captain. They have betrayed us once already. I have been thinking, and it can be nothing else. The sunlight reflecting from the lenses ——"

Mallory stared at him, slowly released his grip on the glasses, nodded several times in succession.

"Of course, of course! I had been wondering. Someone has been careless. There was no other way—there could have been no other way. It would only require a single flash to tip them off." He paused, remembering; then grinned wryly. "It could have been myself."

"I do not believe it," Andrea said flatly.

"Not only could but was, I'm afraid. But we'll worry about that afterwards." The middle of the ragged line of advancing soldiers, slipping and stumbling on the treacherous scree, had almost reached the lower limits of the blackened, stunted remains of the copse. "They've come far enough. I'll take the white helmet in the middle, Louki." Even as he spoke, he could hear the soft scrape as the three others slid their automatic barrels across and between the protective rocks in front of them, could feel the wave of revulsion that washed through his mind. But his voice was steady enough as he spoke, relaxed and almost casual, "Right. Let them have it now!"

His last words were caught up and drowned in the tearing, rapid-fire crash of the automatic weapons. With four machine guns in their hands—two Brens and two 9 mm. Schmeissers—it was no war, as he had said, but sheer, pitiful massacre. Almost three seconds had passed before the handful of those who still lived realized what was happening and had flung themselves desperately to the ground in search of the cover that didn't exist.

The frenetic stammering of the machine guns stopped abruptly and in unison, the sound sheared off as by a guillotine. The sudden silence was curiously impressive, louder, more obtrusive than the clamor that had gone before. Miller risked a quick peep round one of the boulders, eased himself back again.

"Eight, mebbe ten of them still down there, boss," he reported. "The poor devils are like ostriches—trying to take cover behind stones the size of an orange. We leave them be?"

"We leave them be!" Mallory echoed emphatically. The thought of any more slaughter made him feel almost physically sick. "They won't try again." He broke off suddenly, flattened himself in reflex instinct as a burst of machine-gun bullets struck the steep-walled rock above their heads and whined up the gorge in vicious ricochet.

"Won't try again, huh?" Miller was already sliding his gun around the rock in front of him when Mallory caught his arm and pulled him back.

"Not them. Listen. It's a Spandau. Once you've heard a Spandau you can never forget it. Leave it alone; it's probably fixed on the back of one of the trucks and can't do us any harm. I'm more worried about those mortars down there."

"I'm not," Miller said promptly. "They're not firing at us."

"That's why I'm worried. . . . What do you think, Andrea?"

"The same as you, my captain. They are waiting. This Devil's Playground, as Louki calls it, is a madman's maze, and they can only fire as blind men ——"

"They won't be waiting much longer," Mallory interrupted grimly. He pointed to the north. "Here come their eyes."

At first only specks above Cape Demirci, the planes were soon recognizable. Mallory looked at them in astonishment, then turned to Andrea.

"Am I seeing things, Andrea?" He gestured at the first of the two planes, a high-winged little monoplane fighter. "That can't be a PZL?"

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"It can be and it is," Andrea murmured. "An old Polish plane we had before the war," he explained to Miller. "And the other is an old French plane—Breguets, we called them." Andrea shaded his eyes to look again at the two planes, now almost directly overhead. "I thought they had all been lost during the invasion."

"Me, too," Mallory said. "Must have patched up some bits and pieces. Ah, they've seen us—beginning to circle. But why on earth do they use these obsolete death traps?"

"I don't know and I don't care!" Miller said rapidly. He had just taken a quick look round the boulder in front of him. "Them guns down there are just linin' up on us! Fragmentation bombs, you said! Come on, boss; let's get outta here!"

Thus the pattern was set for the remainder of that brief November afternoon, for the grim game of tip-and-run, hide-and-seek among the ravines and shattered rocks of the Devil's Playground. The planes held the key to the game, cruised high overhead, observing every move of the hunted group below, relaying the information to the guns on the coast road and the Alpine Corps company that had moved up through the ravine above the carob grove.

... ...

Labor-Saving System

Piling
Beats filing.

By M. M. Parrish

... ...

Mallory was between the devil and the deep sea. Inaccurate though the mortars were, occasionally they came so close that Mallory was forced to take refuge in some of the deep caves that honeycombed the walls of the canyons. In these they were safe enough, but in the lulls the Alpine Corps, whom they had fought off in a series of brief, skirmishing rear-guard actions during the afternoon, could approach closely enough to trap them inside. Time and time again, Mallory and his men were forced to move on to widen the gap between themselves and their pursuers, following the indomitable Louki wherever he chose to lead them, and taking their chance, often a very slender and desperate chance, with the mortar bombs.

About half an hour before sunset they struggled up the last few boulder-strewn yards of a steeply shelving ravine floor, halted just beyond the shelter of the projecting wall where the ravine dipped again and turned sharply to the right and the north. There had been no more mortar bombs for some minutes. The mortars had only a limited range, Mallory knew, and though the planes still cruised overhead, they cruised uselessly; the sun was already deep-sunk in shadowed gloom, invisible from above. But the Alpine Corps, tough, dogged, skillful soldiers, soldiers living only for the revenge of their massacred comrades, were very close behind.

Mallory sank to the ground near the angled turn of the ravine where he could keep lookout, glanced at the others with a deceptive casualness that marked his cheerless assessment of what he saw. As a fighting unit they were in a pretty bad way. Both Panayis and Brown were badly crippled, the latter's face gray with pain. For the first time since leaving Alexandria, Casey Brown was apathetic, listless and quite indifferent to everything; this Mallory took as a very bad sign. Nor was Brown helped by the heavy transmitter still strapped to his back—with point-blank truculence he had ignored Mallory's categorical order to abandon it. Louki was tired, and looked it; his physique, Mallory realized now, was no match for his spirit. Miller, like himself, was tired, but, like himself, could keep on being tired for a long time yet. Andy Stevens was still conscious, but even in the twilit gloom of the canyon floor his face looked curiously transparent, while the nails, lips and eyelids were drained of blood. And Andrea, who had carried him up and down all these killing canyon tracks—where there had been tracks—for almost two interminable hours, looked as he always did—immutable, indestructible.

Mallory shook his head. Idly his gaze traveled north along the canyon and he slowly stiffened, an unlit cigarette crumpling and shredding between his fingers. This ravine bore no resemblance to any of the others through which they had so far passed; it was broader, dead straight, at least three times as long, and, as far as he could see in the twilight, the far end was blocked off by an almost vertical wall.

"Louki!" Mallory was on his feet now, all weariness forgotten. "Do you know where you are? Do you know this place?"

"But certainly, major!" Louki was hurt.

"But this is a cul-de-sac, a dead end!" Mallory protested. "We're boxed in, man; we're trapped!"

Louki grinned impudently and twirled a corner of his mustache. The little man was enjoying himself.

"So? The major does not trust Louki, is that it?" He grinned again, relented, patted the wall by his side. "Panayis and I, we have been working this way all afternoon. Along this wall there are many caves. One of them leads through to another valley that leads down to the coast road."

"I see, I see." Relief washing through his mind, Mallory sank down on the ground again. "And where does this other valley come out?"

"Just across the strait from Maidos."

"How far from the town?"

"About five miles, major; maybe six. Not more."

"Fine, fine! And you're sure you can find this cave?"

"A hundred years from now and my head in a goatskin bag!" Louki boasted.

"Fair enough!" Even as he spoke, Mallory catapulted himself violently to one side, twisted in mid-air to avoid falling across Stevens and crashed heavily into the wall between Andrea and Miller. In a moment of unthinking carelessness he had exposed himself to view from the ravine they had just climbed; the burst of machine-gun fire from its lower end—a hundred and fifty yards away at the most—had almost blown his head off. Even as it was, the left shoulder of his jacket had been torn away, the bullet just grazing his shoulder. Miller was already kneeling by his side, fingering the gash, running a gently exploratory hand across his back.

"Careless; damn careless," Mallory murmured. "But I didn't think they were so close." He rose easily to his feet and picked up his gun. "Sorry and all that, gentlemen, but it's time we were on our way again. . . . How far along is this cave, Louki?"

"Yes, yes, major. The cave." Louki rubbed his chin. "Well, it is a good way along. In fact, it is at the end," he finished uncomfortably.

"The very end?" asked Mallory quietly.

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Louki nodded miserably, stared down at the ground at his feet. Even the ends of his mustache seemed to droop.

"That's handy," Mallory said heavily. "Oh, that's very handy!" He sank down to the ground again. "Helps us no end, that does."

He bowed his head in thought and didn't even lift it as Andrea poked his Bren round the angle of the rock and fired a short downhill burst more in token of discouragement than in any hope of hitting anything.

Another ten seconds passed; then Louki spoke again, his voice barely audible, "I am very, very sorry. This is a terrible thing. Before God, major, I would not have done it but that I thought they were still far behind."

"It's not your fault, Louki." Mallory was touched by the little man's obvious distress. He touched his ripped jacket. "I thought the same thing."

"Please!" Stevens put his hand on Mallory's arm. "What's wrong? I don't understand."

"Everybody else does, I'm afraid, Andy. It's very, very simple. We have half a mile to go along this valley here—and not a shred of cover. The Alpine Corps men have less than two hundred yards to come up that ravine we've just left." He paused while Andrea fired another retaliatory short burst; then continued, "They'll do what they're doing now—keep probing to see if we're still here. The minute they judge we're gone, they'll be up here in a flash. They'll nail us before we're halfway, quarter way to the cave—you know we can't travel fast. And they're carrying a couple of Spandaus—they'll cut us to ribbons."

"I see," Stevens murmured. "You put it all so nicely, sir."

"Sorry, Andy, but that's how it is."

"But could you not leave two men as a rear guard, while the rest ——"

"And what happens to the rear guard?" Mallory interrupted dryly.

"I see what you mean," he said in a low voice. "I hadn't thought of that."

"No, but the rear guard would. Quite a problem, isn't it?"

"There is no problem at all," Louki announced. "The major is kind, but this is all my fault. I will ——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" Miller said savagely. He tore Louki's Bren from his hand and laid it on the ground. "You heard what the boss said—it wasn't your fault."

For a moment Louki stared at him in anger, then turned dejectedly away. He looked as if he were going to cry. Mallory, too, stared at the American, astonished at the sudden vehemence, so completely out of character. But time enough to worry about that later on.

Casey Brown eased his injured leg, looking hopefully at Mallory. "Couldn't we stay here till it's dark—real dark—then make our way ——"

"No good. The moon's almost full tonight, and not a cloud in the sky. They'd get us. Even more important, we have to get into the town between sunset and curfew tonight. Our last chance. Sorry, Casey, but it's no go."

Fifteen seconds, half a minute passed, and passed in silence; then they all started abruptly as Andy Stevens spoke.

"Louki was right, you know," he said pleasantly. The voice was weak, but filled with a calm certainty that jerked every eye toward him. He was propped up on one elbow, Louki's Bren cradled in his hands. "It's all very simple," Stevens went on quietly. "Just let's use our heads, that's all. . . . The gangrene's right up past the knee, isn't it, sir?"

Mallory said nothing; he didn't know what to say, the complete unexpectedness had knocked him off balance. He was vaguely aware that Miller was looking at him, his eyes begging him to say no.

"Is it or isn't it?" There was patience, a curious understanding in the voice, and all of a sudden Mallory knew what to say.

"Yes," he nodded. "It is." Miller was looking at him in horror.

"Thank you, sir." Stevens was smiling in satisfaction. "Thank you very much indeed. There's no need to point out all the advantages of my staying here." There was an assurance in his voice no one had ever heard before—the unthinking authority of a man completely in charge of a situation. "Time I did something for my living anyway. No fond farewells, please. Just leave me a couple of boxes of ammo, two or three grenades, and away you go."

"I'll be hanged if we will!" Miller was on his feet, making for the boy; then brought up abruptly as the Bren centered on his chest.

"One step nearer and I'll shoot you," Stevens said calmly.

Miller looked at him in long silence, sank slowly back to the ground.

"I would, you know," Stevens assured him. . . . "Well, good-by, gentlemen. Thank you for all you've done for me."

Twenty seconds, thirty, a whole minute passed in a queer, trancelike silence; then Miller heaved himself to his feet

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FRANCES RODMAN

---

again, a tall, rangy figure with tattered clothes and a face curiously haggard in the gathering gloom.

"So long, kid. I guess—well, mebbe I'm not so smart, after all." He took Stevens' hand, looked down at the wasted face for a long moment, was about to say something else, then changed his mind. "Be seein' you," he said abruptly, turned and walked off heavily down the valley. One by one, the others followed him wordlessly, except for Andrea, who stooped and whispered in the boy's ear, a whisper that brought a smile and a nod of complete understanding, and then there was only Mallory left. Stevens grinned up at him.

"Thank you, sir. Thanks for not letting me down. You and Andrea—you understand. You always did understand."

"You'll—you'll be all right, Andy?" What a stupid, what an inane thing to say! Mallory thought.

"Honest, sir, I'm O.K." Stevens smiled contentedly. "No pain left—I can't feel a thing. It's wonderful!"

"Andy, I don't ——"

"It's time you were gone, sir. The others will be waiting. Now, if you'll just light me a gasper and fire a few random shots down that ravine ——"

Within five minutes, Mallory had overtaken the others, and inside fifteen they had all reached the cave that led to the coast. For a moment they stood in the entrance, listening to the intermittent firing from the other end of the valley; then turned wordlessly and plunged into the cave.

Back where they had left him, Andy Stevens peered down into the now almost dark ravine. There was no pain left in his body, none at all. He drew deeply on a cupped cigarette, smiled as he pushed another clip home into the magazine of the Bren. For the first time in his life Andy Stevens was happy and content beyond his understanding, a man at last at peace with himself, no longer afraid. . . .

Exactly forty minutes later they were safely in the heart of the town of Navarone, within fifty yards of the great gates of the fortress itself.

Mallory, gazing out at the gates and the still more massive arch of stone that encased them, shook his head for the tenth time and tried to fight off the feeling of disbelief and wonder that they should have reached their goal at last—or as nearly as made no difference. They had been due a break sometime, he thought, but even so, the transition from that dark valley where they had left Andy Stevens to die to this tumble-down old house on the east side of the town square of Navarone had been so quick, so easy, that it still lay beyond immediate understanding or unthinking acceptance.

Not that it had been too easy in the first fifteen minutes or so, he remembered. Panayis' wounded leg had given out on him immediately after they had entered the cave, and he had collapsed; he must have been in agony, Mallory had thought, with his torn, roughly bandaged leg, but the failing light and the dark, bitter, impassive face had masked the pain. He had begged Mallory to be allowed to remain where he was, to hold off the Alpine Corps when they had overcome Stevens and reached the end of the valley, but Mallory had roughly refused him permission.

Miller and Andrea picked him up and helped him to limp through the cave. The limp, Mallory had noticed, had been much less noticeable then—perhaps because of the assistance.

They had barely cleared the mouth of the cave on the other side and were making their way down the tree-tufted, sloping valley side toward the sea, the dark sheen of the Aegean clearly visible in the gloom, when Louki, hearing something, had gestured them all to silence. Almost immediately Mallory, too, heard it, a soft guttural voice occasionally lost in the crunch of approaching feet on gravel, had seen that they were providentially screened by some stunted trees, had given the order to stop and sworn in quick anger as he had heard the soft thud and barely muffled cry behind them. He had gone back to investigate and found Panayis stretched on the ground, unconscious.

Miller, who had been helping him along, had explained that Mallory had halted them so suddenly that he'd bumped into Panayis, that the Greek's bad leg had given beneath him, throwing him heavily, his head striking a stone as he had fallen.

The German patrol, having had no inkling of their presence, moved noisily up the valley till they had finally gone out of earshot. Louki had thought that the commandant in Navarone was becoming desperate, trying to seal off every available exit from the Devil's Playground. Five minutes later they had cleared the mouth of the valley, and in another five had not only reached the coast road but silenced and bound two sentries—the drivers, probably—who had been guarding a truck and command car parked by the roadside, stripped them of denims and helmets and bundled them out of sight behind some bushes.

The trip into Navarone had been ridiculously simple, but the entire lack of opposition was easily understandable, because of the complete unexpectedness of it all. Seated beside Mallory on the front seat, clad, like Mallory, in captured clothes, Louki, once Eugene Vlachos' chauffeur, (*Continued on Page 71*)

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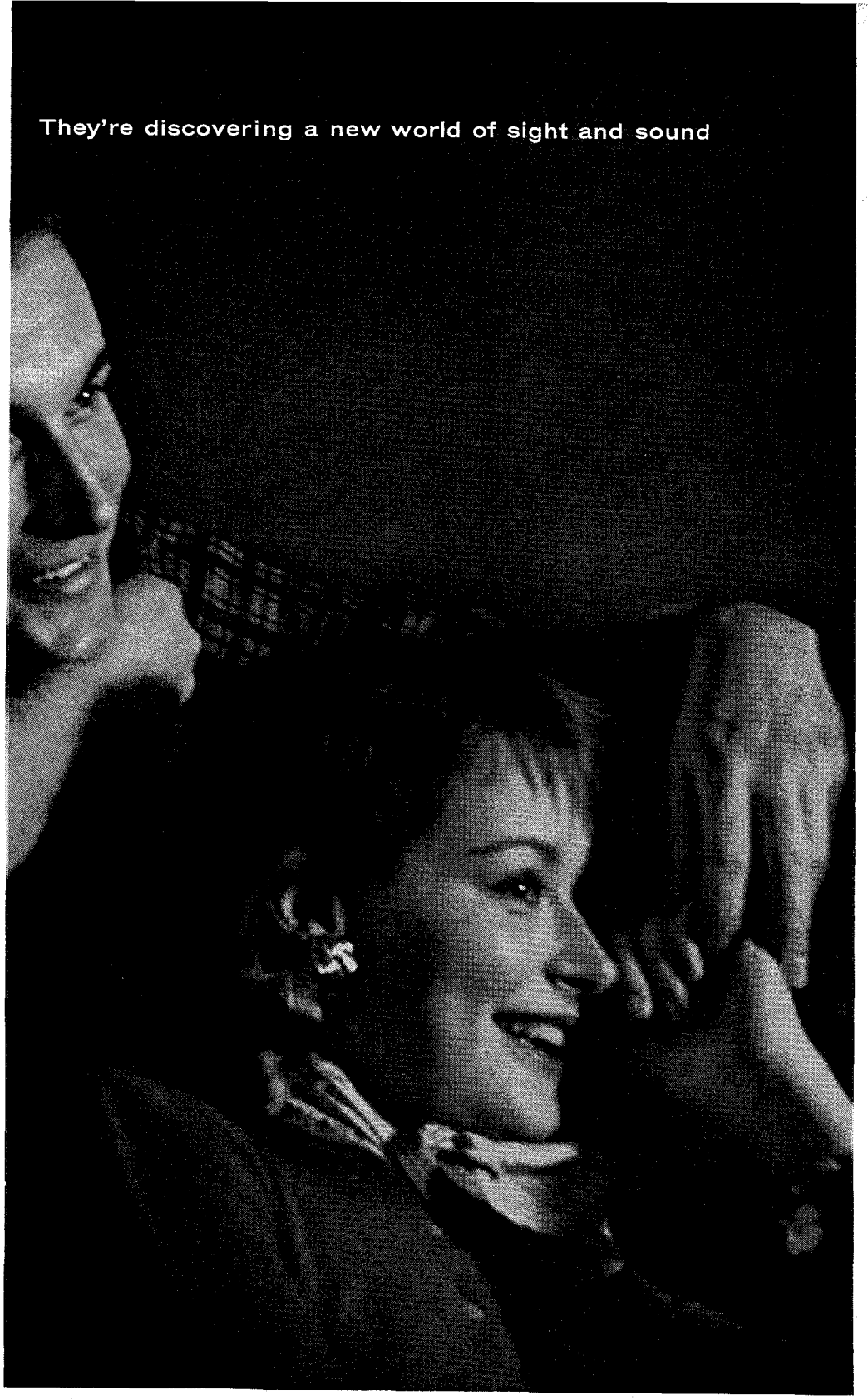

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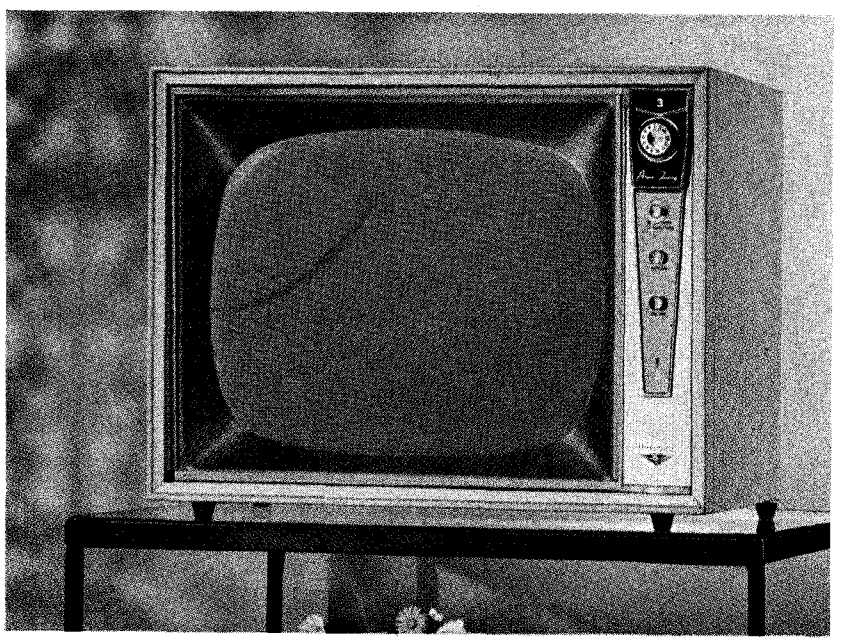

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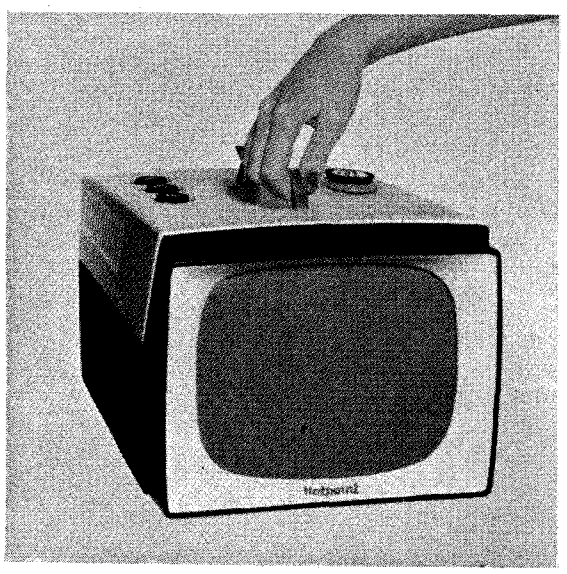

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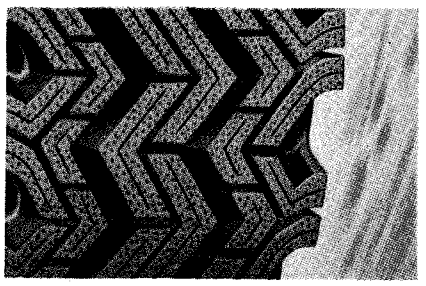
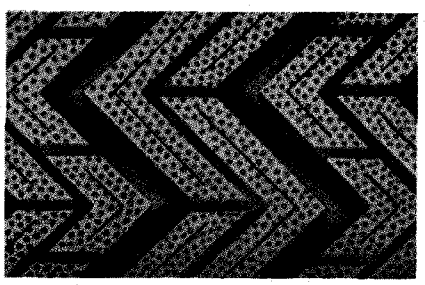


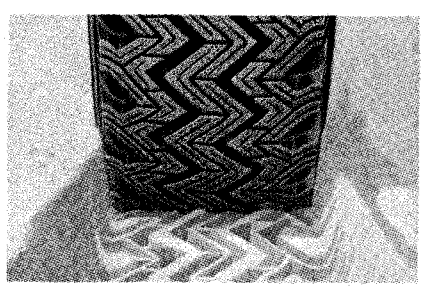
with husky, deep-biting traction bars No more spinning in snow, slush or mud when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get all the hum-free, thump-free riding comfort and long, carefree mileage you'd expect of a high-quality passenger car tire.

2 *Non-Skid Action*



with built-in Skid-Resisters and sharp-angled cleats Those action-angled cleats molded in the extra width tread are powerful traction forces in themselves, and, in addition, their design includes thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on slick surfaces.

3 *Self-Cleaning Action*



prevents traction loss due to "packing up" As your Firestone Town & Country Tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud out of the tread spaces to prevent them from packing up. This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—always ready for instant traction action!

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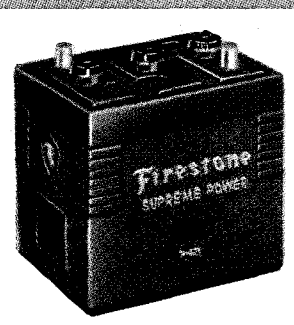
traction car at Firestone

Go through winter with Built-In Peace of Mind. Get Firestone's new, improved Town & Country winter tires that give you Triple-Action Traction!

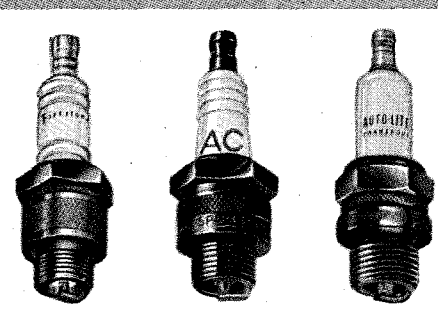
With only one stop you can winterize your car completely at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store—and only there can your car be equipped with the latest development in winter tires: Firestone's new, improved Town & Country Tires with exclusive Triple-Action Traction! A few dollars down will mount them on your car right then and there!

Take your choice of nylon or rayon cord bodies, black or white sidewalls, tubeless or for use with tube, but come in now for immediate service, drive out with *built-in peace of mind* and be ready for winter weather ahead!



Get a Firestone Dri-Charge Battery

Have your battery tested now at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. If it will not last all winter, replace it with a Firestone Dri-Charge Battery. You can be sure of a new, fresh battery because power-producing acid is not added until the battery is installed. You can buy on convenient payment terms.



Buy a set of new spark plugs NOW!

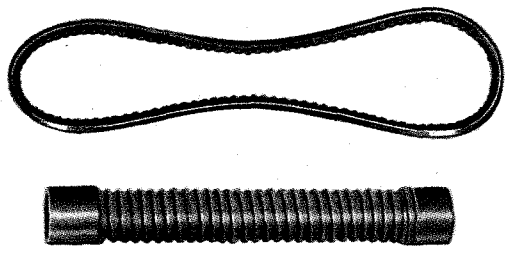
You get quicker starting and save your battery by installing a set of new Firestone, AC or Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in your car this fall. Your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store will be glad to recommend the type that will give the most satisfactory performance for your make of car . . . and install them expertly for you.

Put in Firestone Frigitone or Frigitol

Don't let the first cold snap catch you cold! Now is the time to go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and have Firestone Frigitone, the permanent anti-freeze, or long-lasting Firestone Frigitol put in the radiator of your car. You can buy on convenient payment terms, if you desire.

Have Firestone brake lining installed

Good brakes are vitally necessary for safe winter driving, and Firestone Matched Set Brake Lining will assure you of safe and dependable stopping power on any roads in any weather. You can have your brakes relined with genuine Firestone brake lining at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

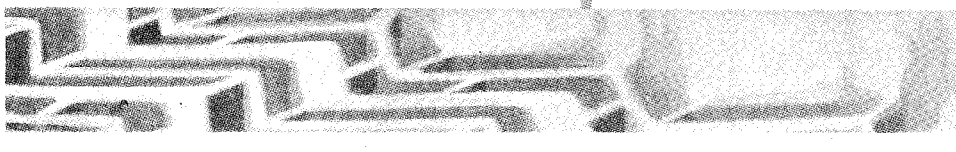


Put on new fan belt and radiator hose

Before you put anti-freeze in your car, be sure to have its cooling system inspected at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Worn radiator hose can cause expensive loss of anti-freeze and loss of protection, so play safe by installing new Firestone Radiator Hose. And be sure to put on a new Firestone Fan Belt.

Change oil filter . . . clean radiator

Your oil filter is more important in winter than at any other time of the year. Start the winter right by installing a new Firestone Oil Filter in your car. And before you put in anti-freeze, be sure to have your radiator flushed and thoroughly cleaned with Firestone Radiator Cleaner and Rust Inhibitor.



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JOHN AND NORMA MORRILL realize that even happiness has its responsibilities.

They wouldn't change their life for anything, they agree. After all, they keep two strapping young Morrills well fed and clothed, a modern split-level house well cared for.

But not long ago, they began to wonder what they could do to *keep* their life that way—on $120.19 a week. That's why they talked with their local Travelers agent.

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The Travelers man suggested a way to make their lives even happier by freeing themselves from their worries about the future. He told them about a balanced insurance program called American Family Independence.

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For the Travelers man showed them how the Morrills' American Family Independence plan could include enough life insurance to keep their finances on an even keel, if something should happen to John. It would safeguard values of the family's health, and such treasured possessions as their home, furniture, and car.

And some day soon, they would talk with the Travelers agent about preparing for the years ahead . . . for the youngsters' education and their own retirement.

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Yet the Morrills aren't laying out a fortune in premiums. The total cost of their American Family Independence plan: $42.75 a month.

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(*Continued from Page 66*) had driven the big car, and driven it magnificently. The drive into town had taken less than twelve minutes. Not only did the little man handle the car superbly, but he knew the road so well that he got the utmost possible out of the big machine, most of the time without benefit of any lights at all.

Not only a simple journey but quite uneventful. They had passed several parked trucks at intervals along the road, and, less than two miles from the town itself, had met a group of about twenty soldiers marching in the opposite direction in column of twos. Louki had slowed down—it would have been highly suspicious had he accelerated, endangering the lives of the marching men—but had switched on the powerful headlights, blinding them, and blown raucously on the horn, while Mallory had leaned out of the right-hand window, sworn at them in perfect German and told them to get out of the way. This they had done, while the junior officer in charge had come smartly to attention, throwing up his hand in punctilious salute.

Immediately afterward they had run through an area of high-walled, terraced market gardens; then almost at once were running through the lower part of the old town. Mallory had a vague impression of narrow, winding, dim-lit streets; then Louki was making his way up an arched lane, the car climbing steeply all the time. He had stopped abruptly, and Mallory had followed his quick survey of the darkened lane—completely deserted, though over an hour yet to curfew. Beside them had been a flight of white stone steps innocent of any hand rail, running up parallel to the wall of a house.

A still groggy Panayis had led them up these stairs, through a house—he had known exactly where he was—across a shallow roof, down some more steps, through a dark courtyard and into this ancient house where they were now. Louki had driven the car away even before they had reached the top of the stairs; it was only now that Mallory remembered that Louki hadn't thought it worth while to say what he intended to do with the car.

Still gazing out the windowless hole in the wall at the fortress gate, Mallory found himself hoping intensely that nothing would happen to the sad-eyed little Greek, and not only because in his infinite resource and local knowledge he had been invaluable to them and was likely to prove so again; all these considerations apart, Mallory had formed the deepest affection for him, for his unvarying cheerfulness, his enthusiasm, his eagerness to help and to please; above all, for his complete disregard of self. A thoroughly lovable little man, and Mallory's heart warmed to him.

It had been a brilliant idea on Louki's part, Mallory mused, that they should take over this abandoned house. Not that there had been any difficulty in finding an empty house—since the Germans had taken over the old castle the inhabitants of the town had left in scores for Margaritha and other outlying villages. So many had gone that more than half the houses on the west side of the square—those nearest the fortress—were now occupied by German officers. But this same enforced close observation of the fortress' activities had been exactly what Mallory had wanted. When the time came to strike, they had only yards to go. And although any competent garrison commander would always be prepared against the unexpected, Mallory considered it unlikely indeed that any reasonable man could conceive of a sabotage group so suicidally minded as to spend an entire day within a literal stone's throw of the fortress wall.

Not that the house as such had much to recommend it—it was as dilapidated as it could be without actually falling down. The west side of the square—the side perched precariously on the cliff top—and the south side were made up of fairly modern buildings of whitewashed stone and Parian granite, huddled together in the invariable fashion of houses in these island towns, flat-roofed to catch as much as possible of the winter rains. But the east side of the square, where they were, was made up of antiquated timber-and-turf houses, of the kind much more often found in remote mountain villages.

The beaten-earth floor beneath his feet was hummocky, uneven, and the ceiling was of rough-hewn, blackened beams, more or less covered with planks, these in turn being covered with a thick layer of trodden earth. The room was almost bare of furniture.

Mallory started as someone touched him on the shoulder and turned round. Miller was behind him, munching away steadily, the remains of a bottle of wine in his hand.

"Better get some chow, boss," he advised. "I'll take a gander through this hole from time to time."

"Right you are, Dusty. Thanks." Mallory moved gingerly toward the back of the room—it was almost pitch-dark inside and they dared not risk a light. The tireless Andrea had gone through their provisions and prepared a meal of sorts—dried figs, honey, cheese, garlic sausages and pounded roasted chestnuts.

When he had finished, Mallory lit a cigarette and began to explain for the first time his plan for entering the fortress. He did not have to bother lowering his voice—a couple of looms in the next house clacked incessantly throughout the evening. Mallory had a shrewd suspicion that this was more of Louki's doing, but was content to accept the situation as it was, to concentrate on making sure that the others understood his instructions.

Apparently they did, for there were no questions. For a few minutes the talk became general, the usually taciturn Casey Brown having the most to say, complaining bitterly about the food, the drink, his injured leg and the hardness of the floor, where he wouldn't be able to sleep a wink all night long. Mallory grinned to himself, but said nothing; Casey Brown was definitely on the mend.

"I reckon we've talked enough, gentlemen." Mallory slid off the bench and stretched himself. "Our first and last chance to get a decent night's sleep. Two-hour watches—I'll take the first."

"By yourself?" It was Miller calling softly from the other end of the room. "Don't you think we should share watches, boss? One for the front, one for the back. Besides, you know we're all pretty well done up. One man by himself might fall asleep." He sounded so anxious that Mallory laughed.

"Not a chance, Dusty. Each man will keep watch by the window there, and if he falls asleep he'll wake up when he hits the floor. And it's because we're so darned bushed that we can't afford to have anyone lose sleep unnecessarily. Myself first, then you, then Panayis, then Casey, then Andrea."

"Yeah, I suppose that'll be O.K.," Miller conceded grudgingly. He put something hard and cold into his hand. Mallory recognized it at once—it was Miller's most cherished possession, his silenced automatic.

"Just so's you can fill any nosy customers full of little holes without wakin' the whole town." He ambled off to the back of the room. Within five minutes everyone except the silently watchful man at the window was sound asleep.

Two or three minutes later Mallory jerked to unmoving attention as he heard a gentle tapping at the door at the end of the passage that led from the back of the room.

"Remain there, my captain." It was Andrea's soft murmur, and Mallory marveled for the hundredth time at Andrea's ability to rouse himself from the deepest of sleeps at the slightest alien sound. "I will see to it. It must be Louki."

It was Louki. The little man was panting, near exhaustion, but extraordinarily pleased with himself. Gratefully he drank the cup of wine that Andrea poured for him.

"Mighty glad to see you back again!" Mallory said sincerely. "How did it go? Someone after you?"

Mallory could almost see him drawing himself up to his full height in the darkness.

"As if any of these clumsy fools could see Louki, far less catch him," he said indignantly. He paused to draw some deep breaths. "No, no, major; I knew you would be worried about me, so I ran back nearly all the way."

"All the way from where?"

"From Vygos. It is an old castle that the Franks built there many generations ago, about two miles from here along the coast road to the east."

"And what did you do there?" Mallory asked.

"I was thinking, after I left you," Louki answered indirectly. "Me, I am always thinking," he explained. "It is a habit of mine. I was thinking that when the soldiers who are looking for us out in the Devil's Playground find out that the car is gone, they will know that we are no longer in that accursed place."

"Yes," Mallory agreed carefully. "Yes, they will know that."

"Then they will say to themselves, 'Let us make sure those Englishmen do not get into the town.' They will block every road leading in, and tonight is our last chance to get in. You follow me?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm trying very hard."

"But first"—Louki spread his hands dramatically—"but first they will make sure we are not in the town. They would be fools to block the roads if we were already in the town. They must make sure we are not in the town. And so, the search. The very great search. With—how do you say?—the teeth comb!"

Mallory nodded his head in slow understanding. "I'm afraid he's right, Andrea."

"I, too, fear so," Andrea said unhappily. "We should have thought of this. But perhaps we could hide—the roof tops or ——"

"With a teeth comb, I said!" Louki interrupted impatiently. "But all is well. I, Louki, have thought it all out. I can smell rain. There will be clouds over the moon before very long, and it will be safe to move. . . . You do not want to know what I have done with the car, Major Mallory?" Louki was enjoying himself immensely.

"Forgotten all about it," Mallory confessed. "What did you do with the car?"

"I left it in the courtyard of Vygos Castle. Then I emptied all the petrol from the tank and poured it over the car. Then I struck a match."

"You did what?" Mallory was incredulous.

"I struck a match. I think I was standing too near the car, for I do not seem to have any eyebrows left." Louki sighed. "A pity—it was such a splendid machine." Then he brightened. "But before God, major, it burned magnificently!"

Mallory stared at him. "Why on earth ——"

"It is simple," Louki explained patiently. "By this time the men out in the Devil's Playground must know that their car has been stolen. They see the fire. They hurry back to—how to say?"

"Investigate?"

"So. Investigate. They wait till the fire dies down. They investigate again. No bodies, no bones in the car, so they search the castle. And what do they find?"

There was silence in the room.

"Nothing!" Louki said impatiently. "They find nothing. And then they search the countryside for half a mile around. And what do they find? Again nothing. So then they know that they have been fooled, and that we are in the town, and will come to search the town."

"With the teeth comb," Mallory murmured.

"With the teeth comb. And what do they find?" Louki paused; then hurried on before anyone could steal his thunder. "Once again, they will find nothing," he said triumphantly. "And why? For by then the rain will have come, the moon will have vanished, the explosives will be hidden—and we will be gone."

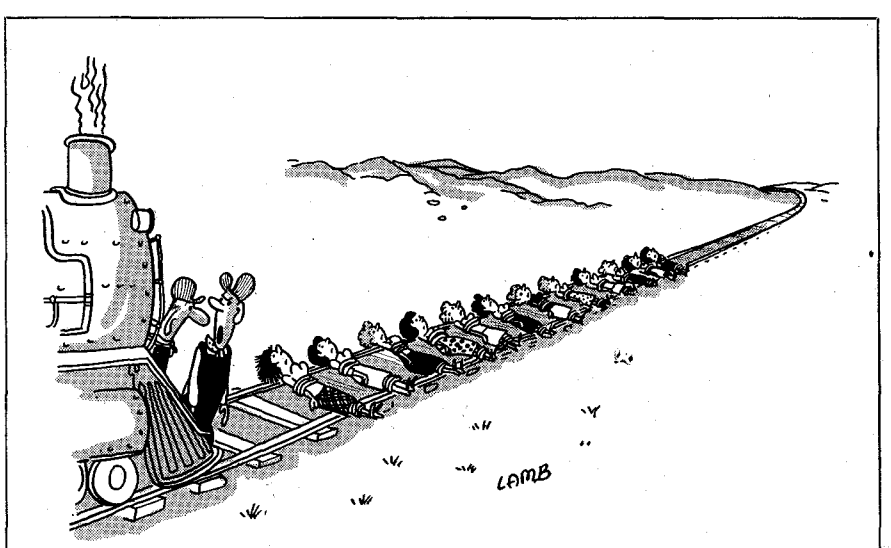
"Gone where?" Mallory felt dazed.

"Where but to Vygos Castle, Major Mallory? Never while night follows day will they think to look for us there!"

Mallory looked at him in silence for long seconds without speaking, then turned to Andrea.

"Captain Jensen's only made one mistake so far," he murmured. "He picked the wrong man to lead this expedition. Not that it matters, anyway. With Louki here on our side, how can we lose?"

TO BE CONTINUED



"It looks like the work of a fiend!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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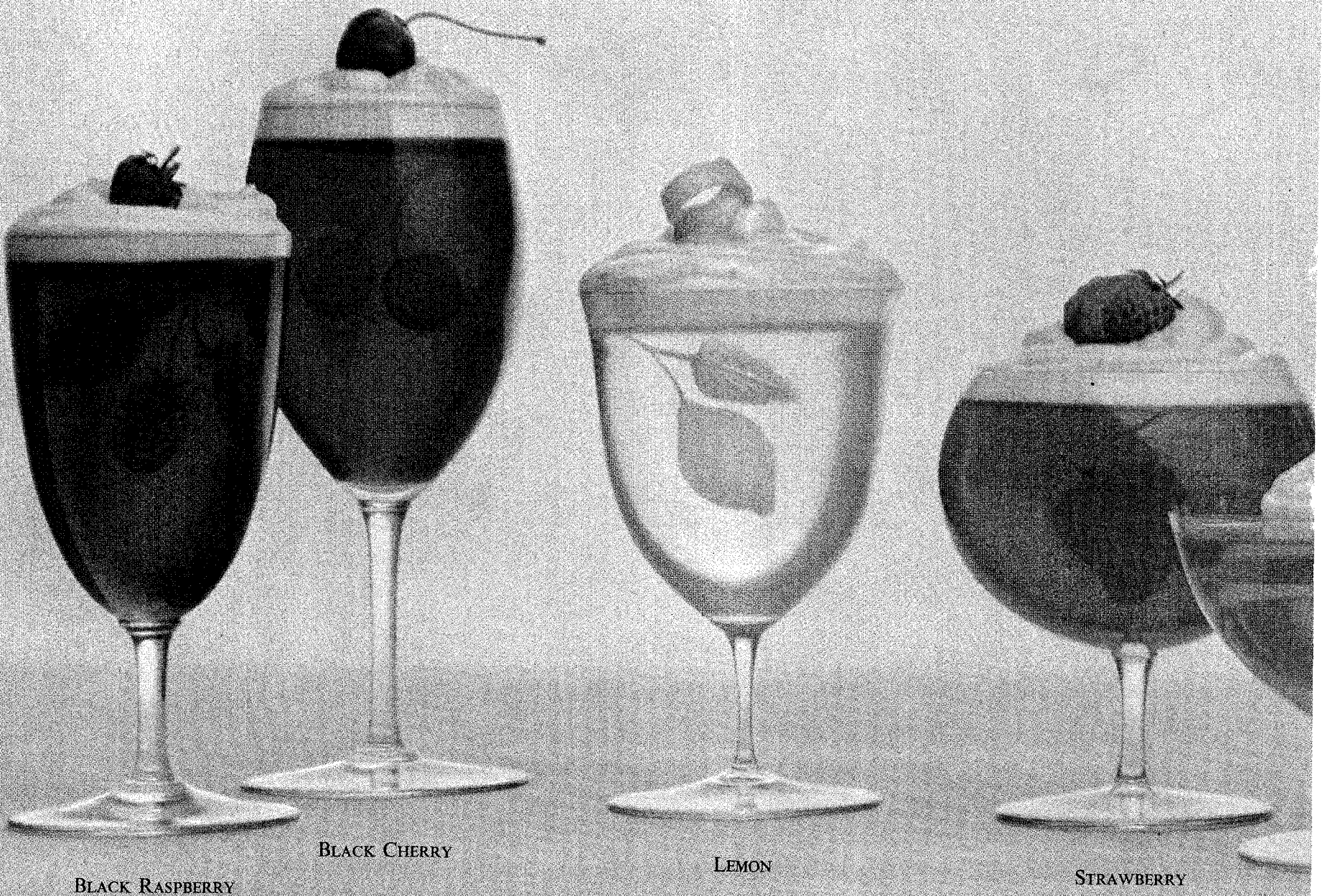
TEN TIMES



BLACK RASPBERRY

BLACK CHERRY

LEMON

STRAWBERRY

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TERRIFIC!

PLE

GRAPE

CHERRY

ORANGE

LIME

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JELL-O BRAND
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A Sporting Proposition

(Continued from Page 30)

bowin' to no man in my taste and choice of dogs, horses and women."

That stopped ma. It always did. Her eyes opened wide and she said in a different voice, "Oh, Beau, why can't you settle down and forget the war?"

"The war didn't have anything to do with it," my old man said. "Except that it gave me a chance to find out something about myself. That Rebel dog and I have got a thing in common, Mrs. Culpepper." He was still grinning, but it was different now too. "That Rebel dog and I, Mrs. Culpepper, each of us has an uncommonly high opinion of himself. Each one of us knows that on just about any given day, he can go out and do his work at least as good as any other mortal. Downright immodest, but true, Mrs. Culpepper."

"I know, Beau," ma said.

"Each one of us knows it," my old man said, "but the sad thing is, Mrs. Culpepper, that neither one of us really wants to work hard enough to do things beautifully and effectively all the time and prove to everybody else how good we are. The white dog and I, ma'am, just don't have the iron in the soul, and we might as well admit it."

Neither one of them had seen me, of course. I was sitting on one of the lower steps of the veranda. When my old man said that about himself, it gave me an awful start. It made me want to cry. I don't know what ma felt like, but she didn't look as though she were about to cry. My ma had hair the color of buckwheat honey and black eyes with a blue rim around the centers so that sometimes when she looked at you fiercely because you had done something wrong, it was like looking into the business end of a double-barrel shotgun. And when my ma walked downtown the boys on the corner looked as if they'd have whistled if they dared, and you understand I'm pretty near old enough to whistle at pretty girls myself.

But now, when she looked at my old man her eyes had that gun-barrel look.

"Beau," she said, and her voice had that cane-against-the-boot slap, "I guess your sweet-talking me about your taste in women and dogs won't mean much after this. Because if your judgment of women is as poor as your judgment of dogs, I'm not much flattered."

"Now wait a minute," my old man said. "That's downright insulting, Mrs. Culpepper."

"We might as well admit it," she said, mimicking him. "You can coddle yourself if you want to, and we'll live here with the big house falling down around our ears and the weeds growing up on the grounds, and that's all right if you want it that way. But don't draw me any parallels with the dogs. That Rebel dog is class, Beau. He's a class dog and he can win and he deserves to win."

"No," my old man said. "He's good enough, the way I said. But he doesn't want to, not badly enough. One covey of birds, sure. Even one hour of a heat. But not a whole trial, not ever ten coveys in a row."

"He can win," ma said, "at Shuqualak. Maybe at the Junction. I'll show you. He's eligible for the Regional, and I'll put him in there and show you what your judgment of dogs amounts to."

"Do tell," my old man said politely. "And who will handle him in this field trial, Mrs. Culpepper?"

"I will," ma said. "With the husband-handling problems I've got behind me, handling a field-trial dog will be a minor matter."

"All right," my old man said. "And when Rebel runs off chasing butterflies, we'll all come back here and sit on the steps and I'll tell you what a great editor I'd have been if I'd had a mind to."

Ma's eyes widened out again in that twenty-gauge stare and she pushed her chin out at my old man and he leaned back to lean on the porch railing, but he leaned on the place where the post came out year before last, and he just sort of disappeared off the porch into the hedge.

Ma didn't even look to see whether he was hurt. She turned and ran into the house, and maybe she was crying this time. I got off the steps and went around the veranda, and there wasn't any noise in the hedge.

"Pop," I said, "are you killed?"

He was lying in the boxwood, looking sort of comfortable.

"Don't call me pop," he said. "It isn't properly dignified."

"Yes, sir," I said. "But was that all true, what you and ma said?"

"It can't all be true," my old man said, "seeing as how your mother and I were in some disagreement."

He looked at me through the boxwood branches, and I guess he saw something on my face because he said kind of gently, "I can't rightly say, boy. About the only advice a man can give another man on what to think about his family and his friends is that he ought to remember he'll need seven of them, all at once, sometime. Six to carry and one to preach."

My old man was grinning at me now as he climbed out of the hedge, and I grinned a little too.

He clapped me on the shoulder and said, "But I'm here to tell you, boy, that in a pinch it's a help to remember how, when it comes time for those final ceremonies, you aren't going to be in any position to count, so what the heck."

"You mean Uncle Pierce," I said.

"Among others," my old man said. "I reckon it's time to feed the dogs."

That meant it was right close to suppertime, but when I went around the side of the house and peeked in the door, there wasn't anything going on in there, so I went down to the kennels to help my old man.

He had the pans lined up in the kennel house and the food ready. There were the individual pans for the grown dogs and the dishpan for the puppies, not only because it was easier to feed the pups that way but because it was a way to teach them to eat as much as they could as fast as possible. You cannot get any more out of a dog in the way of performance than you can get into him in the way of fuel. That is one of the limiting factors that hardly anyone thinks about when they talk over the merits of this dog or that and why one is a great winner and his brother is not. You take the top couple of pups in one of our litters, though, and they could outeat an alligator in frogtime.

My old man had the horse meat and the boiled carrots dished up, mixed with quite a lot of meal for Annabelle because she wasn't doing a thing that fall except thinking about having pups; and without much meal, but with lots of milk, for the pups; and just meat and carrots and milk for Sue, the mother of the pups; and just meat and a few carrots and a half cup of bacon grease for the Rebel dog, because that's what a big, going dog runs on. The dogs were standing up sniffing through the wire and complaining about not getting their suppers when I came in.

My old man had Rebel's door open and slipped a lead on the white dog's collar and took him outside. It was late afternoon, of course, and autumn, and the air was bright and hazy, and the Rebel dog was beautiful in the way that things can be smooth and cool and beautiful without prettiness having anything to do with it. He was a tall dog as the trial pointers go nowadays, high stationed and moving on springs, but the springs all pushed him forward, he did not have any bounce. He was not really all white, of course, he was white and lemon, but you see so few pointers now with the pale ears that tell of Lady Ferris and Mr. Fishel's dogs, instead of the rich, chocolate-colored trim, that they look all white.

I got kind of close to him, where my old man was gaiting him on the long lead, and the Rebel dog lifted his lip at me. He was not really a bad-hearted dog, but he never warmed up to anyone except my ma.

"Durn him," I said, dodging.

"He don't aim to bite you," my old man said.

"Well, he don't aim to miss me by much," I said.

"Pshaw, boy," my old man said, "if he really wanted to bite you, he'd chase you clear to Nashville to do it. If he really wanted to, he'd be a grizzly bear for biting. But he's just a little moody; he feels kind of bad sometimes."

I remembered them talking on the veranda. My old man sounded as though he knew how the dog felt, all right.

"Yes, sir," I said.

My old man was watching Rebel move, the fluid, effortless gait, and his face warmed up and his eyes got bright and happy.

"Look at that dog," he said. "Sort out his gear, boy, and you can see how come he'll run away and hide on most dogs. He could do it—he really honest-to-John could, boy. If he wanted to, that is."

Rebel moved smoothly on the end of the long lead, his head high and reaching forward, his tail high and stiff behind him, and my old man hunkered down, letting the dog gait around him, with the strange, eager expression on his face. It was familiar, that expression. I pondered a minute and then I knew. My ma looked at him that way sometimes. Before I made a fool of myself I went into the kennel and fed the puppies, and by the time they were through fighting each other for the last bite, my old man had fed the other dogs and ma was calling supper.

They were real polite to each other during the meal. At first they talked quite a lot, with my old man asking about the flower garden and ma saying she'd brought in some Soleil d'Ors and some Roman hyacinths planted in pebbles so that maybe they'd bloom for Christmas, and they discussed whether it would be time in a week or two to seed the cornflowers and the larkspur in the open beds that the driveway came around.

But presently the conversation died out and it was quiet a while, and then my old man said, "I'm right sorry, Mrs. Culpepper, if I went and upset you this afternoon."

"That's quite all right, Mr. Culpepper," ma said, lifting her chin. "You didn't upset me at all. But it will take me a little while to get acquainted with that dog again."

"Oh, pshaw, now," my old man said. "You weren't serious about campaigning Rebel."

Ma's chin went up a little higher. "Wasn't I?" she said. "Wasn't I, indeed? I'll just make you a little sporting proposition out of this, Mr. Culpepper."

"Now, now," my old man said, in the soothing way that always made my ma madder than ever. "It isn't right proper for a man and wife to be betting against each other."

"And while I think about it," my ma said, as though he hadn't said anything, "I'll thank you to keep away from Rebel from now on."

My old man looked kind of startled, and ma said, "I'm not implying that Rebel picked up any bad habits from the present company, but I don't want him to in the future."

My old man's face was still, and maybe a little hurt. His voice wasn't the way it was when he talked to my ma at all.

He said, "Very well, ma'am. What's the bet?"

Ma seemed as though she'd maybe gone too far. She flushed a little and said, "I'll propose the stakes later."

"At your convenience, ma'am," my old man said politely.

From then on, it was pretty quiet. I don't know how long it would have gone on that way, with the air all pricklylike, if my Uncle Pierce hadn't stopped in. I was supposed to be in bed at the time, but they were in (*Continued on Page 79*)

"Regnery's always overcompensating for having absolutely no sense of humor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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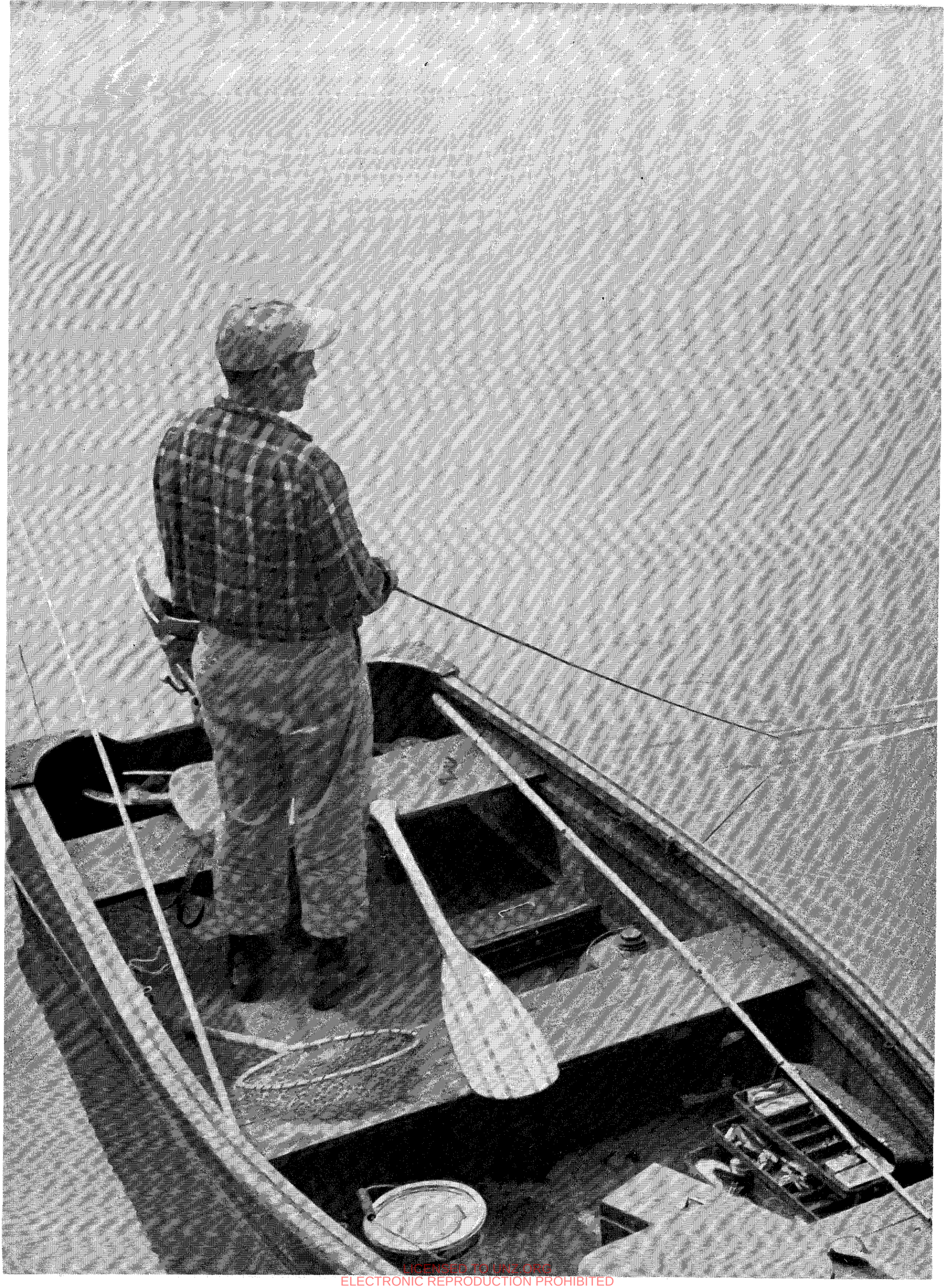

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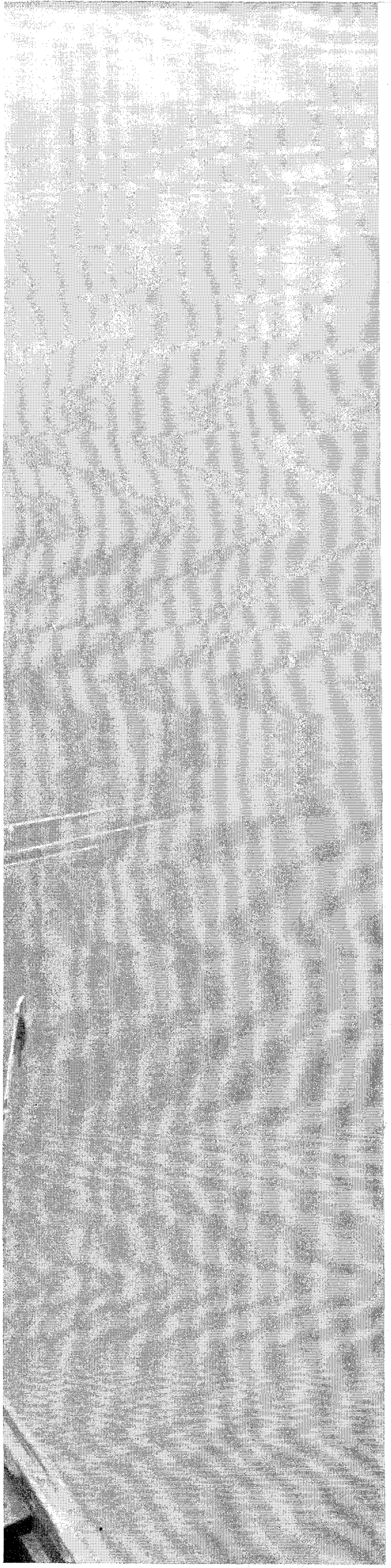

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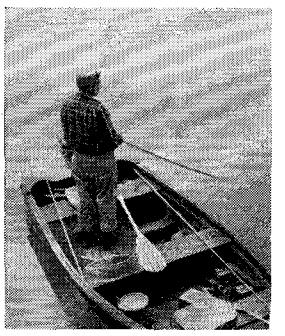

"Fisherman"
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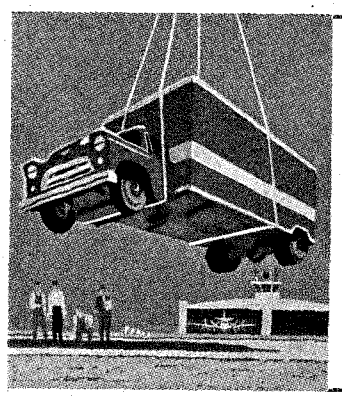

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(*Continued from Page 74*) the library drinking coffee and talking, and if you were at the head of the stairs you couldn't help hearing. My Uncle Pierce said that he would sure admire to have my old man come back to the newspaper because, my Uncle Pierce said, he himself had a great many other things to do, and anyway he didn't know anything about running a newspaper. My old man observed that Uncle Pierce had phrased that remark right accurately, and it sounded as though the visit would end up the same as all the other ones had, with my ma having to step into it to keep my old man and Uncle Pierce from fighting a duel right on the spot.

But this time ma got into it early. "I've just decided on the stakes for our little wager, Mr. Culpepper," she said.

"Do tell," my old man said.

"Yes," ma said. "I'll bet you Pierce's newspaper against your rocking chair."

"No one," my Uncle Pierce said, "has done me the honor of telling me what is going on here, but those sound like mighty uneven stakes."

"No," my old man said. "They aren't so uneven."

"I want to be sure everyone understands," my ma said. "If I win, then you'll make peace with Pierce."

"Why, Mrs. Culpepper," my old man said, "brother Pierce and I never had any hostile words."

"That's purely the truth," Uncle Pierce said. "All I said was how it would be right nice if Beau here would do us the favor of stopping in at the office once in a while between field trials."

"I remember what you said," my old man said, kind of sharply. "I remember, and I'll thank you kindly, sir, if ——"

My ma cut in. "Betting," she said, "is something a man can do without hardly any effort at all."

"It's a bet, then," my old man said. His voice sounded as cold as a stranger's. I went back to bed. It took quite a while before I stopped shivering.

And every so often during the next few weeks, I'd feel those shivers again, without really knowing why. My ma worked hard in those weeks with the Rebel dog. She'd handled dogs before, of course; she'd been handling dogs and horses and what not since she was my age or younger. But not so seriously. She acted as though this were a life-or-death matter, and maybe it was, the way she saw it. The way my old man saw it too. Maybe that's why I shivered. She had Rebel's kennel run hung with canvas so he couldn't see out, and she fed him herself, and no one was allowed to go near the kennels even, to say nothing of not being allowed to play with him. She made me take the puppies out and install them in an old playhouse so they wouldn't distract him. And she'd take Rebel out twice a day, for just a few minutes at first, then an hour or more, and when they came in, her horse would be lathered and she would be sweaty and fierce-looking, and Rebel would be walking down hard with a good deal of the springs gone from his legs.

There wasn't any training involved—at least not the kind you think about when you think of bird-dog training. Rebel was, after all, a finished dog. He knew all he'd ever know, all any dog would ever know, about the mechanics of his business.

One time my old man was sitting on the steps with me when ma rode back in from the fields with Rebel. They both looked as though they'd had a hard session, but when my ma dismounted and started taking Rebel to the kennel, the white dog bounced and pranced beside her, catching her hand in his mouth the way a puppy does.

"Why does he act that way with her?" I asked.

"She believes in him," my old man said. His voice was low and so sad that I was afraid to look at him. "She believes all the wonderful things about him that aren't so, and he loves her."

I didn't say anything.

"Loving won't make it so," my old man said. "I wonder what she'll do when she finds that out for herself."

"I don't know," I said. "But what if loving does make it so?"

My old man turned to look at me as though he hadn't known I was there before.

"Why, boy," he said, "that would mean your mother was right and I was wrong."

"That would be fine," I said, then realized what I'd said. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Never mind," my old man said. "It would be very nice, at that."

But he got up and walked down to the stables alone.

That was the way we came up to the Regional. They had the drawing the night before the trial opened, and my old man said that we needed all the luck we could get, so that Rebel would make somewhere near a decent showing, and all the luck we had was bad. The drawing of the braces determines the two dogs that will run together in the trial, and although they are not judged against each other, the quality of one dog in the brace has an effect on how the judges rate the other one. Usually two very good dogs will make each other's work look better, and it is easier for a good dog to work with another good dog.

In the nationals, like the chicken trial at Solon and the Free-for-All and the Bird Dog Championship, you do not have any worries on this score because all the dogs are very good; they are all champions before they get to these trials. But in the Regionals you may draw anything that an owner with more pride than judgment wants to enter. And ma drew a wild young derby dog in Rebel's brace, a dog being run out of his class and one that was practically certain to show bad manners and to be unsteady and maybe to flush and maybe even to chase birds. That is not necessarily always true of derby dogs. After all, Mary Montrose won the National the first time when she was still a derby, but most big going dogs don't really settle down until they're some past two years old. And on top of that, Rebel's brace wasn't to run until the very last one, the last day of the trial, and my old man said that by that time there wouldn't be a quail on the plantation that hadn't been busted out of its cover ten times, until it was wilder than a January hog.

"We might as well go home now," my old man said, "and save the hotel bill."

"No," my ma said. "The tougher they make it, the better he'll look. That's one thing about class."

"In man or beast," my old man said in that cold tone.

"I didn't say that," ma said the same way. "But of course it's true."

You can see we had a real pleasant week. There were some good dogs, though, and watching them was fine. None of them was really class, though. Coming up to the last day, it seemed as though we might have a chance with Rebel, if he just behaved. But it turned cold, and when we started out to the course, the rain came on with the daylight, and presently it settled down into sleet. It let up by the time we reached the course, but there was hardly any gallery—just the two judges and the marshal and the handlers, who had to be there. They waited for enough daylight so they could see the dogs, and my old man went over and put his hands on ma's arms and said something to her.

For just a moment she closed her eyes and swayed toward him a little, the way women do in the movies; then her eyes came open with that 20-gauge stare and she laughed.

"No, Beau," she said. "Not this time. Now or never."

And she walked away from him, over to Rebel, who was waiting for her, his tail down and his head lowered. My ma knelt down and held his head still and bent over him until her nose was almost against his nose. I don't know what she said to him, but you could see what it did to him; you could see him pulling himself together and the fierce light beginning to shine in his eyes.

Then my old man came back to where I was standing. My old man didn't say anything and I didn't say anything, and we stood there waiting until one of the judges raised his hand and they cast off the dogs.

Now, if you have never seen trial dogs at their work—the class dogs—you have not experienced all the art forms. A bird dog is an instrument like a violin, and what he does with the birds in a trial is no more like ordinary hunting than a square-dance fiddler is like Heifetz or Oistrakh. They use the same equipment, but they do not turn out anything like the same thing. A bird dog is a kind of poem, put together with all the time and talent and money, and prayer, too, I suppose, that the art form has been able to muster in two hundred years, and what he does in a trial is a kind of poetry. Even when it is bad, it is poetry.

They went out from the line, those lovely machines inside dog skins, running like greyhounds for the advantage in distance. They went out a quarter of a mile, with Rebel drawing well ahead finally, until my old man said in my ear, but not talking to me, "Darn him, he's going to run right out of judgment the first thing."

But the white dog didn't. He ran until he had a hundred yards of lead, and then, when he was a white spot moving on a distant slope of sedge, he bent and swung across the course like a scythe.

"Well," my old man said, "at least he stayed on the course. Now if only he can find a few bedraggled birds without stumbling over them in the sleet."

That was another thing. The sleet was coming down again, heavily, and it looked like the stuff would keep coming the rest of the day. The sleet would beat down the scent. Where a pointer can scent a covey perhaps fifty yards or more on a still, damp morning, the sleet would beat away the last traces. A fast dog will sometimes overrun birds at best, and during heavy weather he gets almost no warning. We rode on behind the judges, and far ahead we could see the white spot that was Rebel

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By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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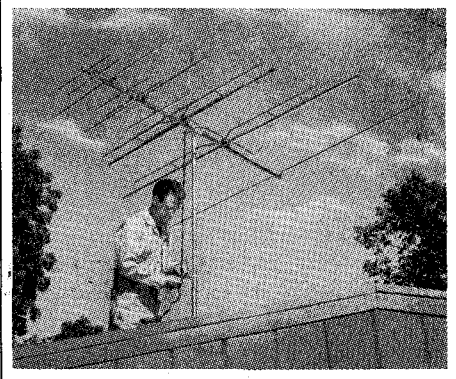

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When you are the one to whom others look

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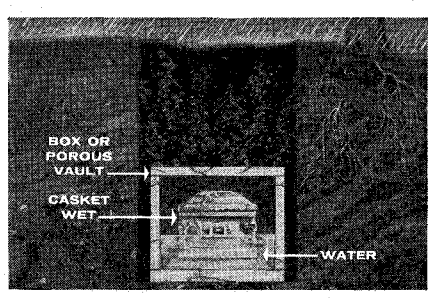
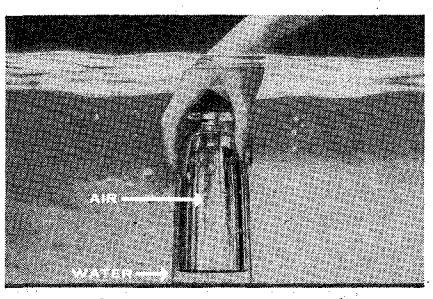
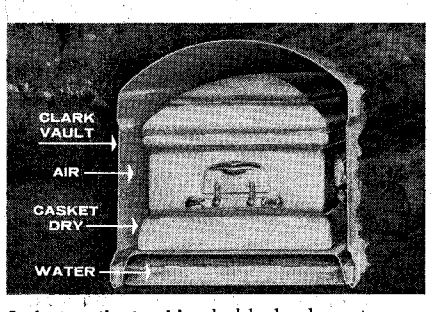


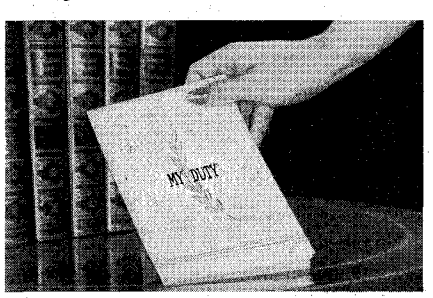
1. A vault of porous material or one designed and made without science, skill and understanding can't provide a dry resting place when rains drench the earth.



2. But you've seen what happens when you turn a tumbler upside down and put it under water. Water can't rise in the air-filled glass more than a fraction of an inch.



3. Just as the tumbler holds back water, so does a stately Clark Vault. Its enduring metal sides and top form a one-piece, air-filled dome to keep water from reaching the casket over which it is placed.



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CLARK

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swinging across the course like a pendulum. There was a little valley and a stream, and Rebel whipped across it at that same flattened racing stride, closer to us again, but across the valley.

My old man said, "After four days there probably isn't a bird left on the whole plantation. Reb won't keep up that pace on barren ground."

And just then Rebel found birds. The streaking white dot stopped so suddenly it jarred you—the dog was running forty miles an hour, and then suddenly he stopped. He skidded and jounced for ten yards or more, but he was rigid all the time.

My ma raised her arm to signal the point and the judges rode across the valley after her. She dismounted and walked up toward the dog, and he did not move; and she went past him, and he did not move; and she kicked around in the sedge ahead of him trying to flush the birds, and he did not move.

"He's too birdy," my old man said. "He's worked himself into a false point."

But ma moved around a little farther and suddenly two quail got up frantically and unsteadily in the sleet, and ma fired the pistol into the air to symbolize the shot. The judges made their marks in the notebooks and waved her on, and she motioned to Rebel, but he still did not move.

"I knew he was too birdy," my old man said bitterly. "Now he's pointing the form scent where the birds were sitting."

That was when Rebel's brace mate, the wild young dog that had been honoring the point quite creditably from fifty yards away, came gunning in and passed Rebel and stormed through a clump of crabapple suckers, and another quail burst up—one that Rebel had been insisting was there.

"Now we'll see it!" my old man said angrily. "Now there'll either be a dog fight or they'll both chase that bird like a couple of hounds!"

The derby dog did too. He chased the bird out of sight and Rebel stayed stanch, with perfect manners in the presence of game, and the judges nodded and made their marks, and this time, when they signaled, Rebel went on.

"Well," my old man said in relief, "at least he won't break her heart. He's done enough now so they won't laugh at her, no matter how he spoils it the rest of the heat."

But Rebel didn't spoil it. Word got back to the big house, and the gallery started building up despite the sleet, because people who love bird dogs love their art more than they do comfort or they'd have taken up something like listening to records, maybe. Long before the three hours were up, the derby dog was whipped by the pace and the weather, and Rebel was running alone. By that time my old man didn't even bother to say how a dog can't really show his class without some competition because Rebel showed it anyway. When the marshal came riding up behind ma with his gun up and his watch out in front of him, she gave Reb the whistle to turn him and waved him on one more sweep, and he took it out to the end after time was called. That's a hard thing to do, but a champion has to have heart and that's the way to show it, calling for one more sweep when a dog is ready to drop from fatigue.

When Reb came in, there was a rime of frost around his muzzle, and ice almost closing his eyes, and steam coming from his body wherever there wasn't any ice, and his feet were bloody from the frozen stubble. My ma got off her horse and went to meet him, and he paused a moment, his sides heaving; then he bounced at her, like a puppy, showing he still had a little heart left that he hadn't used yet.

The people in the gallery—some of them pretty near frozen themselves—were clapping a little by then, and I guess no one there doubted who the regional champion was going to be when the judges added up their marks.

On the way home after the banquet, no one said very much in the car. I sat in the back seat with Rebel and the big silver bowl, about half asleep.

Then up front, ma said, "The gentleman with the string of Alabama dogs said he was authorized to make an offer for Rebel."

"Do tell," my old man said, looking ahead down the road.

"Yes," ma said. "They want to take him to the Free-for-All."

"Well," my old man said, "unless you plan to retire the dog on the grounds that he's proved your point, it appears to me that you're at liberty to sell him."

For a little while they sat there side by side, not talking, and we rode along.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Petticoat Convention

By Philene Hammer

They stalk the streets in
bold, opaque,
Unyielding rows,
And tour the town by bus
and take
In all the shows.

And storm the eating houses
and
Fill up the seating,
And now and then, I
understand,
Attend a meeting.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Then my ma said, in the voice I hadn't heard for some time now, "Oh, Beau, please."

My old man kept both hands on the wheel.

"Please," ma said, her voice all soft and breaking. "I won't hold you to that silly bet, darling. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. But please, darling, if you love me ——"

My old man stopped the car and took his hands off the steering wheel.

"Mrs. Culpepper," he said, "I have the honor and the privilege, ma'am, of informing you that indeed I do. But if we keep this dog," he said, "you'll have to run him now and then yourself, because I'm going to be powerful busy the next few years, building up that newspaper your brother has like to run into the ground."

Ma didn't say anything at all. But my old man did.

He looked into the back seat and he said, "Boy, you recollect what I told you about friends and relatives and the final ceremonies?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You keep right on remembering then," he said. "There isn't much advice a man can give another man, but that's pretty good. Last thing, you won't be much concerned with travel, so don't grieve if you don't have six to carry. All you need is one to preach."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'll remember."

"That's fine," my old man said. "After all, you can marry that one." THE END

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Inside the Asylum (Continued from Page 45)

home for a weekend. "No, for two weeks." Smith hesitates.

She says rapidly, "It's quiet out in the country, and you can relax better than here. When they throw things in here it's a madhouse," and she goes on, pleading for at least a long weekend. Finally Smith consents.

The nurse tells him she had to put a patient in seclusion because "she's real high, she fiddles around and bothers the other patients till they get ready to clobber her."

Finished here, Smith walks down a winding corridor and emerges onto the main hall of Ward 13, a cleaner place. This is the admitting ward, and Smith's task is to get to know the new patients and get them started on the treatment recommended at staff meeting. Smith wants to see one who has been here a week, diagnosed manic-depressive psychosis, manic phase. "Staff recommended Serpasil for her, which is fine, except we haven't got the Serpasil and if I don't do something she'll be here a month getting nothing at all."

The attendant brings her in. She is a tall, vivid, black-haired, olive-skinned woman of forty-four. Doctor Smith introduces himself and asks why she came here.

"Because my husband and I had a fight. He was out of work and refused to give me money for lunch and to run our car on." Speaking rapidly, her words tumbling over one another, ideas rushing by her too fast to formulate, she explains that she hasn't been too happily married, she and her husband had a grocery, and the grocery burned, and she called the police, but her husband thought she told the police he had set the fire, but "I wouldn't do that, sir, not my own husband."

Quietly Doctor Smith asks questions, and she answers one or two, but then soars off on another flight of ideas. Doctor Smith brings her back to the question of her illness, explains the need for drugs, tells her how much they'll cost and says he proposes to ask her husband to buy them.

Not heeding, she rushes on, "I feel just fine, I slept fine last night, I haven't asked for no medicine or nothing, it's just one of those awful things, I asked for a divorce or separation, I called a lawyer," and she goes on and on, irresistibly compelled to tell him all about everything all at once. Especially she wants to know how soon she can leave.

Doctor Smith says, "I know, but the important thing is to get you well. We want to get some medicine for you. The sooner we can get you started on it the sooner you can get out."

A woman of fifty is next, suffering from involutional melancholia. The staff recommended EST, but Doctor Smith wonders if she can stand it. The attendant calls her in, a neat little lady. She is not sure when she came here or why. She had the flu and "terrible pains in my back," and her husband found her down in the basement one day, and she doesn't remember much after that. "It seems that that pain is back of all my trouble. I've been to orthopedic specialists and they put weights on me, and to chiropractors, too, but nothing helps. I used to ski a great deal. We went to New Hampshire, but I fell and hurt my back. Then I had a strep throat, and my little girl died, she was injured at birth and never walked or talked, and after that I got sick."

Doctor Smith asked, "How does your future look to you now?"

"Well, I think if I could get rid of this pain I'd be all right," putting one hand uncertainly on her back. "I'd love to go home. I have a nice home. I think the world and all of my husband."

She ought to have EST, but her physical difficulties are in the way. After she leaves, Doctor Smith says, "I guess we'll have to be hardhearted about it. In the long run it's best."

The attendant tells him about an eighty-four-year-old woman who became so combative today that she was sent back to Ward 15 to be put in seclusion. "She tries to bite and everything. You want us to leave her on Fifteen?"

Doctor Smith says, "I guess so. These disturbed senile patients—they don't belong on these wards, but the whole hospital's overcrowded."

A patient comes to the door and asks, "Can I talk to you, doctor?" He shakes his head; he knows her problem and at present can do nothing about it. "But I can't stand this life, it makes me so nervous here. How soon can they let me go?" She asks the same question dozens of times a day. The attendant once wrote "NO" on a piece of paper and gave it to her and told her to read it every time she had a question.

It is 11:10 A.M. Out in the hall patients are eating lunch off trays in their laps. Somewhere a woman is wailing, "Oh, oh, oh, my God." The attendant asks Doctor Smith to see her. She has just been returned from a family-care home, a private residence which boards patients able to leave the hospital, but with no suitable home of their own.

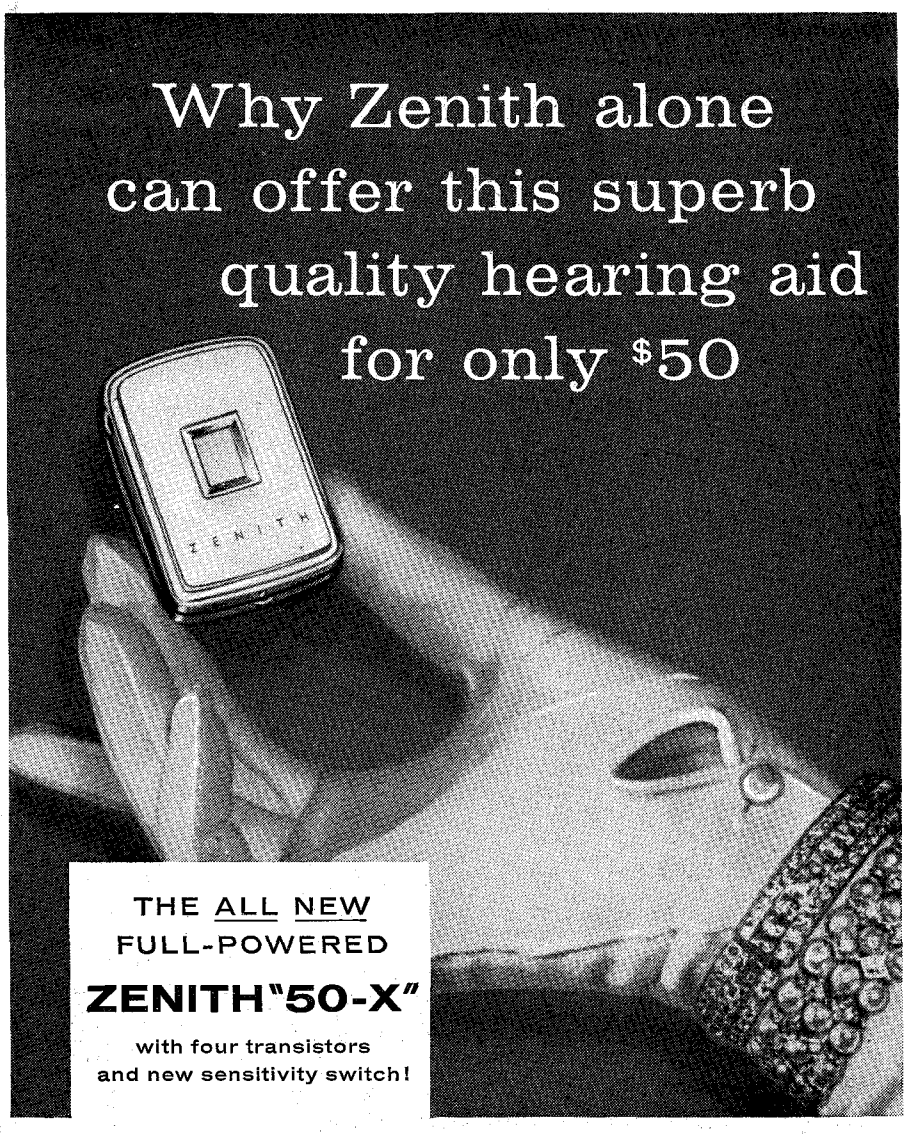
The attendant brings her in, a big gray-haired woman. She falls into a chair, and Doctor Smith, hitching a stool close to her, says, "What's the trouble?"

In a high, wailing voice she cries, "Oh, she's so foul-mouthed, now she's in for it," and she raves on about the proprietor of the family-care home. "She wouldn't let me call a doctor, she made me go upstairs, but it was nicer downstairs, and she was mean to me, I didn't like her brother's dad, I didn't like any of them," and she suddenly bangs her head down onto her knees and screams, "Oh, my God, my God, my God." Doctor Smith puts his hand on her shoulder and raises her head. Her face is contorted with agony; she looks up at him, unseeing.

He says quietly to the attendant, "I imagine we'd better send her to Fifteen." The attendant tries once more, "Can't you talk to the doctor, honey?" But she only stares wildly. Doctor Smith sighs, makes out a blue slip requesting medical clearance for EST, then picks up his papers and leaves.

He goes to 11, a quieter ward, with flowerpots and a piano, even a rug. But it is crowded like all the wards—six beds in a room ten by fifteen feet. Doctor Smith wants to see one more patient. She is a fat woman with round face and rimless glasses, neat in cardigan and dress and beaded moccasins. One night she had wakened her husband and told him she was going crazy. She was too. A week later she was brought here by deputy sheriffs, a full-blown case of paranoid schizophrenia, suspicious of her husband, disoriented, listening to the voices. Her progress was erratic. EST would help her, and doctors would move her forward through the wards; then she would blow up and go back to the disturbed ward. Right now Smith has worked her up to Ward 11; she has reached another crucial point.

When he asks, "How's everything going?" she says, "Real well, real fine. I went home (Continued on Page 83)



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You may want to blame your loss of pep on the weather, on hard work, or the fact that you are getting older. Yet all the while you may be piling up serious vitamin-mineral shortages. If you are, you can't depend on a single vitamin product—you need multiple vitamins and minerals. You may need the potency B_1 and B_2 contained in Rybutol.

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(*Continued from Page 81*) for the weekend and I got along real good," but her voice is toneless.

"How do you get along with your husband?"

"Oh, fine. He wants me to come home, and I want to go too." She leans forward. "Do you think I can go pretty soon? He'll need me at home pretty soon. It's getting cold and we have two coal stoves and I get up in the morning and get the fires going for him. He's got a hard job."

Doctor Smith asks, "How do you get along with your in-laws?"

She says, her face set, "They won't bother me again. I swear I won't let them bother me any more. I can't." They live with her. She says her brother-in-law drinks, won't work, quarrels with her friends and prowls the neighborhood half-dressed. "But my husband says he's going to make them get out."

Doctor Smith looks at her records. She is on Thorazine, supplied by the hospital. He wants her to stay on it after she leaves, but, so far, none of her relatives has volunteered to buy it. "Well, we'll see what we can do."

She arises and says, "Well, bless your heart. You get me out of here as fast as you can," and she leaves.

The attendant says, "What a mess." Smith says suddenly, "They've all got plenty of money for beer, but none for medicine." He goes out of the office and home to lunch.

Doctor Smith lives with his wife and three children in one of a row of state-owned houses behind the main hospital building. Nine other doctors live at the hospital. They see one another socially. Smith likes to raise ornamental pheasants and go hunting with his son. He owns a monkey, and on Saturday mornings takes it to a state park to study it. "I've got an idea that all research work done on Primates has been done on caged Primates. If you let them out of their cages, they change entirely."

Smith gets $7200 a year, good pay as state-hospital salaries go. He went to medical school at the University of Illinois and interned at Cook County Hospital. For seven years he practiced general medicine in Eureka, Montana, a small lumbering and cattle town. He liked it there—he recalls nostalgically that "bears and moose used to come down in the back yard"—but he got interested in psychiatry, having found that many of his patients' physical ailments were of psychic origin. He came to Columbus in 1955. Here he is in training as a resident in psychiatry; after two more years of residency training and two of practice he will be eligible for examination by the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology and certification as a full-fledged psychiatrist.

He isn't sure whether he'll then go into private practice or stay in state-hospital work. "If it were possible in private practice to charge a moderate fee and still make a living, I'd prefer that. But soothing the nerves of wealthy people doesn't appeal to me. It's a question of one's social philosophy. I'll probably stay in a state hospital."

"It is almost impossible," one authority said recently, "to get Board-certified psychiatrists to come into state hospitals." State hospitals don't pay enough—a psychiatrist in private practice can earn $20,000 his first year. The hospitals are overcrowded and overload doctors hopelessly. They never have enough attendants, nurses, drugs, anything.

As a consequence, state-hospital superintendents take what they can get. Some engage elderly psychiatrists who long ago found a secure berth in state service. Others staff their hospitals almost entirely with displaced doctors from Europe who in many American states are not allowed by law to practice medicine, except in state hospitals, however eminent they may have been in Europe. Still others rely almost entirely on residents. And some hire doctors who are narcotic addicts or alcoholics. Columbus State has no alcoholics or addicts, but it does have all the rest. And the backbone of its staff is the residents—medical doctors taking training in psychiatry.

There are seven of them. Two are young men in their twenties, just out of medical school. The five others, including Smith, are older, retreaded general practitioners. In the past, residents have left the hospital after two years, just when they were becoming valuable, because they must go elsewhere to get their third-year residency: Columbus is approved by the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology, and the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association, for only two years of the required three-year residency.

By and large the residents think the Columbus State residency a good one, though some miss the intellectual excitement of a university hospital. They are pleased to have the guidance of a full-fledged psychoanalyst, rare in a state hospital. They are impressed with Doctor Kovitz, who runs the residency program. One day a week Kovitz makes rounds with the doctors on the acute wards. Every Tuesday afternoon he leads a discussion on psychiatric theory. He brings in consultant neurologists and others to lecture. Kovitz himself rarely lectures; he prefers teaching by discussion at staff meeting.

The doctors spend as much time on their wards as they can, but on many days they are there only an hour or two. They must attend staff meeting nearly every day and administrative staff once a week. They must devote two afternoons a week to patients' relatives. They are supposed to write periodic progress notes on all their patients. They must write summaries on those they recommend for trial visit, must help plan their lives, and must see them when they return for checkups. They spend hours censoring letters patients write, confiscating those that are threatening or obscene. They must fill out innumerable insurance papers. Some hospitals have a stenographic force to cope with such matters, but here there are only four stenographers for the entire hospital and only one dictating machine; so the doctors write in longhand.

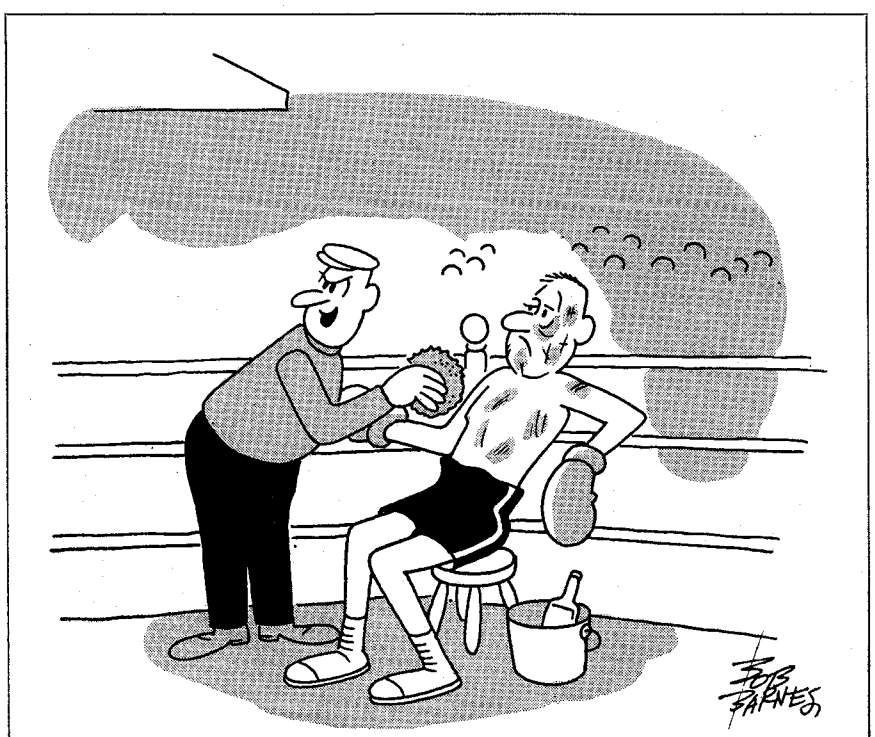
Some patients go years without ever a progress note. One conscientious doctor complained recently, "When I left a ward a while back I dictated progress reports on a number of patients for the guidance of the new doctor, and it was six weeks before they got typed up. By that time some of the patients had already been discharged from the hospital."

Doctors' orders don't always get carried out. Usually there is no carbon paper on the wards, so doctors waste time writing out two copies of accident reports. Reports on blood specimens, which are sent to a downtown laboratory, are sometimes delayed or lost. Because they have too many patients and too much paperwork, doctors can spend little time on individual psychotherapy, which, in a good private hospital, would be their main duty.

Psychotherapy is a conscious, planned attempt to influence mental processes by mental means—not by such physical means as electroshock or brain surgery. At its fullest, psychotherapy is a formal psychoanalysis. It may take from a few hundred to a thousand hours, and it requires the special skills of a qualified analyst. But there are only about 600 members in the American Psychoanalytic Association today, and only 1100 are in training. So psychoanalysis is extremely rare in state hospitals. (Many doctors think it of dubious value in treating psychotics anyway.) Psychotherapy at state hospitals means a much more superficial analysis.

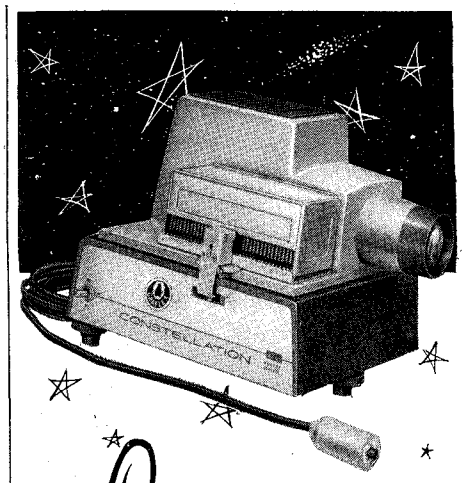
Doctor Kovitz says, "Psychotherapy means talking to a person in a special way, encouraging him to come out with what's inside him, to discover what he really feels. In a few private hospitals, such as Chestnut Lodge, in Maryland, they can really apply psychotherapy—they have a controlled population and a manageable work load. Our psychotherapy here is a drop in the bucket."

Columbus State's psychoanalyst is Dr. Tibor Agoston. He sees a half dozen patients for individual psychotherapy. Once a week he conducts group psychotherapy—collects eight or ten patients and



"Keep bleeding! . . . The sight of you is beginning to nauseate him!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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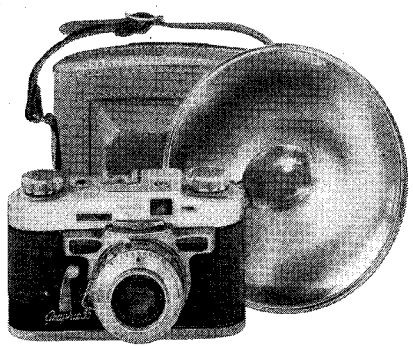

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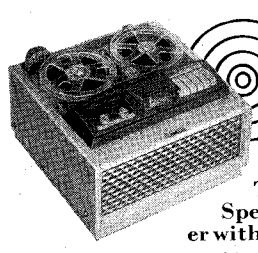

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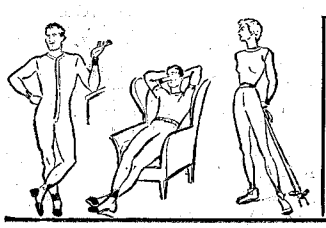

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for an hour leads their discussion of their problems. He spends the rest of his time training the ward doctors and reaching patients through them. Most ward doctors can take only three or four patients for psychotherapy. They can devote only an hour a week to each. It isn't enough. Many difficult patients spend months getting to the point where they even can talk to the doctor. (About that time he may be transferred to another ward.)

A while back, Columbus Receiving Hospital, a state hospital with many doctors, but giving only brief, intensive treatment, sent a patient to Columbus State with this note: "It was felt that the patient may benefit from a long-term psychotherapy." If so, sending her to Columbus State was a curious solution. Only twenty-four patients out of 2700 here receive individual psychotherapy, and only thirty-one receive group psychotherapy. And the truth is that there is no place in Ohio today, nor, for that matter, in the United States, where such a person could get the needed treatment. She could not afford private psychiatry; Receiving didn't have enough time for her, and Columbus State didn't have enough doctors. And there are thousands of people in America today in her predicament.

After lunch Doctor Smith goes back to Ward 11. The attendant tells him five patients want to see him. He sees two of them, one wanting a trial visit and another complaining of shingles. Somewhere a patient is calling in Spanish, and every few minutes Doctor Smith is paged on the public-address system and he must call the operator.

He tells the attendant, "I'm going to transfer some patients to Nine today, and I want you to find me some of yours who are off EST and good enough." She hands him some cards; he approves some and rejects others.

She says, "If we send seven patients, we'll have thirteen vacancies here."

Smith smiles and says, "I've been getting 'em out of the hospital too fast. Don't worry, though, I'll send you some good ones from Thirteen."

"I hope you do, before somebody else sends us some bad ones."

He shuts his notebook and tells the attendant he'll try to complete the transfer quickly, so as not to interfere with her dinner, and hurries to Ward 9.

Ward 9 is one of the quietest in the hospital. Women go home from here. In the office the nurse tells Doctor Smith, smiling, "We've got lots of troubles." Two patients are slipping—one is confused and won't eat, the other is back in a corner, swinging a mop at anyone who approaches; they should go back on EST. He assents.

She gives him an electroencephalogram report on another patient. She asks if another may go to occupational therapy. She reports on the weekend visit of another. She tells him that a patient who went home for a weekend two weeks ago has not returned.

He says, "She was ready for trial visit anyway, but it makes you uncomfortable when they take it in their own hands." He can mark her either "trial visit" or "escape." He decides on "trial visit." Only if the patient is considered dangerous is she—or he—reported escaped, and the police notified.

The nurse says, "Did you know we got two new patients? One has a broken hand."

"Oh, yes. What about the other one?" She hands him the patient's record. She says indignantly, "She hasn't even been staffed. I don't want patients up here that haven't been staffed. Those people down there on admissions—I know we're crowded but they shouldn't send patients up here before they've been staffed. I'm going to have to talk to them." The nurse tells him about a patient who seems physically sick, about another who wants a paid hospital job. He deals with the problems, then asks her to review treatments with him.

She gets out her records and hitches up a chair. She tells him what medicine each patient is getting, how much, and how she's responding: "Mary gets one milligram of Serpasil and 200 of Thorazine, and after we raised her she got better," or, "Jane is on 300 milligrams of Thorazine a day and you may want to increase it." He raises the dosage of some, cuts others. He knows them all.

Finished, he goes to work on his transfer—telephones the wards, juggles vacancies, hurrying because suppertime approaches. But obstacles arise, and finally he gives up: "We can't get the patients and their clothes together today. We'll do it in the morning. Now I want to talk a few minutes with ——" He names a patient; let's call her Nancy Wilton. The nurse goes to the hall, and Doctor Smith slumps a little in his chair.

Nancy Wilton is only twenty-one years old and she has been in the hospital only three months. She is one of ten children reared amid poverty and turmoil. Her father, having suffered a brain injury, was twice put in a state hospital. Nancy was an honor student, took a secretarial course and worked several years in an office. But she got the idea that people at work were trying to poison her; she became tense, noisy, seclusive. She laughed and wept for no apparent reason. She quit her job and stayed in a hotel alone for six months. Then she was committed.

Staff diagnosed her hebephrenic schizophrenia and recommended Thorazine and Serpasil, with individual psychotherapy. Doctor Smith began seeing her for an hour a week. She was evasive and withdrawn, and her talk rambled. She would break off a sentence and interpolate a snatch of words from the song, Shake, Rattle and Roll. She told Smith that one day while she was walking in the park her employer followed her and she "reached an understanding with him that he was going to marry her."

Smith was certain the experience was hallucinatory. He theorized that ambition had led her to attempt to exceed her ability in the business world; she had dealt with the resulting frustration by the psychological mechanism called projection, attributing her own inadequacy to the hostility of others. And she fulfilled her need for a satisfactory sex life by hallucinating. He has recalled, "Her cousin came here years ago in much the same condition, and she's still here. There's little hope for her now. Nancy was luckier—we caught her fast, soon after her first psychotic break, and we've got Thorazine and Serpasil now."

Nancy began to improve almost at once. The Thorazine was relieving her tension, and so she was "ventilating" to Smith—getting things off her mind. Like most psychotics, she disappointed her doctor occasionally. Once, after a satisfactory therapeutic session, Smith found her in the hall, complaining loudly that her cigarettes had been poisoned. He took her into his office, and she dismissed this idea perfunctorily, but went on to say that "girls in red dresses" had been pursuing her.

But after that she made steady improvement. Now Smith wants to get her out. He is experimenting with her drug dosage. He wants to get it down as low as possible, so that she can afford to buy it after she leaves. Such are the undramatic but vital problems that confront state-hospital psychiatrists. "We are walking a pretty tight wire here," Smith says, smiling, as the nurse brings Nancy in.

She is a pretty girl with a fixed half-smile, neat in billowing skirt and a blue blouse. She sits at ease, and he asks how she feels, and she says, "I'm fine."

"Did you go home last weekend?"

"Yes, I did."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I worked a little and watched television and went to a movie and led a normal life."

"How are you getting along here?"

"Just fine. All the girls seem to like me and I like them."

"Have you been working?"

"Yes, I take patients off the wards and bring them to the recreation department and give them paperwork and try to get them interested."

"Have you been typing any?"

"I haven't had a chance yet, but I'd like to. To brush up."

"You ought to. Is that what you want to do when you go home?"

"Yes, it is," and she smiled more broadly. "My mother's fixing up my room. She thinks that I'll be home real soon."

Doctor Smith says, "I think so too." He glances at his watch; it is time for her supper. He says, "Well, you haven't had any more trouble with those girls in red dresses?"

She laughs sheepishly and says, "No, doctor."

"Do you remember that?"

"Yes, vaguely, but it doesn't bother me any more."

"Do you feel that people on the outside may try to cause you difficulty?"

"No, I don't. Most people know I've been here and they all treat me fine."

"You don't expect to have any trouble at all?"

"No, doctor. I'm very happy and I know where I'm at and I know where I'm going."

He says, "I think you're about ready to go home." He pauses a moment, then, "And for heaven's sake, if you have any trouble in the future, come for help quick."

She says quietly, "I will, doctor. I'm not afraid to come here now." And she goes out smiling. (Not long afterward she did leave the hospital.)

Doctor Smith says, "I guess we'll call it a day," and somewhat wearily he gets up. As he walks down the ward, three or four patients step out from corners or little rooms and say, "Doctor Smith, Doctor Smith, can I see you for a minute? Doctor Smith, can I talk to you soon?" but to them all he shakes his head and says, "I'm kind of talked out now. I'll see you pretty soon." He unlocks the door and goes to his office and, after gazing at his correspondence a while, goes home.

Editors' Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles. Another article will appear next week.

... ...

Upon Reflection

When I would let the dishes go,
I refrain, for well I know
The doggedly persistent way
That dishes stay and stay
and stay.

By Carolyn Ellis

... ...

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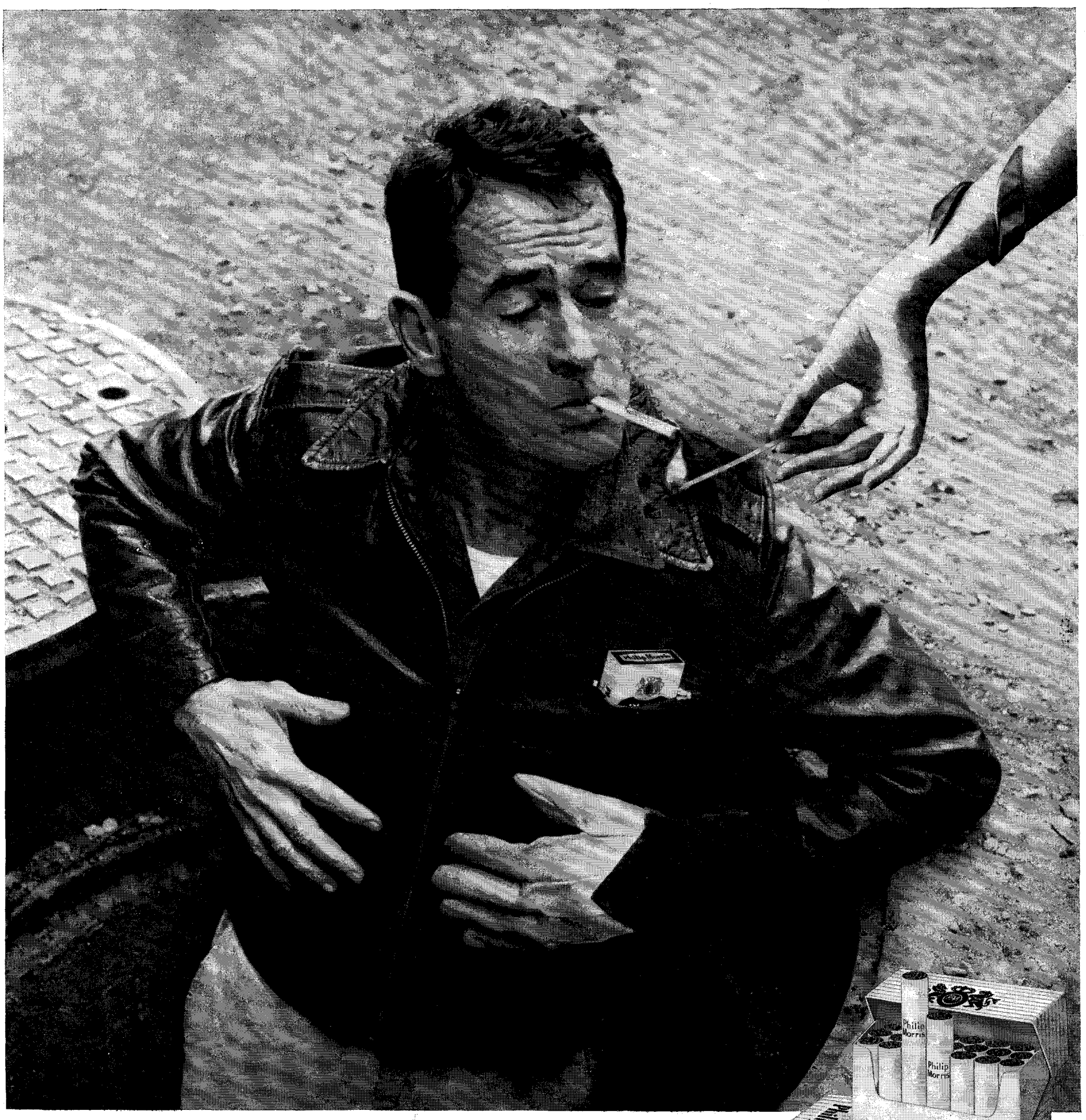

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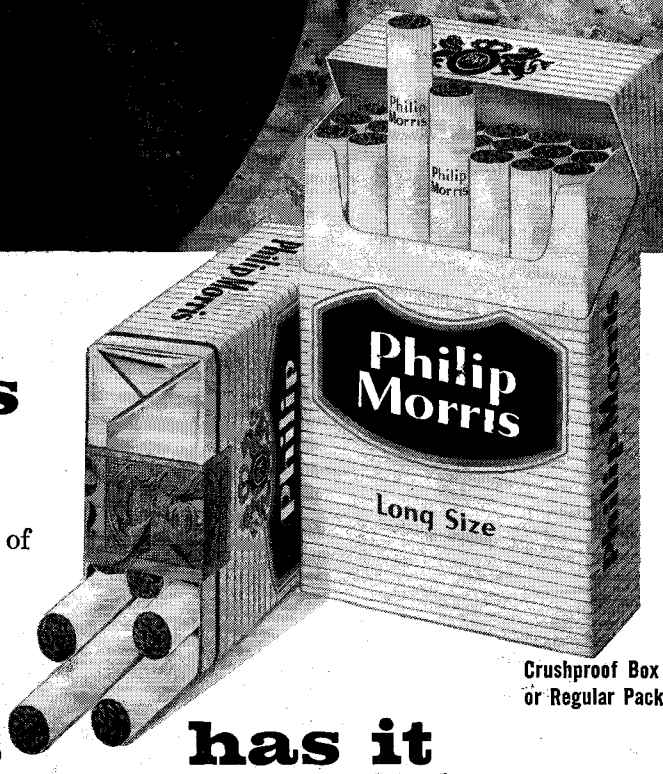

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Will Your Child Fail in School?

(Continued from Page 51)

How many parents do you know who give more than a cursory study to their child's report card? How many know what kind of classroom he lives in every day? Or what kind of teacher he works with? Or what they can and must do at home to insure him an education, besides paying the bill? How many of them have ever spent an hour or two browsing through their children's textbooks or tried working a few of the exercises at the end of each chapter? How many of them know the particular problems their children face in school every day, and how they, as mother and father, can help solve those problems? How many of them know that parents are frequently the difference between a brilliant and an apparently stupid child?

The only one of my third-graders that I seriously considered failing last year was a wonderfully personable eight-year-old whom I'll call Jimmy. He couldn't read or write without great difficulty. He was indifferent to everything but talking, and he was a charming master of that. He was often late for school and he was dirty and his clothes were dirty. He never quite seemed to know what he was doing. When I sent him out for some Manila paper, he came back—only when rescued—and reported, "You have some lime-colored paper in there and some brown and some purple and some red—it looks like strawberry." He looked at me accusingly. "But you sure don't have any vanilla!" Even the other children groaned because he seemed so dull.

Failing Jimmy, or any child, would be a very serious matter. No conscientious teacher wants to do it unless he's sure the child will really gain something by staying in the same grade another year. Often you'll find that the best thing that could happen to a child would be for him to go back and learn the fundamentals that he's weak in, but few parents appreciate the need for setting a child back, however temporarily, so that he can go forward more successfully in the future. In Jimmy's case, I looked up all the records of his earlier achievement tests. Then one afternoon I gave him another test to determine his mental capability. Everything showed that he was just a little short of a genius! Everything but his schoolwork.

Well, what would you do?

We passed Jimmy, with some misgivings. There wasn't much that he could learn by staying in third grade another year and we held hopefully that his inherent brilliance could carry him successfully through his future work. In any case, we couldn't reach the heart of his problem. That was in his home.

Jimmy's parents were a hard-working couple who were in business for themselves. They'd gone broke in one business and they were determined not to let it happen again. So, early every morning, long before Jimmy woke up, they were at work, and they stayed at work until long into the night. They were determined to write a great success story—and they were failing as parents.

They didn't know when, or if, their child got to school. Jimmy got up when he woke up. If he woke up at eight o'clock, then maybe he'd get to school by nine o'clock. If he woke up at ten-thirty, he'd get to school just in time to wander home for lunch. He washed only when he felt like it, and apparently he didn't often feel like it. After school, his time was his own, so, naturally, he never bothered doing even the simplest of exercises on writing or reading. As a result, he never mastered these fundamental skills; and if there's something he'll have to know in the next ten to fourteen years of his school life, it'll be to read and write. Yet here he was in the third grade of a school in a prosperous suburb, an unusually bright boy who was almost an illiterate.

Whose fault was this? Was it his teacher's? Or was it his parents', who, in a sincere and laudable effort to make the most of their enterprise, naïvely believed that an eight-year-old boy could shoulder the same responsibility for his school day as a college senior?

This isn't an isolated case. Teachers in every community in all sections of the country could tell you of countless other incidents where parents blithely failed to help their children get an education. It happens in rich suburbs as well as in the slums. It happens to children of all intellectual, social and cultural levels. And the worst part is that the kids are innocent victims. They can't put up much of a fight because they don't understand what's happening.

How do I know? You'd be astonished, and probably chagrined and embarrassed, at what your child's teacher knows about you. She knows when you're going to get a blue-and-white convertible or a divorce. She knows when you're pregnant, when you're dieting and what television programs you watch. She may know whether you're cheating on your income tax or on your child.

Who tells her? Your children. Their candor is usually shocking and sometimes outrageously funny. One morning a little girl in my class showed she had greater strength of character than her mother. She handed me a note from her mother explaining that the youngster had been absent from school because the child had been ill. "Actually, that isn't at all true," said the little girl. "My mother wanted to take me out of town that day, but she just couldn't think of what to say in the letter."

Another time our principal dropped in for a quiet visit during an arithmetic period. I'd just started explaining multiplication and some of the kids were at the blackboard, working very simple problems.

After a few minutes, the principal rose to leave. As she reached the door, eight-year-old Sally suddenly called to her and announced quite blandly and matter-of-factly, "My mother is pregnant."

Our principal paused for a moment, then winked at me and nodded toward Sally. "Understands multiplication," she said as she went out the door.

Even though you may not realize it, mommy and daddy are almost always in a child's mind, even in school. Last June, for instance, my third-grade children were making presents for Father's Day. One of the little boys threw himself into his project with great ardor. Every few minutes he was standing beside my desk. "Please, Miss Donatelli, come back and see what I made my daddy," he urged. When he was through with his greeting card, he was radiant with pride. "Don't you think my daddy will like it?" he asked. He never doubted the answer himself. His faith was both touching and untouchable. I never found out if his daddy liked the card. He had been dead for a year.

That happened in New Rochelle, a pleasant, well-to-do suburb of New York City where both the children and the school system are far above average. But the affection of children for their parents is universal and the impact of parents on education is felt all over the country, sometimes in oblique ways. Before moving to New Rochelle, I taught in a public school in the middle of the slums of Chicago's South Side. Not far from the school playground was a railroad track. Many times boys from the school and the neighborhood stood beside the tracks and pegged stones at the trains that roared by. For one boy, at least, this was more than an act of simple mischief or juvenile delinquency.

One morning on my way to school, I saw Clayborn perched beside the tracks, searching, as always, the windows of the trains that streamed by. Clayborn was a tall, bony eleven-year-old who could hardly fit into his fourth-grade seat. He'd been abandoned by his mother and was being raised by his grandmother, an old and poverty-stricken invalid. He was truant three days out of five and every time he was truant he'd be found near the railroad tracks, hurling stones at disappearing trains.

On this morning I found Clayborn hunched over a little mound of stones, tears streaming down his burnished cheeks. His shoulders shook and his lips trembled as he tried to hold back the sobs. Suddenly, as a train roared past, he leaped up and peered intently at the windows, then hurled a stone at it. His cry was almost one of anguish. "My father—he ain't never gonna come!"

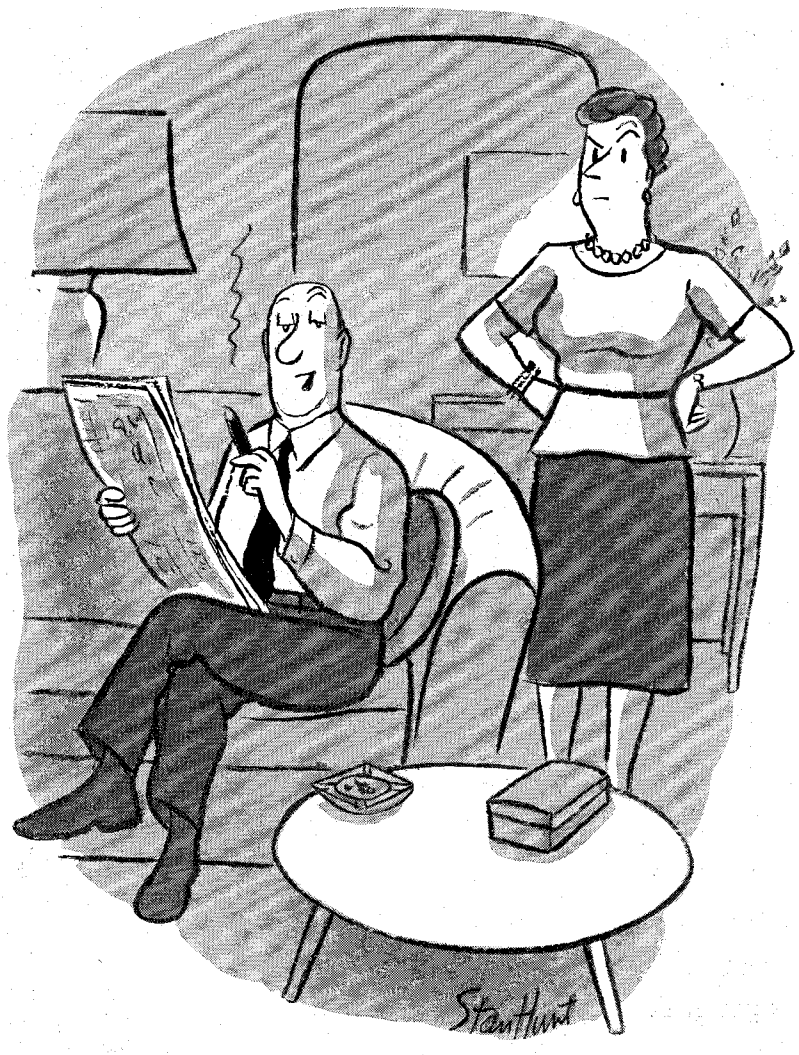
Those words revealed quite a bit. A week later, Clayborn sobbed out a further explanation. "My father promised me he was gonna come for me a long time ago," he said, "and he's never come." That boy's problem couldn't be solved by punishing him as a truant or a delinquent. Only his father could help him, and his father never came.

In the slums, almost anybody can see the tremendous impact that a child's home life has on his education. Any teacher who's taught in the slums has seen, time and again, the kids fall asleep in class from sheer exhaustion. They're so crowded at home that they have no place to sleep at night, so they fall asleep in school. Or they hardly stay in school long enough to get to know their teacher. I had a 75 per cent turnover every six weeks in my class in Chicago.

In better neighborhoods you don't find these aggravated problems. But you do find the strange indifference to the part that a parent must play in his youngster's education. The problem isn't often outright neglect. It's more a lack of understanding of the child and what he needs from his home to get a good education.

What, you may ask, can a parent do? Well, when was the last time you really sat down with your children to help them with some prolonged school problem? There seems to be an unspoken theory among most parents today that education ceases the moment that Johnny bursts boisterously from the classroom. That's one reason why so many folks are worried about the ominous shortage of classrooms; Johnny isn't going to get as much time in the classroom—and presumably not as much education—because of overcrowding. In fact, he may be on a half-time schedule now. This doesn't necessarily mean a narrowing of his educational opportunity; it means that he'll have to find more of that opportunity at home than he did in the past.

Is there any reason why a parent can't help Johnny in his new free time, on schoolwork laid out by his teacher? With guidance, a parent can frequently help his child solve more particular school problems in an hour or two at home than a teacher, handling twenty-five to fifty-five (Continued on Page 89)



"What you call my don't-give-a-damn attitude, my secretary refers to as my wonderful equanimity under pressure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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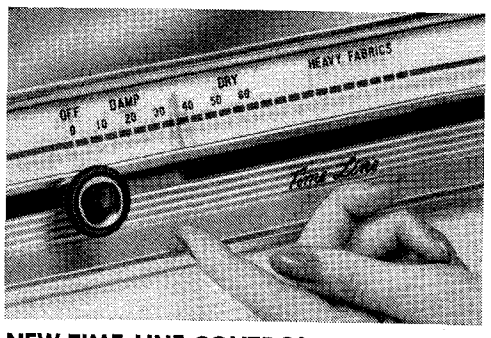

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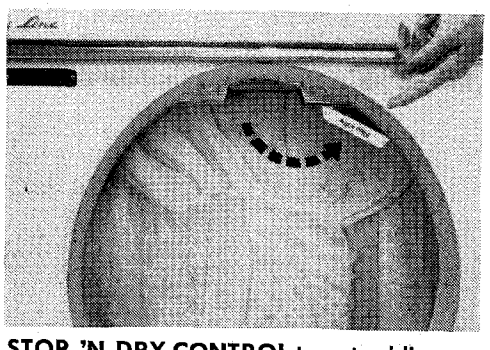

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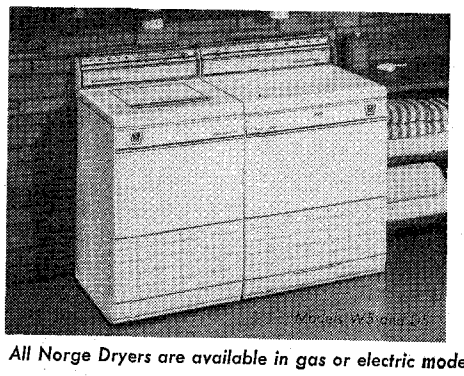

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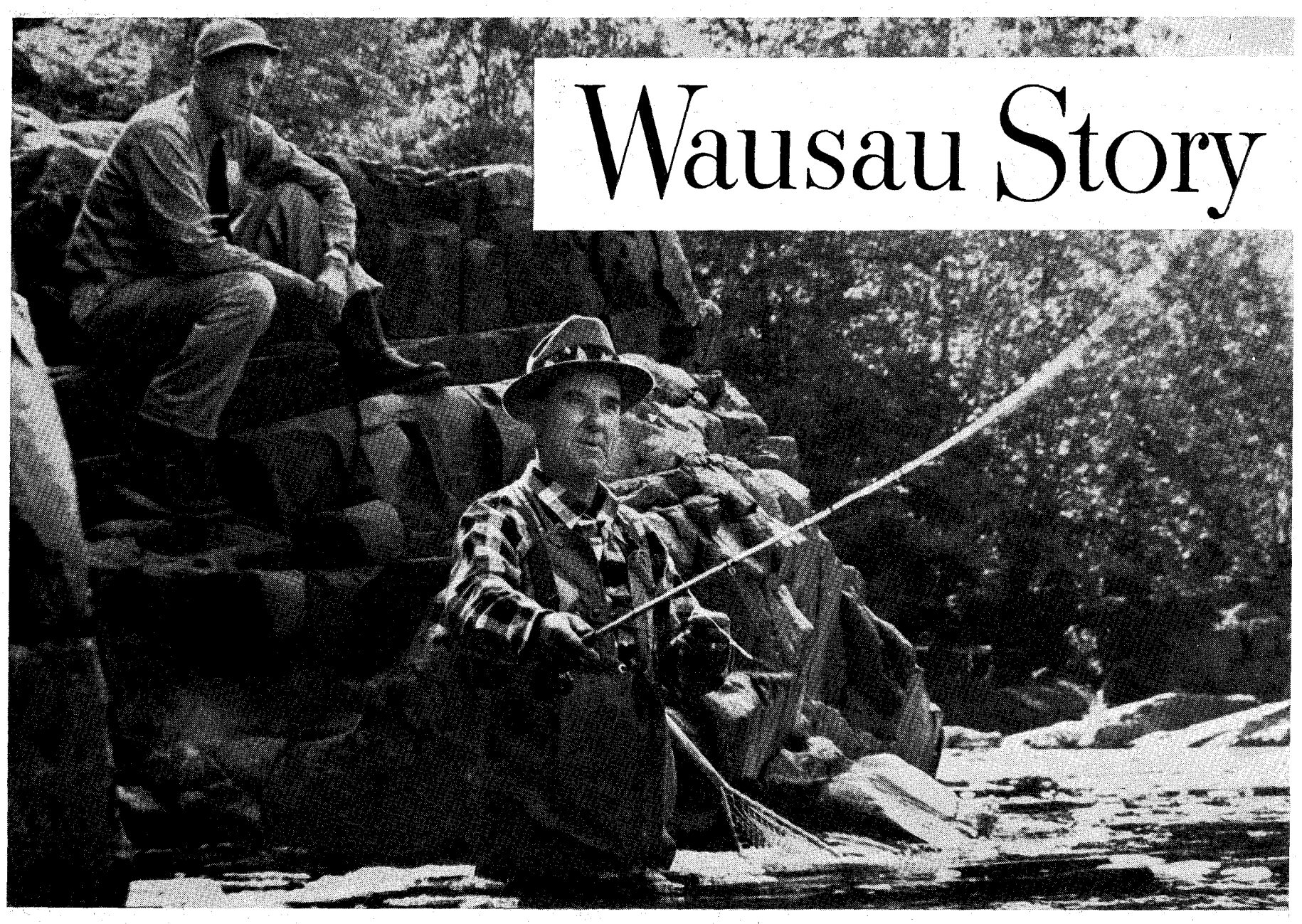


Wausau Story

State Conservation Warden Bill Rollman guides John Cornelius to a choice Wausau fishing spot.

American Heritage Foundation President discovers spirit behind Wausau's drive for 100% voter registration

by JOHN C. CORNELIUS

"THEY tell us when we're in Rome we should 'do as the Romans do.' So when I visited Wausau—well, you can see the picture for yourself, I was out doing a little fishing in less time than it takes to say 'Register and Vote!'

"Actually, that's what I'd come to Wausau to say. Along with other people interested in The American Heritage Foundation, I've been going around the country saying that very thing. The only way to safeguard our freedoms is by active participation in the affairs of our nation. Right now, that means registering, informing yourself, and voting.

"I found Wausau people were well aware of that. They were out to get 100% of the eligible voters registered before the November elections. That would make Wausau the 'votingest' city in America. And believe me, I for one won't be a bit surprised to hear they've accomplished their goal.

"I'll tell you why I say that. Wausau people are blessed by the greatest natural treasures anyone can find anywhere... lakes and streams and wooded lands. They draw deeply from these treasures to build a good way of life. You see it in their well-kept homes, feel it in the hearty, healthy, truly American spirit surrounding everything they do.

"I've heard—these people are 'good people to do business with.' And I want to add, they're 'good people to go along with on their march to the polls...100% strong.'"

Jaycees Pete Schmidt and Arden Bierman paint the town with Register and Vote signs.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

We join everyone in Wausau in thanking Mr. Cornelius for visiting us and helping us to become "the votingest city in America". We're proud to be a part of this program. It's work we like, done in the way we like to do it. Of course, we're primarily engaged in writing insurance. One of our major lines is *Workmen's Compensation*. We'd like to talk to you and show you how we can help in reducing accidents and in saving you money. Phone our nearest office or write Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

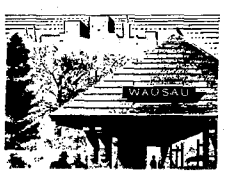
I WILL VOTE

Here's the Wausau Way of going after the vote 100%

- *A real all-group effort—civic, youth, labor, church, school, business and fraternal.*
- *A door-to-door canvas of every block and every house in Wausau.*
- *Signs, posters, tags, announcements — reminders to get people to register and vote.*
- *Whatever is needed to get people to register is provided . . . everything from transportation to baby sitters.*

Girl Scouters Celeste Duckworth and Marjorie Goldberg pin a "vote" tag on Mr. Cornelius.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 86*) youngsters, can in five hours at school. But, you protest, you're not trained to teach. That's true, and that's why you must seek advice from Johnny's teacher. After all, few people are specially trained to be mothers or fathers, husbands or wives, and yet they don't boggle at that responsibility. It's not training that most parents need; it's interest and understanding and the energy to do something about their children's education.

At home, you set the whole intellectual climate for your child's education. If you've given up thinking for the duration of your life, then he may never start thinking. But if you have good books, good magazines, good newspapers, if you watch the many thoughtful television programs, and if you discuss personal and public problems patiently and searchingly, then his mental facilities can't help being sharpened by sheer exposure. If you take him to the parks, to historical landmarks, to museums, you can bring to life the dead words that may be sheer drudgery in the classroom. If you listen to the opera or symphony with him, and if you explain to him the stories behind the men and their music, he'll probably enjoy it, and so will you. If you do all this and more, you'll not only help him get an education but you'll draw your whole family closer together.

And yet this isn't enough. The most important thing a parent can give a child is understanding. On this depends that uncanny knowledge of when love and affection are demanded and when cool discipline is demanded. On this depends the recognition that a child is having trouble in school and that you, as a parent, can help him in his trouble. On this depends the whole problem of education, of growth in the home and in the classroom.

The bonds of affection between a child and his parents are so strong that they'll probably survive a lack of understanding in his parent. But his education won't.

Take nine-year-old Eddie—again a pseudonym. When I found him in my class last year, he'd been failed once. And how he hated school! He frequently came late, and all he really wanted to do in school was play with bottle caps on his desk. He seldom paid attention and he could hardly read and write. Moreover, he was terribly self-conscious about these failings. When he made a mistake in reading, he'd wriggle torturously and shrug.

"I can't read," he said once, helplessly.

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

He wriggled again. "They're always telling me so."

Who were "they"? His previous teachers and his parents. Particularly his parents. They harassed him mercilessly about his failure and needled him because he wasn't as bright as his brother. Here was a boy desperately in need of understanding and confidence, and his parents were giving him an inferiority complex.

After a while I discovered that he could hold his own in arithmetic. Not that he liked it or was particularly bright, but it was something that he could do as well as most other kids in the class. Then he gradually discovered that other children made mistakes in reading, too, and that his difficulty wasn't unique. Finally, we learned together that spelling, when he worked at it, was something he could tackle with self-confidence. And strangest thing of all, he didn't miss a single day of school all year.

Even if your youngster is unusually bright, you may be retarding him through lack of understanding. We had a boy, whom I'll call Ronnie, in this category last year. His IQ tests suggested that Ronnie was a genius. He certainly was the brightest boy in my class. All the third-grade work was easy for him—too easy. He was bored by it. There was no challenge for him in it. He rarely applied himself because he knew that he could do very well simply by using only a portion of his ability.

When the school year ended, we seriously considered double-promoting Ronnie. This, too, is a delicate decision, for you could easily damage a child's social and emotional development by casting him too casually into an older group. Our school system and its officials recognized this problem. When we discussed double-promoting Ronnie, our principal wanted to know how close his parents were to the school community and the course of Ronnie's education. They'd have to provide much of the stability and security he'd need if he was double-promoted. The unhappy truth was that they weren't very close to the school or to Ronnie's education. So Ronnie wasn't double-promoted.

Now, if you're afraid that the talk about "social and emotional development" sounds like progressive education, just remember that your child is a human being. He is burdened with the same emotions you are and he lives in a society that is a good deal more intense and less considerate than adult society. He can become just as unhappy as any adult over some emotional or social problem that he can't take to somebody with understanding. In fact, I've seen children in the second grade whose greatest need was not for a teacher, but for a psychiatrist.

Back in Chicago's slums it wasn't unusual to find the children carrying knives and razors into class. Nor was it too unusual to see policemen in the corridors, guarding teachers from children just desperate enough to carry out their threats. Once a little boy came screaming out of a washroom into my arms. Blood was pouring from a hole in the side of his head. He'd been stabbed by a second-grader wielding a sharp pencil.

And if you think that this type of thing doesn't happen in a "nice" neighborhood, consider the fourteen-year-old boy who shot and killed a teacher in a classroom last spring in a suburb of Washington. Or take the ten-year-old who almost killed a playmate in our school yard last spring. He had a hot temper and the other children enjoyed taunting him just to make him mad. On this afternoon he picked up an iron bar and tried to crash it against the skull of one of his tormentors. He missed by inches—thank God! But probably not a single parent in the whole community knows of the incident. Nor do they know, as most teachers do, that these scenes of near-tragedy are hardly rare in any community.

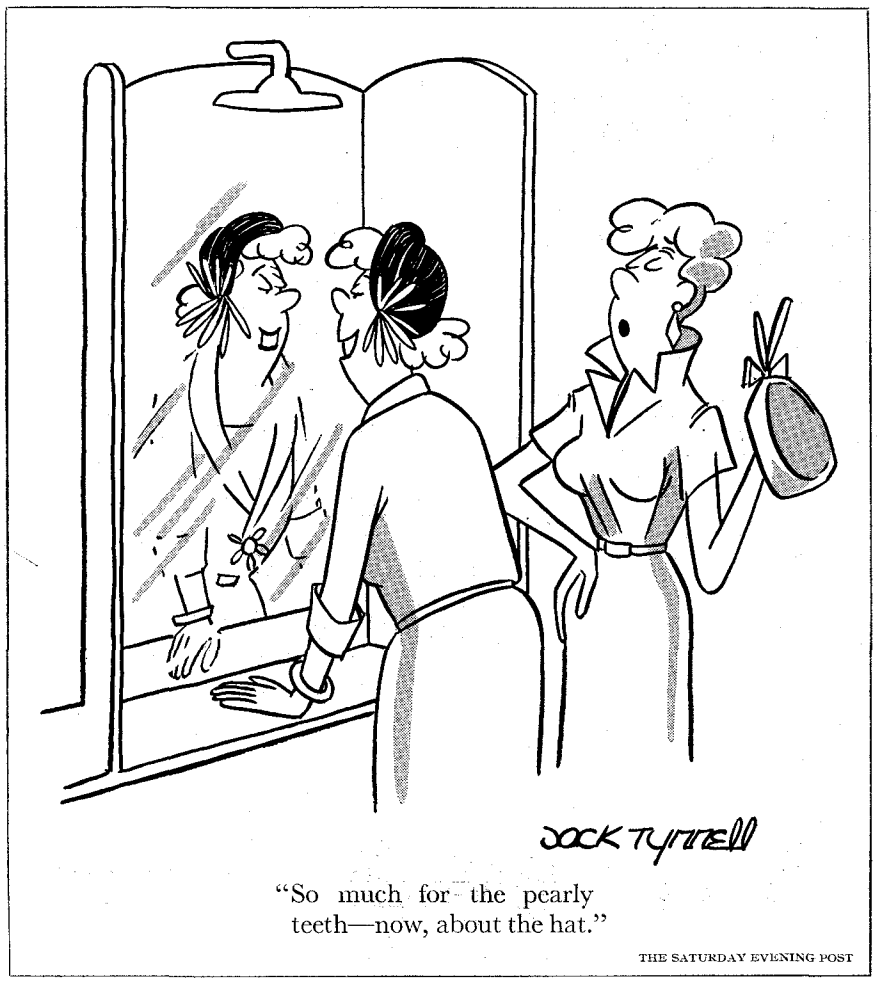
Violence is not the only threat to the happy social and emotional development of your child. Last year, a week after school opened, a precocious little girl, whom I'll call Dorothy, approached my desk. "Am I not doing well?" she asked with painstaking correctness.

"Why, of course you are, Dorothy," I said. "What made you think that you weren't?"

"Well," she said a bit uncomfortably, "you haven't told me so yet."

That remark revealed one of Dorothy's most salient characteristics: she demands recognition for her work. She operates on a level that is higher mentally and in sophistication than her classmates. Her conversation is a credit to herself and her parents. She's unquestionably a bright young lady who's won constant praise from adults for her precociousness. But she just bores kids of her own age and cannot win any recognition from them. She has, if anything, earned their dislike. Now, nobody, whether she's eight or eighty, wants to be disliked. With understanding from her parents and teachers, Dorothy can learn to use her assets to win acceptance from her classmates as well as praise from adults. But she's going to have to learn how to do this at home as well as in school. And in this case, I think she will.

One of the greatest problems facing any teacher is getting you, the parent, to understand what your child needs outside of school to make school more worth



"So much for the pearly teeth—now, about the hat."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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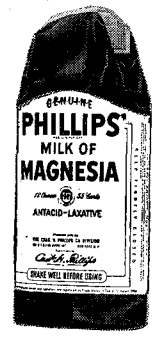

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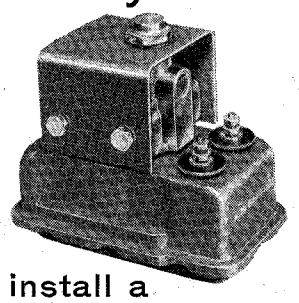

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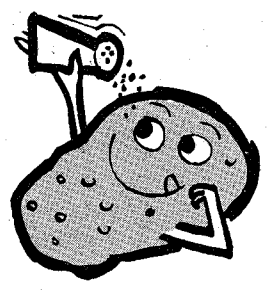

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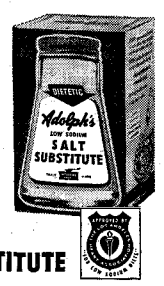

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while. How many times every year do you drop in to see your child's teacher? How often do you explore with her, even by letter, the particular problems of your child? How do you know that she's a competent teacher? Do you regard her as a warden for your kids during those blissful months when you don't have them underfoot? Or do you regard her as a friend who may have some thoughtful and cogent suggestions for making your child's education more useful?

What does a report card mean to you? To parents, grades frequently mean something different from what they do to teachers. Most of today's parents were raised on a system where one grade meant failing and all the others simply meant different shades of passing. Very few accept or understand any other system.

Ronnie, the boy who was so bright that he was bored with third-grade work, is a good example. Even though he might loaf and offer only a minimum of attention, he could still get very good grades on examinations, and presumably he should also get very good grades on his report card. But he wasn't applying himself; both his work and his attitude demanded improvement. We have a grade for that—"N" for "Needs improvement." But to the parents of our community, "N" means "failure," with all its shame and burden. To give Ronnie an "N" would have been enormously unjust to the boy, simply because his parents, like most parents in our community, did not accept its literal meaning.

In New Rochelle, the school system has adopted several ways of trying to break down the invisible barrier that separates the teachers from the parents. In addition to letter grades, each report card has one space where the teacher must write a note to the parent and another space where the parent may respond. The teacher tells how the child is doing aside from his grades, where he needs improvement, and what his parents might do to help him. "Johnny," she might write, "has grown much more confident in his ability to do his schoolwork, particularly his reading. If you continue to encourage him and provide interesting books to read at home, he'll gain even more ground during the summer months."

But the other space, where the parents are free to comment, usually comes back blank. Less than one third of the parents of children in my class last year took the time or had the interest to jot down a note in reply. Do you wonder that teachers begin to suspect that parents regard them only as wardens?

We also have a parent-conference system in New Rochelle. Theoretically, this is an ideal system, for in this way the parent can learn privately and intimately about his child's particular problems and how they might be treated at home. Actually, very few parents seem interested in such a conference. Fewer than ten parents came in for a conference in my last school year and half of them came only when called. Most parents were just too busy to tend to their children's education.

The success of a conscientious mother provides a heartening example of how an interested parent can help her child. Her little girl, whom I'll call Louise, came to New Rochelle from a school which did not have quite so high standards. Consequently, Louise was behind in some important phases of her schoolwork, particularly arithmetic. Her mother might have ignored this problem and allowed Louise to shift for herself. You'd be pained at how many parents would do just that.

But Louise's mother dropped in to see me and we sat down to work out a program to help Louise catch up with the rest of the class. Every night for months, Louise and her mother worked for an hour or so on the catch-up work. It was hard and time-consuming toil. Louise didn't suddenly blossom into a genius, but she did catch up with the rest of the children and, because of her mother's interest, got much more out of school than merely a shelter in the winter.

Nothing, I think, would so help parents to develop an understanding of their children as the opportunity to spend some time, unobserved, in a classroom. There they'd see with candid reality the influence they have, and what they do at home has, on their offspring. They'd see the touching whimsey and unconscious humor of their children in a way that would inspire them to greater understanding. Not long before Washington's Birthday, our class spent an exhausting afternoon rushing through schoolwork, coloring wrapping paper for the backdrop for the Washington's Birthday program and hurtling through an energetic gym period. By the time the final bell rang, my third-graders were reeling from a delicious fatigue. Little Stephen struggled into his hat and coat and shuffled wearily toward the door. As he passed me, he looked up sleepily, threw his arms around me, and whispered, "G'night, mommy."

At that moment, I'm not sure his mommy could have been more touched than I was.

Another time I was trying to explain the difference between "Mrs." and "Miss" during a spelling class. I thought I'd seize the opportunity to explain that I am "Miss Donatelli" and not "Mrs. Donatelli"—a subtlety which sometimes escapes my students.

"Now, all your mothers are 'Mrs.' because that's what we call ladies who are married," I said. "But I'm not married and so I'm called 'Miss.'" I paused to let this sink in. Then, "Are there any questions?" That was a mistake.

Immediately one hand shot up and Suzy, with her cute Dutch bob and sparkling eyes, piped, "Miss Donatelli, why aren't you married?"

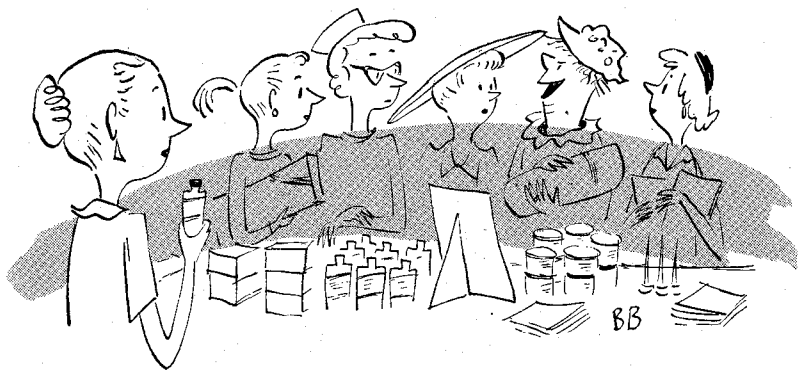
This, I'll admit, is an intriguing question which I seldom care to explore in the classroom. So I fell back on an old excuse. "Well, Suzy," I said carefully, "I can't cook, and I guess I can't get married until I learn."

That stopped her, thank goodness—at least until the following afternoon. Then she dropped a neatly wrapped package on my desk. Inside was a cookbook.

When you come right down to it, kids are wonderful people. And so are their parents—the thoughtful and understanding ones. The older sister of one of my little girls was stricken with a crippling disease some time ago and it became impossible to send her to public school. Her parents might have accepted this burden hopelessly and let the child wander uncertainly through life, protecting her instead of educating her. Instead they sought and found a school where she could learn despite her ailment. But at the time she started this school, which, of course, was somewhat expensive, her father was invalided with a heart attack and her mother was seriously burned in an accident.

The series of misfortunes might have profoundly discouraged and stymied many a parent. These parents quietly and without self-pity continued building the lives of their children while trying to piece their own world together again.

It's courage and understanding like this that makes me think that all parents should take a more vital and vigorous interest in their children's education. Schools and teachers can't do the job alone. As parents, you must be the strongest force in your child's education. Are you? THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Bains, a dowdy-looking woman with a penetrating voice, had barely joined the group of women around the cosmetics demonstrator in the big store when she started making critical comments. Starting with the outer row of spectators, she gradually pushed her way to the front, punctuating her passage with disapproving remarks. She explained to those nearest her just why she disliked beauty aids, what was wrong with the demonstrator's technique, and how completely useless such cosmetics were.

The demonstrator, maintaining a pleasant smile, ignored these all-too-audible comments until Mrs. Bains took advantage of a pause in her talk to announce loudly, "I never use stuff like that."

The demonstrator gave Mrs. Bains a quick glance that took in her wedding ring. Then, in a pleasant voice, she observed to those around her, "His second wife will."

Katherine Laure

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1920 This is U.S. 52 between Indianapolis and Lebanon after a heavy rain. Many times, trying to get through, cars bogged down and had to be hauled out by horses. The going wasn't good in dry weather, either. Deep ruts cost motorists a pretty penny in time and repairs. The "new" road more than justified its cost in time and money saved to everyone who used it!

Look what's happened to U. S. 52 in Indiana

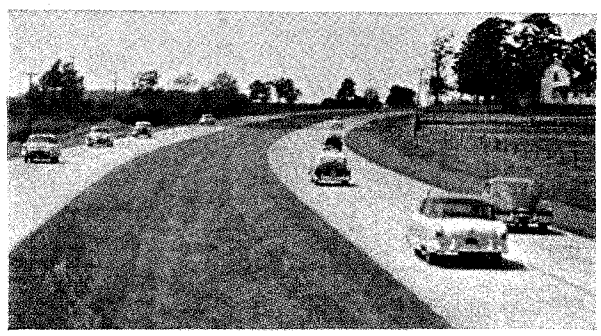
M. W. "Skiv" Cameron has used this road for years. He has seen traffic and cars change a lot. The road has changed, too, but—

Skiv Cameron, who has driven over one-half million miles on Indiana highways, first traveled on U.S. 52 when it was a dirt road. That was many years ago when cars were slower and fewer. Since then, there's been a tremendous increase in their speed and number and Skiv Cameron will tell you that many sections of U.S. 52 today just aren't adequate to handle them safely.

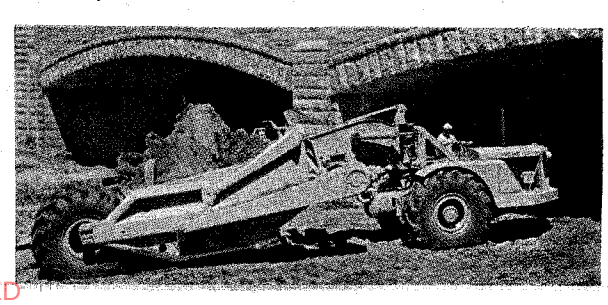
Like Skiv Cameron, Indiana's State Highway authorities are well aware of this. They have developed a full-scale program to provide safe, adequate roads throughout Indiana for today and the future. This program promises great benefits to everybody in the state—but it will cost money. How this money will be raised is a problem that the people of the state are facing today.

The passage of the Federal Aid Bill, helpful as it is, still leaves Indiana and other states with financing problems that can be solved only by the taxpayers' support. How *you* can help *your* state is outlined in the free booklet, "Road Block." For a copy, write to Caterpillar Tractor Co., Dept. 8, Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

1956 This is U.S. 52 today in the same vicinity. At the time it was "new," it could easily and safely handle all the cars that traveled it. But not today—ask Skiv Cameron and others who use it! Indiana's excellent State Highway Department has complete plans for the modern construction that is needed here and throughout the state for safe, adequate motoring conditions.



195? This is the type of road planned to replace today's U.S. 52 here—a modern four-lane limited access highway. There's far more than meets the eye in building such a highway. Among other things, it takes aerial surveys, blueprints, and acquisition of property *before* actual construction. Good roads like this cost money, but they save far more than they cost in time, lives and cash!



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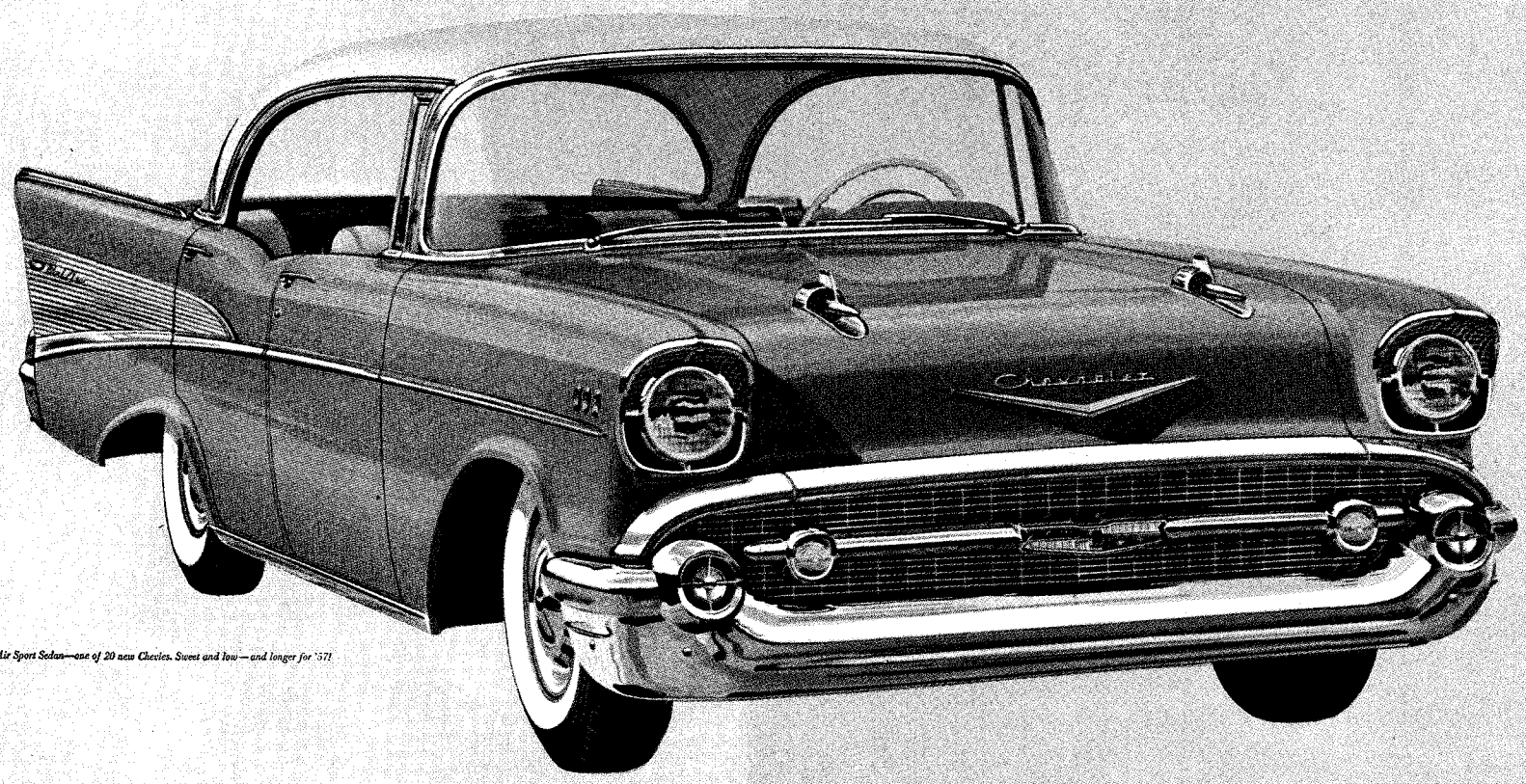
Read this 1957 Chevrolet Announcement Advertisement on pages 8 - 9 of this issue of the Saturday Evening Post.



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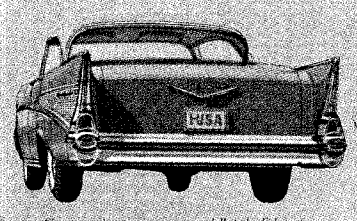

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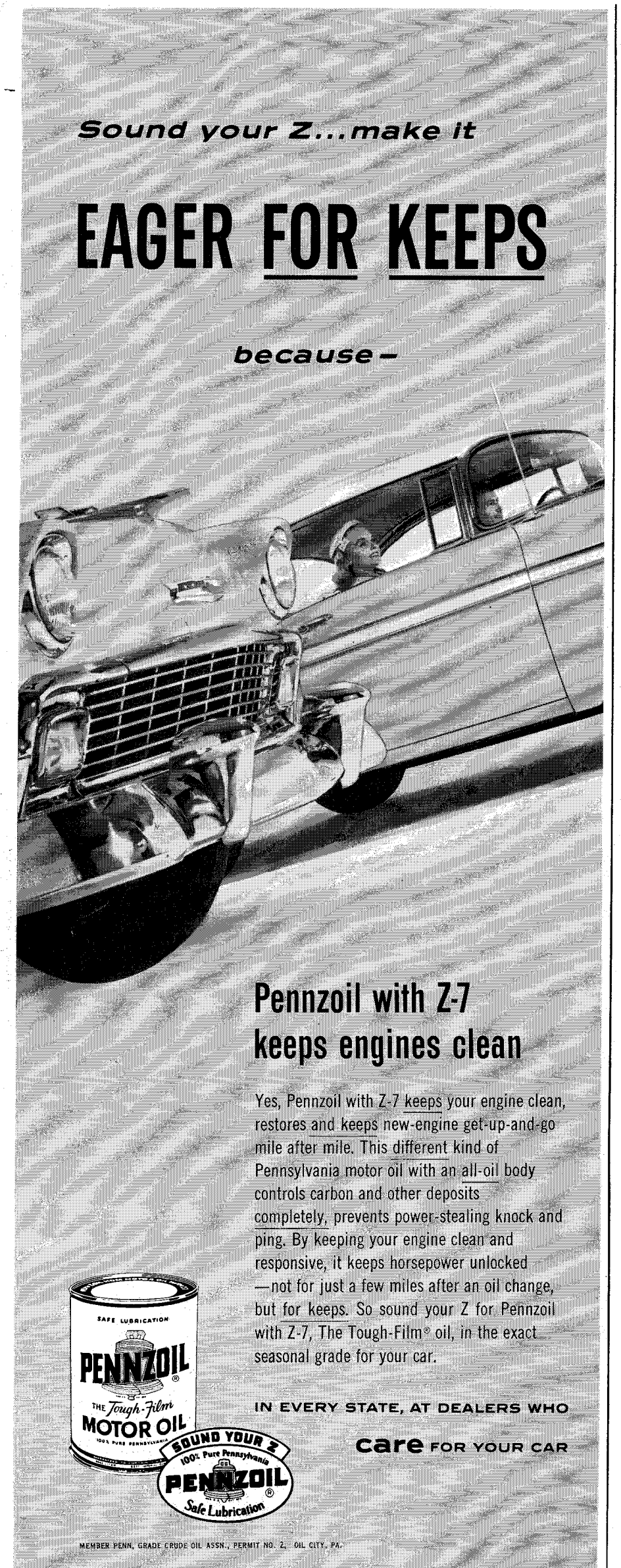
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The Secret of Shining Brook

(Continued from Page 24)

She furrowed her brows and studied his face, his bronzed skin, his sun-bleached hair. "You," she said, "have the look of an engineer who has been stationed in some place that is hot and dry."

"That," he said, "could be a sharp deduction—or you could know where I came from."

"I am a very shrewd deducer," she said with a little smile. "I assure you that I never saw you before, never heard of you before, and that I am not, as you seem to suspect, an emissary of someone unfriendly to you. My concern is strictly with myself and my own problem."

"Which is?" he asked.

"Complex," she told him.

"So," he said, "you followed me up in the elevator, and here you are. Proposing, I take it, to make some use of me. If all you say is true, if you're not, as you put it, an emissary, why pick on me?"

"Because," she said, "I liked your looks."

"Meaning," he said sardonically, "that I have the outward appearance of a fall guy."

"Meaning," she answered steadily, "that you have the appearance of a gentleman—and of a man who wouldn't scream if a mouse scampered across the room."

"Somebody is always thinking up something new," he said. "I'm familiar with most of the old ones. There's the badger game, but unless you're interested in small change, it wouldn't be that."

She opened her handbag and exhibited a thick sheaf of currency. "It wouldn't be small change," she said.

He studied her sharply, looking for telltale flaws. There were none. In dress, in manner, she was out of the top drawer.

"None of the normal possibilities seem to fit. So it must be something abnormal. Of course, I could toss you out or telephone for the house detective."

"You'll do neither," she said with a confident little smile.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Curiosity," she told him.

"Grant that," he said. "Suppose I remain inert. I just sit and look at you—which is an agreeable occupation. What comes next?"

She looked at her watch. "You might order some lunch," she suggested.

"This," he said, "is a very respectable hotel. We are in a single bedroom where I am registered alone. So a waiter brings food for two and finds me entertaining a young woman. So Security descends on us. They would be severe."

"You should," she said, frowning, "have taken a suite."

"My salary," he said, "doesn't encourage lavishness." A thought came to him. "Did a little, wizened, pink-haired bird send you up here?" Hawks might be capable of such a caper.

She shook her head vigorously. "No one sent me," she said.

"Up to now, it's been amusing," Butts said more seriously. "Life was dull and unpromising at the moment. But too much is enough. Let's get down to brass tacks. What am I supposed to fall for?"

"I want to stay in your room," she said.

"A hide-out?"

"If you like—a hide-out," she said.

"And what else?"

"I'd be obliged," she said, "if you would get my bag from the checkroom."

"Is the swag in it?" he asked, smiling broadly.

"Necessary toilet articles and clothes are in it," she said.

"And then what?"

"I haven't thought past that point yet," she answered.

"If I'm to pull chestnuts out of the fire," he said, "you might describe the chestnuts. By the way, are the cops after you?"

"Not yet, I think."

"Who is after you?" he asked.

"A man," she answered.

"Husband?" he inquired.

"I have no husband."

"And what would this man do if he caught up with you?"

"He might," she said, "be very rough."

"Have you committed a crime?" he demanded.

She frowned and considered. "Technically, possibly. I don't think so. It's not that that worries me."

Archimedes Bolivar Butts was not inexperienced in intrigue, especially in the intrigue of the Near East, which is the most stealthy kind. He recognized that sort of thing when he saw it, and his curiosity was now definitely quickened. He did not know how many of the scanty disclosures this young woman had made to him were truth, but there was a pattern visible. He himself might be woven into that pattern, and the affairs of Mr. William Makepeace Hawks. Or it might be, as this girl stated so firmly, that he had been drawn (*Continued on Page 96*)

"Oh . . . sorry."

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(*Continued from Page 94*) from a hat by chance—by a hand clutching at straws. He blinked at her thoughtfully.

"Have you thought past the place where I get your bag from the checkroom?" he asked.

"You're not married?" she said, eying him slantwise.

"No," he answered. "Does that question lead up to a proposal?"

Her lovely eyes twinkled. "A wife-in-name-only sort of thing," she said. "The idea just popped up."

"Expand it," he directed.

"The use of your name on a ticket."

"What kind of ticket?"

"Airplane," she answered.

He laughed aloud. "You don't know what you'd be letting yourself in for," he told her. "You say you don't know my name."

"No," she said.

"Archimedes Bolivar Butts," he said.

"Not really!" she exclaimed.

"So recorded in vital statistics."

"It gives a girl to pause." She shrugged. "I'm not exactly in a position to be choosy about names. What I'm considering is for you to buy a ticket for your wife-in-name-only on a flight to Toronto." She looked up at him. "The ticket office may be watched."

"A thing like that might get a lad in hot water—like accessory after the fact. Or abetting a fugitive from justice."

"Or a suit for breach of promise," she smiled.

"Naturally," he said, "you are not telling me your name."

"Oh, naturally," she agreed. And then, "Of course, I'm not asking you to pay for the ticket."

She held out folding currency. After a moment, he accepted it. "After I've retrieved your baggage," he asked, "and bought your transportation, what other plans have you for me?"

"Few, if any," she said. "You'll have done your good deed for the day."

It was contrary to all his training, all his experience. It violated his instinctive wariness and common sense. But as he studied her pert face, its evidences of breeding—and her appealing loveliness—he did what young men have been doing for ten thousand years.

"Every man," he said, "is entitled to make a damn fool of himself once. I'm making a bet that I'm a superb judge of character. And Sir Galahad didn't do so bad for himself."

He was surprised at himself as he closed the door and walked to the elevator. He was rather ashamed of himself, but some instinct reassured him. This girl might be in a jam; she might be sought by the police; she might even be in personal danger. But he could not make himself believe that she had arrived at such a pass because of any evil conduct of her own.

He shrugged. *If I'm gullible, then I'm gullible,* he said to himself.

He walked to the office of the airline and bought her transportation to Toronto. On his return to the hotel, he presented her check and retrieved her bag, which he carried up to his room. He unlocked the door, and there she sat, demure, not impatient, charming. He could not but think how pleasant it would be to come back every day to such a girl as she seemed to be. He placed the bag on the floor, handed her the ticket and her change.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Starved."

"So I'll be resourceful," he said smilingly. "No waiters, no house detectives. We'll picnic. I'll go down for sandwiches and what not. All right?"

"Splendid," she said.

He went out again—to a drugstore, where he bought sandwiches, cartons of coffee and cakes. With these he made his way through the lobby again and up to the room. He unlocked the door and entered. There was no one in the room.

His eyes traveled to the desk under the window. On its top was his brief case, not closed as he had left it, but open, its contents spilling out with what seemed like a gesture of defiance. He strode across the room. On top of his disordered papers was a piece of hotel stationery on which was bold handwriting. It said:

My dear Mr. Butts: You will make some girl an indulgent husband.

There was no signature, but only a squiggle, a hieroglyph which looked like a childish drawing of a pair of boots.

Archimedes Butts, feeling rather like a fool, repacked his brief case. There had been nothing in it in the nature of information of value to anyone. He considered briefly the advisability of telephoning Hawks, but decided against it. Without putting on his hat, he went down to the newsstand for an evening paper—and the news, to an oilman, was sensational. J. A. Baldwin, stormy president of Gandolin Oil, had been found a suicide in the library of his Long Island home.

This ended the fight for control of that company which had been in the news for weeks. It had been a spectacular battle for proxies, instituted and carried on by a flamboyant gentleman named Lucas Montfort. The battle had been waged bitterly, as both sides filled the papers with full-page ads, pleading for proxies. Now old J.A. was dead, a legendary figure who had climbed from the bottom. He had been a roustabout in Texas, a tool pusher, and there remained calluses on his hands which no manicure could remove.

Butts returned to his room, and this time did not hesitate to telephone Hawks. After some delay, he was put through to the president of Trans-Oceanic.

"Does this news," he asked, "alter your plans for me?"

"It hustles 'em up," snapped Hawks. "You high-tail it for Calgary. No loafing around New York."

"I can't get a plane before tomorrow," Butts answered.

"The devil you can't! By the time you can get to Idlewild a company plane'll be warmed up and waiting." There was a moment's pause, and then the old man's voice crackled, "If you're sap enough to think that ol' cigar-eating, thick-skinned, leather-souled pirate knocked himself off, then you ain't got the sense God gave geese. D'ye know, blast ye, that Gandolin owns a twenty per cent interest in Shining Brook Field, where you're heading?"

"I didn't know," Butts answered. "Who, besides yourself, knows I'm here and where I'm going?"

"Nobody. It was under my hat."

"Wrong," Butts answered. "Somebody knows, and you'd better look for leaks."

He hung up the receiver, closed his bags and, without waiting for a bellboy, carried them to the elevators. In a matter of minutes a taxicab was carrying him through New York traffic to Long Island and Idlewild. When he arrived, the plane was fueled and ready for the take-off for Toronto. It was a comfortable flight from Toronto to Calgary, giving ample time for reflection. He was on a blind assignment in an area with which he was unfamiliar, and among men he never had seen. He did not know what he was looking for, but he did know he was working for a man who demanded results.

On his arrival he was driven over muddy, torn-up roads of a city that suddenly had outgrown itself, and almost overnight was leaving behind the serene days when it had been a pleasant, almost a frontier, town, to become a metropolis excited by growing pains. There was construction everywhere, and there was also mud, because the area had been tormented by excessive rains. If, he thought, rains could be so troublesome to an urban area, what havoc had they wrought in the almost roadless wilderness that was the new Shining Brook Field which was his destination? Certainly it was a radical change from the deserts of the Near East.

He reported in at the Calgary office, where, after meeting members of the staff, he was told that a company plane was flying to Edmonton and that there would be a seat for him. He enjoyed the flight over green, flat, lake-dotted farmlands. They passed over oil derricks and installations, all active in bringing prosperity to Alberta and oil for the lamps of America. There he reported to the district superintendent, Reese, a large, pleasant man, who seemed easygoing until he cross-examined Butts as to his history and experience, when he showed himself keen, efficient and enthusiastic.

"Glad you're here, Butts. We're shorthanded." He grinned. "You'll find it a different game here than in the Near East. I hear you fellows out there consider a well that doesn't produce a couple of thousand barrels a day a dry hole. Out there you fry all the time; here we have a dandy variety of weather from ninety above to forty below. And rain! And muskeg! You've never met muskeg, have you?"

"Never encountered it," Butts replied.

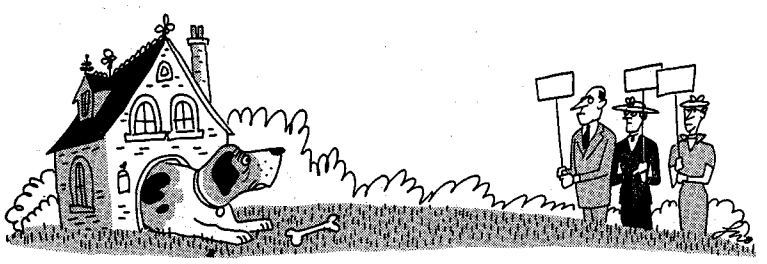
"There's been a hex on this field," Reese said disgustedly. "Rain. Mud up to your ears. What roads there are have been impassable. We came to a standstill for five or six weeks. Rigs shut down—and a rig standing idle costs six hundred dollars a day! This area is practically roadless. We've got to build them. For weeks on end, road-building machinery couldn't budge." He frowned. "And there have been smaller things."

"Such as?" Butts asked.

"Things you can't account for," Reese said noncommittally. "Maybe a streak of bad luck. We'll run you out to the field, Butts. You'll find a good crowd. Report to field superintendent Riggs. He'll be expecting you."

Butts' knowledge of Canada—of the province of Alberta specifically—had been all but nonexistent. In a vague way he had thought of that vast territory in terms of the Hudson's Bay Company, of Northwest Mounted Police in romantic uniforms, of *voyageurs* in fleets of canoes bringing in cargoes of precious furs. He had pictured Calgary as a frontier village, and Edmonton, the capital, as an outpost of civilization. Instead, he found two flourishing and expanding modern cities. He found solid and optimistic prosperity, splendid farmlands expertly cultivated. But with it all he found an enthusiasm that can exist only with an expanding frontier.

In Edmonton he was on the edge of things. Beyond it was the tremendous expanse of the northwest, primitive, almost untouched, (*Continued on Page 98*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

In erecting their super ranch house at exclusive Kismet Acres, the Van Pesters carefully complied with the building requirements of the Kismet Development Association. But when they moved in they realized that they had no place for Homer, their enormous St. Bernard dog. So they had the contractor build Homer a handsome doghouse of leftover bricks. It measured seven by five by five feet, and even had a miniature chimney. Officials of the Kismet Development Association promptly protested the "eyesore." When the Van Pesters refused to pull it down, the association went to court.

"The building rules say no structure may be put up without our consent, and that fancy doghouse was certainly built without our consent," the officials said. "So we are entitled to a court order for its removal."

"What is home without a dog?" the Van Pesters countered. "The rules obviously apply to residences and garages. It is ridiculous to try to stretch them to include a doghouse. Kindly leave Homer's house undisturbed."

If you were the judge, would you let Homer continue to live in his dog mansion?

• •

Homer and his owners lost. The court said that while a small portable doghouse would not be covered by the rules, Homer's mansion was of such permanent and substantial "size and construction" that the rules applied to it.

Based upon a 1946 New York decision.

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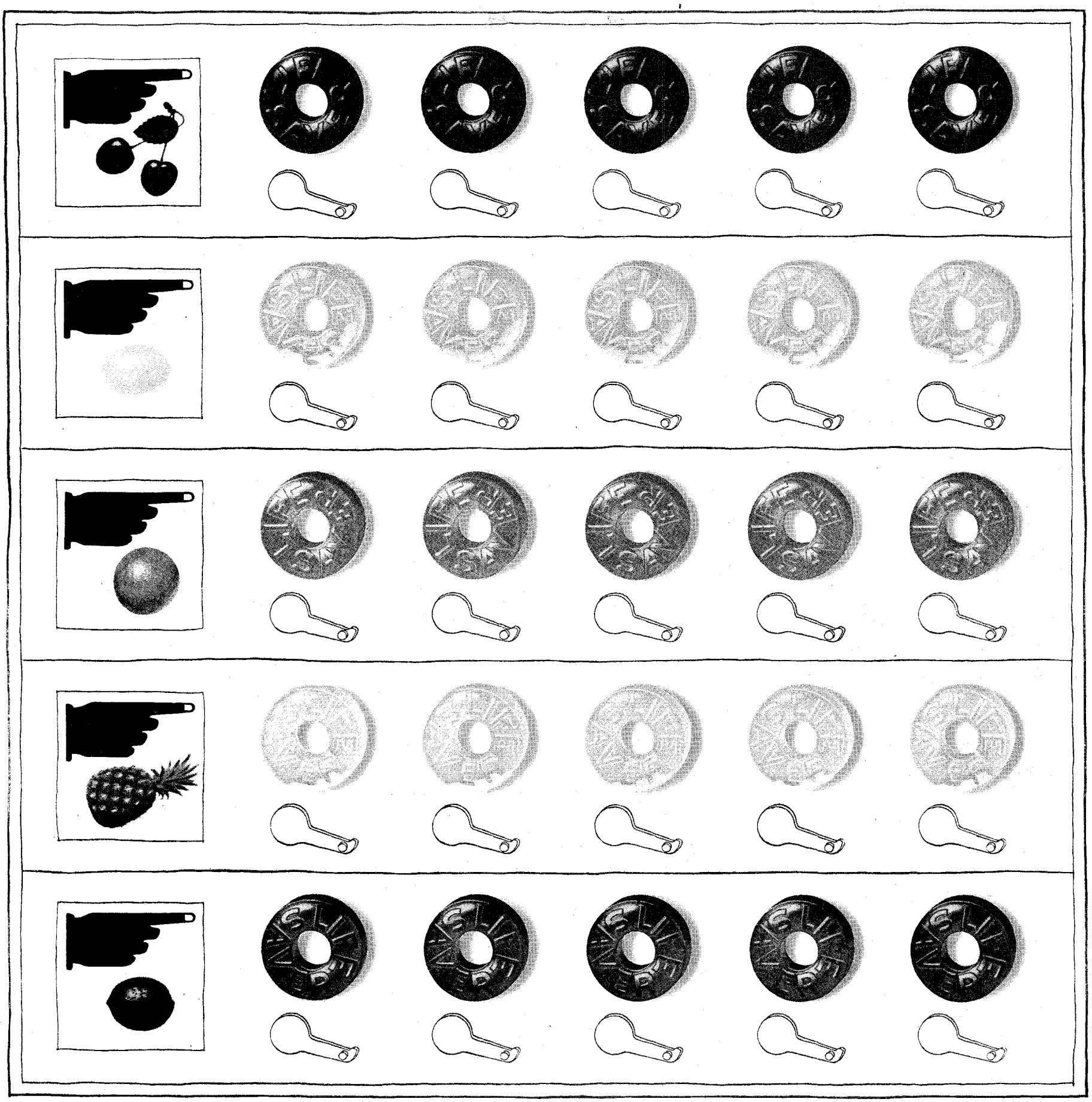

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(*Continued from Page 96*) but with alluring possibilities. He was at the jumping-off place. A short airplane jump to the north was the fastness of the Peace River district and, beyond, the Arctic Ocean. Edmonton was the prow of civilization pushing forward into a primitive sea. Forests, plains, mountains, great expanses of treacherous muskeg, as yet unconquered, reached to the west and the northwest—unconquered but conquerable. It would be conquered because beneath its surface was oil. No man knew how much oil. But where oil was, there men would go, and riches would be sucked from the bowels of the earth, and cities would arise.

After hours of driving they came to a town that had been a lackluster, remote hamlet. It roared with activity. Earth was flying as foundations were installed. Town lots had enriched their astonished owners. The walls of a hotel were rising, and there were the to-be-expected hangers-on of a boom town—dance halls, saloons—where roustabouts and tool pushers and cat skinners might disport themselves and be preyed upon. It was the town of Shining Brook, which would be lusty, noisy, rude, crude and raucous until the first fever wore off and order suppressed lawlessness.

Here the car turned to the right, and ten miles beyond came to a clearing some ten acres in extent. There was a surfaced parking space surrounded by a low white rail, and beyond, the gleaming aluminum walls of a tiny village of trailers, demounted and set on foundations. Facing the road was an old frame house, converted into a sort of club for the staff. Almost touching it was the cookhouse. To the left were half a dozen trailers in a neat line where lived the married men and their wives. Aligned at the right were more trailers, the offices and drafting rooms, and beyond them more trailers, where the bachelors made their homes. Across an expanse of mud was the stub of a capped well, and a tank, and off at a considerable distance was another cluster of trailers, and of shacks, where were segregated the contractors and their employees. It was a desolate, uninviting spot enclosed by small timber and undergrowth.

Field superintendent Riggs, a lean man with aquiline features, came out of his office with a cordially extended hand. "You're tarnation welcome," he said with a Yankee twang. "You've missed a picnic. For weeks all we've done is sit and listen to the rain and grow webbed feet. I got so continental sick of the sight of every face in this camp," he grinned, "that I pulled my head under the blankets. Come along and stow your stuff. I'm putting you in with Lumpy Sawyer. He's transportation foreman, and if he annoys you with his blasted guitar, put your foot through it. By any chance, are you a witch doctor?"

"Not a practicing one. Why?"

"We need a slight touch of incantation to abolish our hex," Riggs said.

They stowed Butts' impedimenta in the trailer where he was to live, and then Riggs paraded him from office to office, introducing him to the men who were to be his companions, perhaps for months to come. At the evening meal the horseshoe-shaped table in the cookhouse was crowded because of the arrival of a seismic party which had been waiting for the ground to dry out sufficiently for them to start their electronic exploration. The air was filled with shop talk. A scrap of conversation from the wing of the table across the slot caught Butts' attention.

"Another fishing job," a young man was saying to his companion testily. "I don't see how Grainger does it."

"Not busting off more teeth from the bit!" his companion exclaimed.

"Again!"

"Too much speed?"

"He says not. He can't account for it."

The other young man shrugged. "It's the hex," he said resignedly.

Part of this was clear to Butts. If a tooth was broken from the bit, rotating far underground as it drilled its way deeper, it meant a stoppage of the operation until the fragment of metal could be fished for and brought to the surface.

"I suggest," Riggs said to Butts, "that you go out with the seismic party for a few days. Give you the feel of things. Sort of acclimate yourself to the field."

"Right," Butts said.

They walked the few steps to the old farmhouse, which was by no means luxuriously furnished. It did, however, supply a welcome place for the staff to get away from the cramped quarters of their trailers, to play cards, to lounge, to talk in the evenings. They seated themselves and lighted pipes. Riggs grinned a friendly grin.

"I never," he said, "got such quick action when I asked for a man. How come?"

... ...

Financial Autobiography

Mine can be put so briefly
that
I'll only need to preface it:
"My days were much the
same;
Another day, another
deficit."

By Tom Talman

Butts shrugged. "I was available," he said.

"How long were you in the Near East?"

"Three years."

"How long back?"

"Four days."

"Kept you on the move, didn't they? What was your job out there?"

"Petroleum engineer's department," Butts answered.

Riggs sucked on his pipe and squinted at the floor. "So you have three years' experience in the Near East. Petroleum engineer. So they jerk you back to America and send you up here in a sweat to take a job as mud engineer at a mud engineer's salary. Frankly, chum, my nose twitches."

"You'll find me competent," Butts said.

"I'll bet I will. I've heard yarns about William Makepeace Hawks. . . . Now you see him and now you don't! From all accounts, his hand is quicker than the eye. Um-m. . . . You've been traveling so fast you probably haven't heard the news." Riggs' bright eyes twinkled.

"What news is that?"

"Superheated hell's popping in the petroleum industry," Riggs said. "Old J. A. Baldwin, of Gandolin Oil—buddy of Hawks, I hear—was hustled off to meet his Maker."

"So?" Butts said.

"First reports said suicide," Riggs went on. "Last report says murder."

"Shocking," said Butts.

"Shining Brook is a long way from New York," Riggs said, "so it doesn't concern us. We got no worries but rain and mud and breakdown of transportation, and rigs standing idle and shortages of casing and mired equipment and teeth getting knocked out of bits and a general hex on everything. So, Mr. Butts, win, lose or draw, you're as welcome as mosquito netting in fly time."

There came an interruption. Knuckles battered the door, and Riggs shouted, "Come in!" A tall man, extraordinarily handsome, stepped across the threshold.

"I'm looking for a man named Riggs," he said.

"You're seeing him," Riggs said shortly.

"I'm Leon Moffitt, of Gandolin," said the newcomer.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Moffitt, at this time of night?" Riggs asked.

"I've been sent out to take a look at the field," Moffitt said.

"Nobody told me you were coming," Riggs said.

"Nobody told anyone I was coming," Moffitt answered. "I like it better that way."

"Your name hasn't traveled my way," Riggs said shortly. "I presume you have credentials?"

"Plenty," Moffitt said.

"It might have been a good idea to give us an hour's notice, so you wouldn't have to use a sleeping bag under a birch tree. We've an extra gang in and not a vacant bed."

"I'm a provident fellow," Moffitt said with a not unpleasant smile. "I gaffled onto a trailer in Edmonton. If you'll just show my man where to park it. I won't be bothering you—except for meals, which won't put you out. I like to work on my own."

Archimedes Butts was staring at the man. His face was one he had seen somewhere before, briefly. He closed his eyes for a second, visualizing, and he remembered when and where. The man had been standing near the elevators in his New York hotel when he had come down from his room to buy air transportation for the young woman who had intruded on his privacy, searched his baggage—and vanished.

"Right," Riggs said. "Glad to afford every facility. Come along and we'll get your trailer located. By the way, Mr. Moffitt, this is Mr. Butts, our mud engineer."

"Delighted," Moffitt said, extending his hand. "Be seeing you around."

With plenty of fuel for thought, Archimedes Butts walked to the line of bachelors' trailers, where he stood for a moment while the driver maneuvered Moffitt's portable house into place. Inside his own trailer he could hear the strumming of a guitar. He opened the door to see an inordinately long and muscular young man lolling on one of the bunks, his musical instrument on his stomach. Immediately Butts recognized the aptness of the nickname, for the musician was indeed lumpy as to features. It was a broad, guileless face that looked up at him. The nose was a lump. There were lumps of muscle at the corners of the jaw; there were two lumps over the eyes, which were bland and gentle.

"Howdy, partner," Lumpy Sawyer said without rising, but extending an enormous paw. "Got in late. I was coming over to meet you, but the boys said you were jawing with Riggs." He waved his great hand hospitably. "Everything I have is yours, even to the half of my kingdom." He shut his eyes and strummed a couple of chords. "I'm not very bright," he said placidly, "but I'm bull strong. I'm good-natured as a baby elephant, and it might come in handy."

Butts grinned. He liked his housemate at first sight.

"Why," he asked, "should a Sandow come in handy for me?"

"Archimedes Bolivar Butts, aren't you?"

"Yes, but don't let it get around. Mostly I'm called Archy."

"Got a brother in Abadan," Lumpy said. "Darnedest letter writer you ever saw. So I got full particulars. Yup. Names, dates and places."

"Blackie Sawyer's brother, eh?"

"The way he tells it, little things happen when you show up in a place, like maybe earthquakes, or riots, or convulsions of nature organized by man. His idea, privately stated to me, is that you're quite a feller."

Archy Butts was disturbed. If his reputation had preceded him across continents and oceans to this remote spot, it would be hampering, not to say frustrating. Lumpy's big blue eyes, for all their expression of guilelessness, were not dull. He grinned.

"Blackie's letters to me are what you might call pers'nal and confidential. We're a gabby family, but when it comes to broadcastin' private information we're plumb taciturn. I wouldn't even have told you, but it seemed like a good notion. Like my muscles, it might come in handy to you to know you got a fan in these bleachers."

"If," Archy said, "you resemble Blackie, you got more than thews and sinews."

"Oh, he's the bright one of the family," Lumpy said, and strummed some more chords. "Now take us Sawyers—we were born in sight of Brooklyn Bridge. So we know 'em when we see 'em."

"Whom do you know?" Archy asked.

"Torpedoes, as they used to call them around Mulberry Bend."

"Leading up to what?" Archy asked.

"To the new, sumptuous, ornate trailer that just parked adjacent. The VIP I didn't catalogue. The driver's a dog. But the one that's said to be a secretary sticks out like a porcupine quill in a hound's nose. The kind of typewriter he's expert at don't have letters on it."

"So?" Archy raised his brows. "Mr. Moffitt arrives complete with bodyguard!"

"Maybe this Moffitt's awed by wildlife," Lumpy said.

"Could be."

"You like music—like out of a guitar?" Lumpy asked eagerly.

"Me," said Archy, "I'm a fist with a harmonica."

Lumpy rolled his eyes to heaven. "I knew leadin' a life of virtue would fetch its reward! Break it out and leave us wake up the welkin." He stopped and raised on his elbow. "Say," he said, "what in tunket is a welkin?"

"It's a thing that rings like a bell," Archy said, "but what shape it is I don't know." He searched in a smaller bag and brought out his mouth organ. "What do you run to," he asked, "Chopin or boogiewoogie?"

"My art," Lumpy said earnestly, "is universal. Leave us start easy with that one about fringes on top of the buggy."

They played it softly, experimentally. Lumpy was blissful. "Man, oh, man!" he exclaimed. "Culture's come to Shining Brook! We're a team. We're more'n a team, we're a whole doggoned troupe. Leave us strip to the waist and play till the break of dawn."

"Maybe tomorrow night, chum. I've been flying since Hector was a pup, and I've got to hit the deck before the rooster crows. Me for the hay."

"Good enough," said Lumpy agreeably. He yawned and stretched. "Life, from this date, takes on a new and roseate meaning. Dang it, Archy, seems like I'd almost rather have you for a roommate than that movie gal with the sarong! Gosh, what a wonderful world! Your coming brings music and trouble. What more can a reasonable guy ask?" (*Continued on Page 100*)

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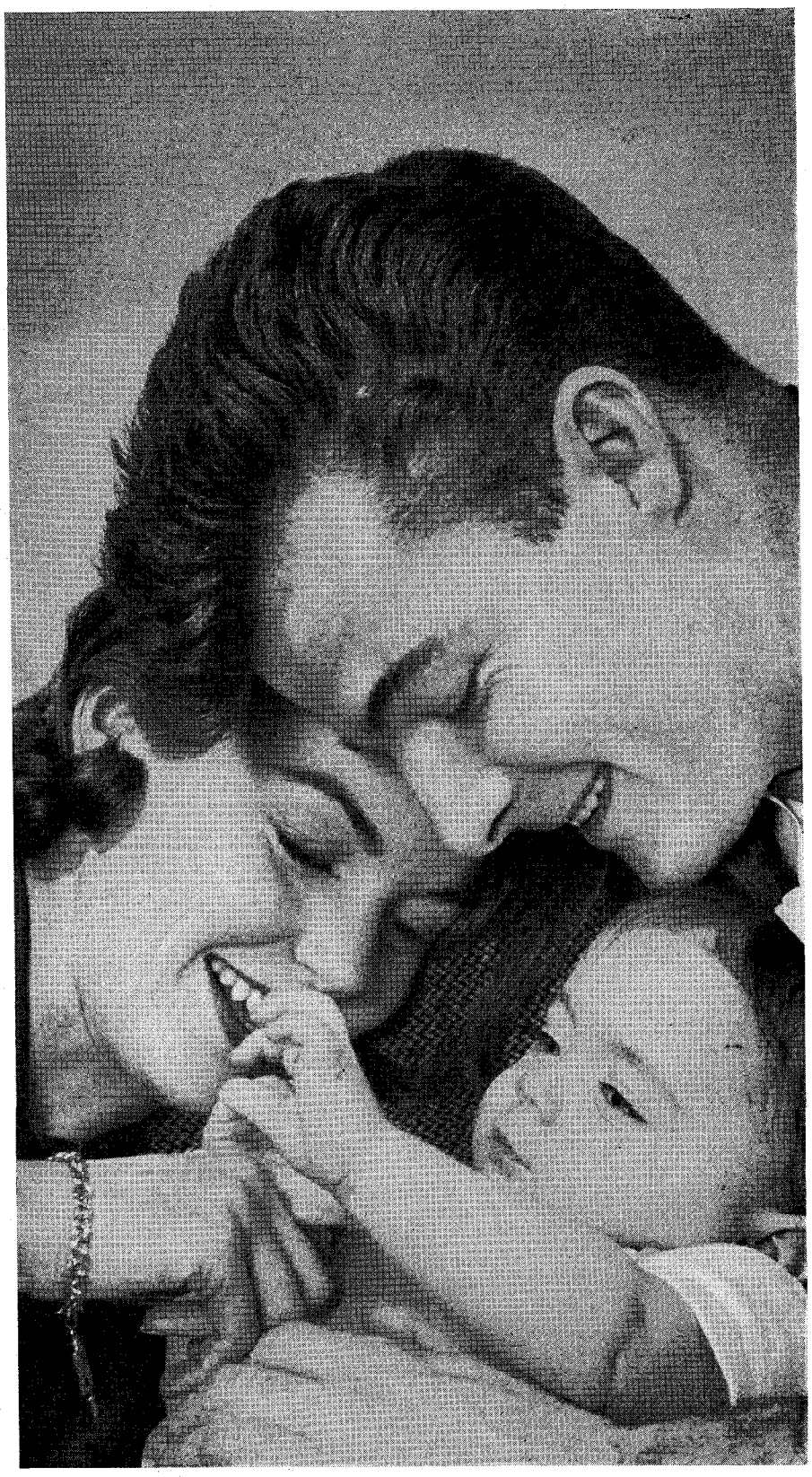

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(*Continued from Page 98*) There was a procession of vehicles that set out at dawn to carry the doodlebuggers into the wilderness, some on tracks and some on wheels. Leading the way was a gigantic, yellow bulldozer which lurched ahead remorselessly, irresistibly, controlled by the muscles of a bronzed operator. It was followed by a passenger car into which were crowded the party chief, Archy Butts, the chief computer and two assistants. Behind it lurched the recording truck, in whose interior was an intricate array of electronic recording instruments. Jolting along behind it was the reel truck, whose cargo was spools of cables which would connect the detectors with the recording instruments. Then came the shooting truck with its explosives, and a pickup in which rode the surveyor, rodman and scout, and, on its tail, two shot-hole-drilling rigs, each with driller and two helpers. The rear guard consisted of the water truck and a cook truck.

The steel-skeleton towers of the rigs were hinged to lie back on their sides, to be raised to the perpendicular when they arrived at the spot where the shot hole was to be drilled.

The search for oil no longer was the haphazard, guesswork drilling of old. The wizardry of the divining rod had been replaced by the scientific recordings of the seismograph. Before the coming of the doodlebuggers the terrain had been photographed from the air, and its surface had been mapped by surveyors. Now came the scientists to pry into the secrets of subsurface formations and contours and to record what lay hundreds or thousands of feet below the surface by recording the shock waves bouncing back from explosions set off in the shot holes to geophones, or "jugs," set on the surface of the ground. The result is a record on a paper tape some six inches wide and feet in length which resembles the recordings of an earthquake in some seismographic laboratory, except that it is multiple instead of being one pulsating line. The result is then translated into a subsurface contour map by the knowing eyes of trained computers.

The caravan made fair progress for some miles, because a broad road was under construction. Earth-moving machinery—huge tractors—were hustling and jostling the soil into a highway which would run, hard and impervious to rains or snows, back into the heart of the field. In this initial stage of construction it was all but impassable to ordinary vehicles, but the doodlebuggers faced much worse ahead when they left all vestiges of roadway behind and chewed their way into the wilderness. A couple of scrabbling, frontier farms were passed, and four or five miles from the point where the new road joined the hard-surfaced highway there squatted on a corner a structure, weather-beaten, dingy, every line out of plumb, which was the Pansy Grove store, owned and operated by Mrs. Violet Magin and her husband, locally referred to as Mr. Violet Magin.

One shaggy pony stood with head down and reins dragging. The Magins stood on the stoop and peered at the caravan without great interest, and beside them, leaning against a post, was a small figure in threadbare denim pants and battered felt hat, which might have been a boy or might have been a girl.

"You got to know the Magins," said Morton, the party chief. "They're people."

The expedition lurched and snorted and pushed its way to the end of road construction, and then, following the bulldozer, it lunged into the sparse woods, dry enough for the first time in weeks to support its weight. The bulldozer was a juggernaut, plowing ahead with grim inexorability. Undergrowth was flung aside, small trees were uprooted as it gouged a path for the caravan to follow. This was, indeed, pioneering, but pioneering with power and with mechanisms undreamed of by those who had conquered the West with covered wagons. On a beeline the 'dozer operator guided his monster, veering from its course but once to avoid an area of muskeg—that treacherous surface moss floating upon unplumbed depths of semiliquid. It was Archy Butts' first sight of this enemy to travel and transportation in the northwest, traversable only in winter, when subzero temperatures froze it to solidity.

Archy's mind flicked back to the grubby little store and the trio who had watched from its front stoop. "What about these Magins?" he asked. "What makes them people?"

Morton grinned. "Ride over there some evening and find out," he said. "They like company. If you're stuck for a fact and no reference books at hand, apply to Mr. Violet Magin. Provided what you want to know falls in the space between 'A' to 'Annuity' and 'Sarno' to 'Spiraea.' I understand he finished 'Spiraea' last week."

"What in blazes are you talking about?" Butts asked.

"Winters are long up here," Morton told him, "and the store is more or less isolated. So Mr. Violet leans heavy on the encyclopedia. Reads it. Reads practically nothing else. He's darn near committed it to memory—up to a point. It's news around here that last week he finished Volume Sarno to Spiraea."

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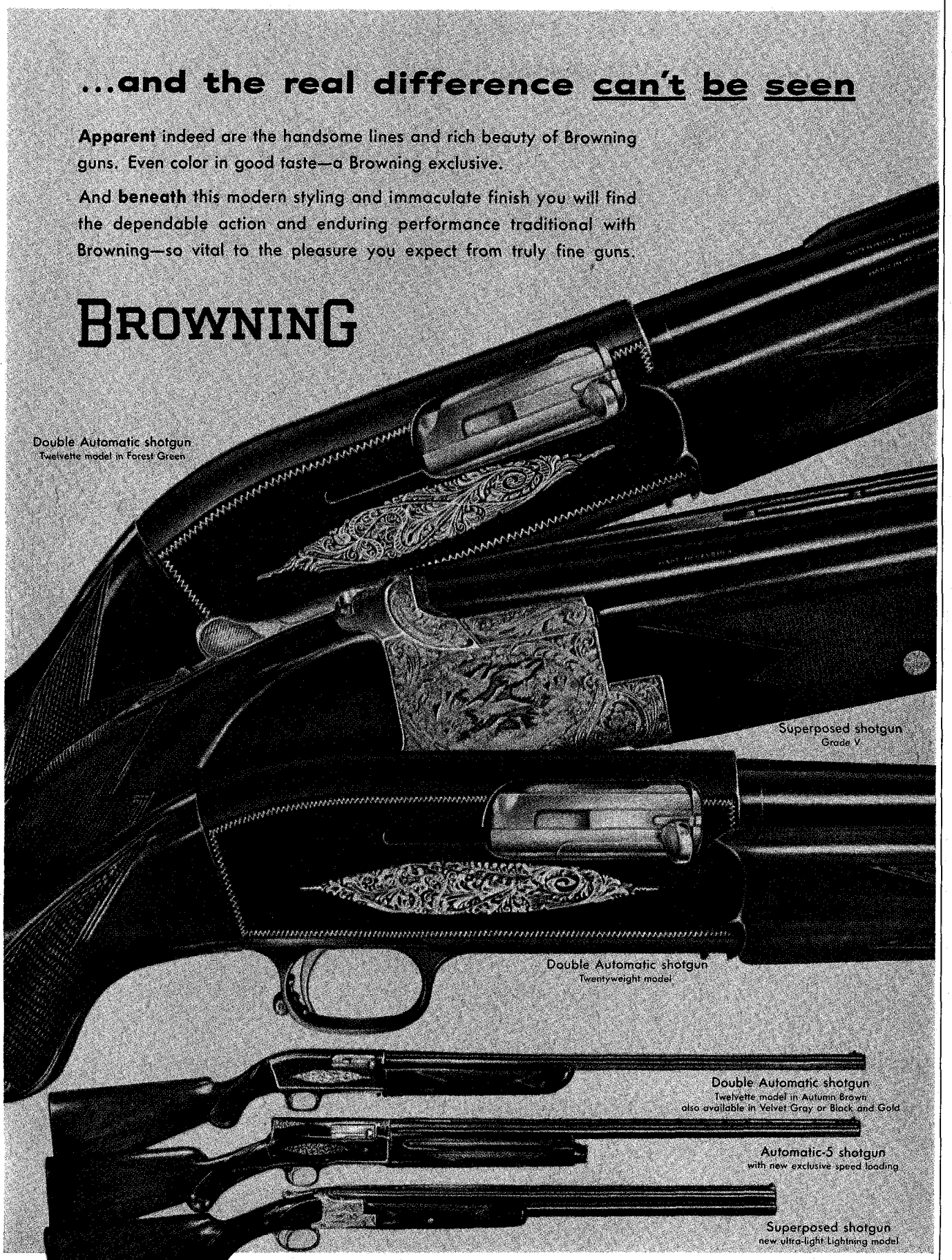

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Archy grunted. "And Mrs. Magin?" he asked.

"She runs the store. She runs her husband. She dispenses justice, high, middle and low. Unofficially, of course. And she whittles."

"She what?"

"Whittles, like with a jackknife," Morton said. "If all her shavings were heaped in a pile, they'd top Mt. McKinley."

"Was that their kid?" Archy asked.

"Not theirs. Never saw it before."

They relapsed into silence, jarring and jolting and lurching in the wake of the 'dozer, and their progress that day was measured in rods rather than miles.

It was nightfall before they reached the spot on the map where the shot hole was to be drilled. By early daylight the drilling rig was raised to the perpendicular and the tool commenced to bite its way into the earth. Jug hustlers placed the geophones in position at spaced intervals; other men ran cables from these detectors to the recording truck. The shooter and his helper made ready their explosive to lower it into the shot hole when it should have reached the required depth.

The busy experts were unaware that their activities were watched by sharp, inquisitive eyes from the slight elevation to the left of the rig, and these pairs of eyes were unaware of each other's proximity. One pair belonged to a hugely antlered bull moose that knelt in his

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If you can read the handwriting on the wall, it was not written by the average adult.

IMOGENE FEY

---

concealment, watching in motionless silence the strange goings on below. The other pair of eyes, shaded by a floppy, worn, begrimed felt hat with wide brim, belonged to a slender and small human creature who wore faded and frayed denim pants and a checkered shirt. It is not to be wondered at that Archy Butts, when he saw this person leaning against a post in front of the Magin store, could not determine if it was a boy or a girl. The contours of the small body, however, as it propped itself on its elbows in the concealment of a clump of bushes, became definitely female. Her jugheaded pony browsed fifty yards behind her. As noontime approached, she produced a water canteen, sandwiches and a small bottle of coffee, with which she zestfully satisfied her appetite.

The doodlebuggers below knocked off work and ate their lunch. Two of them—Archy Butts and the party chief, Morton—strolled up the slope to avail themselves of the shade and flung themselves down not twenty feet from the coppice in which the girl lay concealed. The bull moose was undisturbed in his cover. The girl pressed her body against the earth and strained her ears. Archy Butts turned his face, so that she had a clear view of it, and her eyes widened.

Some movement or sound below alarmed the bull moose, which lunged to his hoofs and rushed away through the undergrowth. Both men leaped to their feet, startled, and peered in the direction of the sound. The huge animal became visible as it thundered across a glade.

"Moose," said Morton. "Been watching us. They do it. Curiosity. There was one showed up every day when we were drilling Pansy Grove Number One, and lay there watching the smoke from dawn till dark." He grinned. "Brought excitement into his drab life."

"Should have charged him admission to the show," Archy said, and then cocked his head, for the girl, too, had been startled by the crashing away of the moose and had risen to her knees.

Archy's keen eyes detected her slight movement, and he strode to where she cowered. Swiftly she scooped a handful of loam and smeared it across her face. It made her look very much indeed like a grubby urchin.

Butts peered down at her and spoke over his shoulder to Morton. "Look what we got," he said.

"What is it?" Morton asked, grinning.

"Could tell better if we scraped it off," Archy replied.

"Lay a hand on me and I'll claw ye!" the girl said shrilly.

"Not a house pet," Archy said.

"*Ferre naturae*," Morton concluded.

"I ain't neither," said the girl sullenly.

Here was an unusual incident, and unusual incidents stirred Archy's curiosity. "If we fed it, do you think it would purr?" he asked.

"I've et!" snapped the little girl.

"What for," Archy asked, "are you skulking in the underbrush?"

"I'm studyin'," she replied sullenly.

"Is that so? And what are you studying?"

"What you're aboot," she said succinctly.

Archy sat down beside her. This was more interesting than he thought. "Here," he said, "is a dandy problem for a student of local dialects. She's uttered less than two dozen words, but she's brought in three widely separated local peculiarities. 'Et' is New England. 'I'm studyin',' is south of the Mason and Dixon's line, and 'aboot' is pure Canadian. That's overdoing it."

She reddened under the smear of dirt, but lowered her eyes mutinously. "How I talk don't concern you," she said.

He studied her silently—as much of her face as he could see under the flopping hatbrim, her prone figure, whose gracious lines were disclosed by the tightness of her rough garments.

"How old would you be?" he asked.

"No business of yours!" she snapped.

"Unless they grow mighty precocious around here," Archy said, nodding, "you're no kid."

"Time to get back on the job," Morton said, evidently indifferent to who or what the girl might be.

"You hyper along," Archy told him. "I'm just a passenger."

Morton shrugged and walked down the slope. The girl stirred uneasily. "I'm goin'," she said.

"I wouldn't do that," Archy advised. "You're studying what we're doing, but you haven't come to the interesting part. Stick around for the fireworks."

"What fireworks?" she asked.

"When we set off the explosive in the shot hole."

He had caught her interest. He found that the going always was much easier if he could catch the interest of one reluctant to talk with him. Was she, he wondered, a backwoods illiterate, dull and suspicious, or was there keen intelligence concealed beneath dirt and sullenness.

"What for do you do that?" she asked.

"We're trying to find the shape of the hard formations way down below. So we set off an explosion and record what it does. That causes shock waves that travel down through the ground until they hit something hard, and then they bounce. Sort of like a rubber ball if you drop it out of your window onto a sidewalk. If you know how fast the ball falls, how many feet it drops in a second, and keep track of the time until it hits and

"I'm tempted to get a postage meter!"

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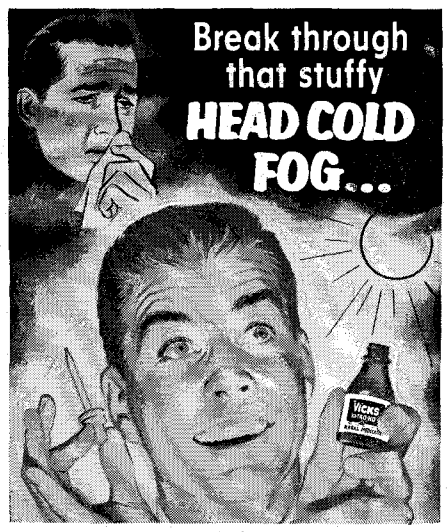

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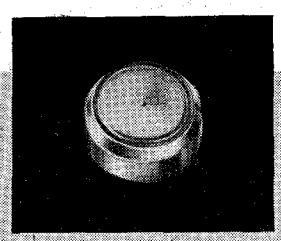

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bounces, then you can figure now many feet it has fallen. Get the idea?"

"Yeah," she said. "So what?"

"So we don't bounce a ball, but we turn loose shock waves from the explosion, and they go down and down until they hit, and then rebound. We know how fast they travel, so we have electronic thingumbobs that record when these waves bounce back to the surface. And that tells us how far down they've been. If you have enough of these recorders strung around, you get the distance at different points, and if you connect up this information, it gives you a kind of a contour map of what's down there."

"What good does that do?" she asked with a trace of eagerness.

"It tells you if the shape of the formations way down underground are the kind that collect oil, so you'll know where to drill a well."

He sensed that she understood. He sensed something else. Though he could not see her face under its smudge of dirt and the lowered hatbrim, he had an uneasy feeling that she was amused and that her amusement was of the saturnine variety.

"What's your name?" he asked directly.

"I don't give my name to strangers aboot whom I know nothing," she countered.

There it was again, and this time she had made a real slip. No back-country illiterate would naturally and spontaneously have used the word "whom" in this manner. Such a person would have said, "I don't tell my name to strangers that I don't know anything aboot." This girl, then, had been so trained in correct speech that it was automatic with her. It cropped up even when she was striving to hide it under the disguise of localisms. Archy chuckled. He shot an arrow into the air.

"Bryn Mawr or Smith?" he asked.

There was a little startled gasp.

He turned sardonic eyes upon her, but saw, to his amazement, that she was unconscious of him. Her little hand, which he noticed for the first time, with its tapering fingers, had flown to her lips. It was a dirty little hand, but it was a hand not accustomed to frontier labor. It was a hand that had been meticulously cared for in the not-distant past. Her eyes, which he had not seen clearly before, were wide with something like terror as she stared at the scene of activity below.

Two men had come walking up the rude road which the cat had gouged through the woods. They must have left their conveyance somewhere behind. The taller of the two was Leon Moffitt, of Gandolin Oil, and his companion was the smaller man, the secretary, who had been characterized by Lumpy Sawyer as a torpedo, a gunman. They strolled up to the shot-hole-drilling rig as by right, and stood there, speaking to no one, watching the operation.

In Archimedes Bolivar Butts' mind something pinged. "Take off that hat," he said sharply to the girl at his side.

She turned her eyes upon him, and it seemed almost as if she did not see him.

"Take it off," he repeated peremptorily.

She obeyed, but her mind was not upon him or his command. It was on the men below who stood watching the labors of the shot-hole rig.

"Have you water in that canteen?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Wash your face," he said.

There was something defiant in her shrug as she poured water on her bandanna handkerchief and washed the dirt smudge from her face.

"Just my foul luck," she exclaimed, "that it would have to be you, Mr. Butts! Out of a billion possible men, it would have to be you!"

"And out of another billion men it would have to be Moffitt," he rejoined.

"Just so," she said.

"You signed the note you left for me in my room with a squiggle. What did it mean?"

"I always sign that way in notes to my intimate friends," she said and grinned impishly. "A girl wouldn't be in a hotel room with a gentleman who wasn't an intimate friend, would she? The squiggle was a pair of boots. I'm most always, quite generally, called Boots—Boots Quinto."

"Did you find anything interesting in my brief case?"

"Not a thing," she said. "I just glanced through it on speculation."

"Working for whom?" he wanted to know.

"At that hour and minute," she said, "I was unemployed."

"A novelty," he said ironically. "First time I ever met an unemployed lamister."

"Lamister—hamister," she said almost gaily. "Leave out the letter *i* and what have you? Hamster. Cute little animal like a guinea pig that gets inoculated with things in laboratories. There, in a sentence, you have the story of my life."

"In what laboratory were you a guinea pig?"

"Isn't life a huge experimental doodad?" she asked. "In which case you might think of me as a cosmic guinea pig."

"Those little critters," he rejoined, "often come to a sticky finish."

"How very right! So"—she elevated her brows—"if you stumble over the unidentified body of a lady hamster in some thicket, its name probably will be Boots Quinto."

"In which case," he said, "you'd better put the smudge back on your face and improve your patois."

She was grave suddenly. "That man," she said huskily, "would identify me if I were the hind legs of a make-believe horse in a clowns' parade."

"Moffitt?"

"Him," she said, "and his pet puff adder. Does he know who you are, Mr. Butts?"

"Possibly; though I doubt it."

"Then," she said, "don't attract his attention. He investigates everyone who interests him. That's the sort of man he is."

He silenced her with upheld palm. "They're going to shoot," he said.

The charge had been lowered into the shot hole, everything was ready, jugs had been placed at intervals by jug hustlers, and were connected with the delicate instruments in the recording truck. The shooter, hands on the plunger that would fire the charge, was ready, awaiting the signal. The signal was given, the plunger was pushed downward. There was a dull, rumbling thud. And then, as should not have happened, there was a flash of blue flame from the interior of the recording truck, and the stink of burning insulation. Observers came tumbling out of the truck, and there was smoke and reek.

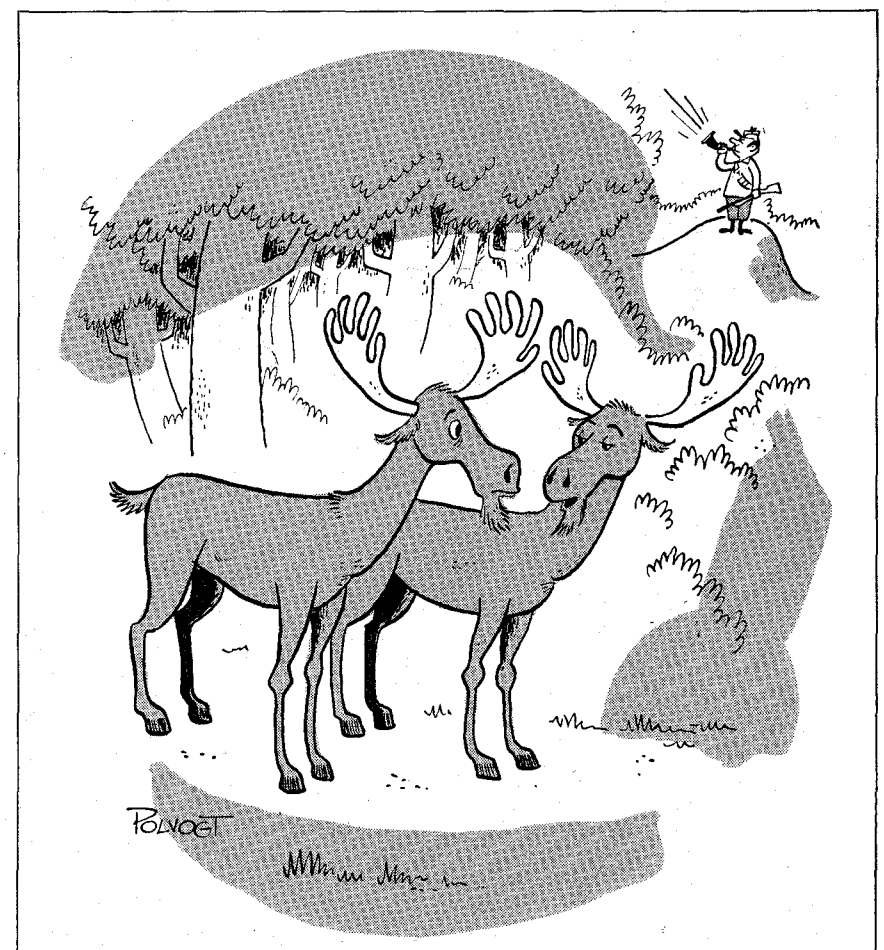
Archy Butts forgot the girl. She was of no importance in that moment. He lunged down the slope to the chief computer, who was wrapping a burned hand in his handkerchief. Ten feet away stood Moffitt, tall, eyes narrowed, motionless. By his side stood his man, blank of face.

"What happened?" Archy demanded peremptorily.

The chief computer's face was distorted by pain. He spoke through his teeth savagely. "It's the hex," he said, "the damn hex. Somebody's put a jinx on this oil field. We don't need petroleum men around here. What we need is a witch hunter."

Leon Moffitt spoke saturninely. "Maybe," he said, "Mr. Butts will take on the job. I hear he's talented along those lines."

TO BE CONTINUED



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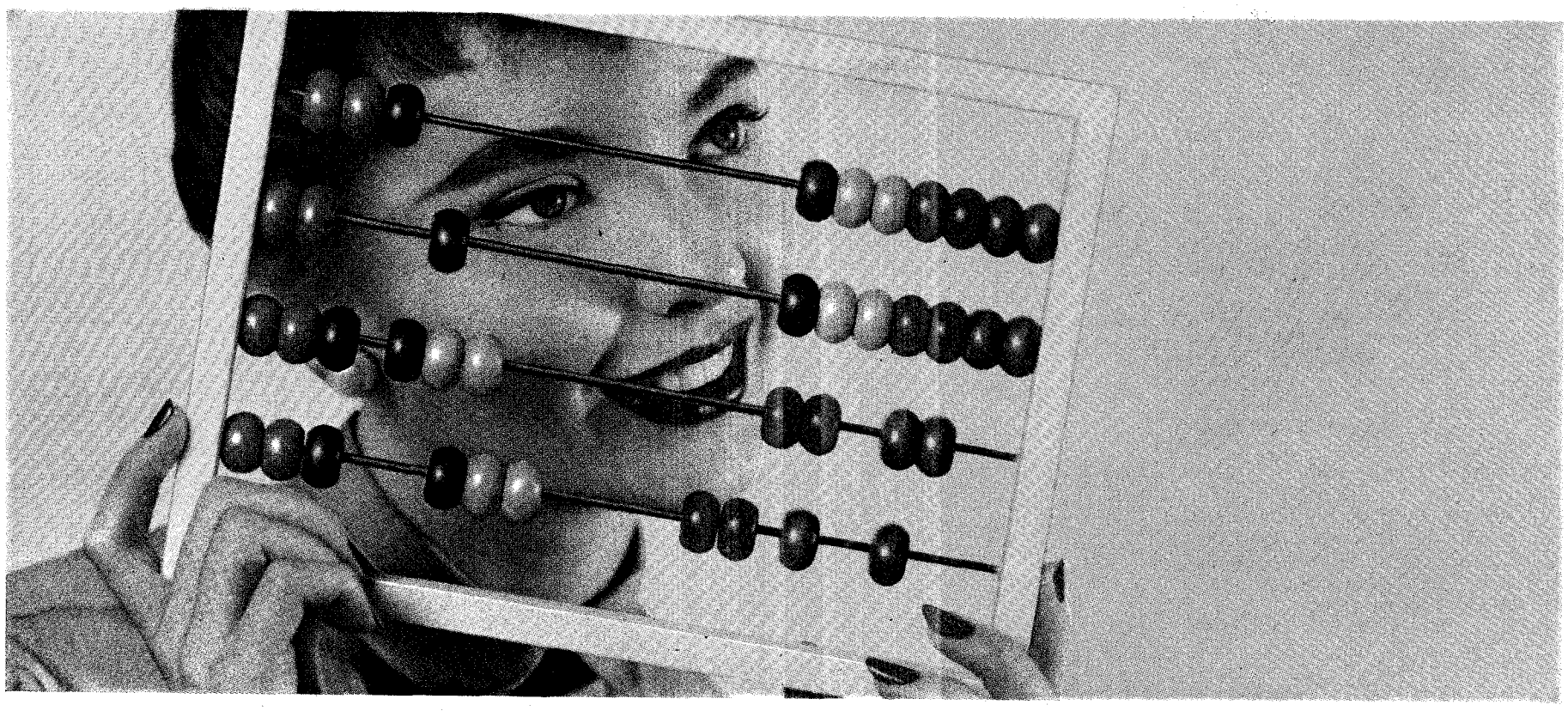

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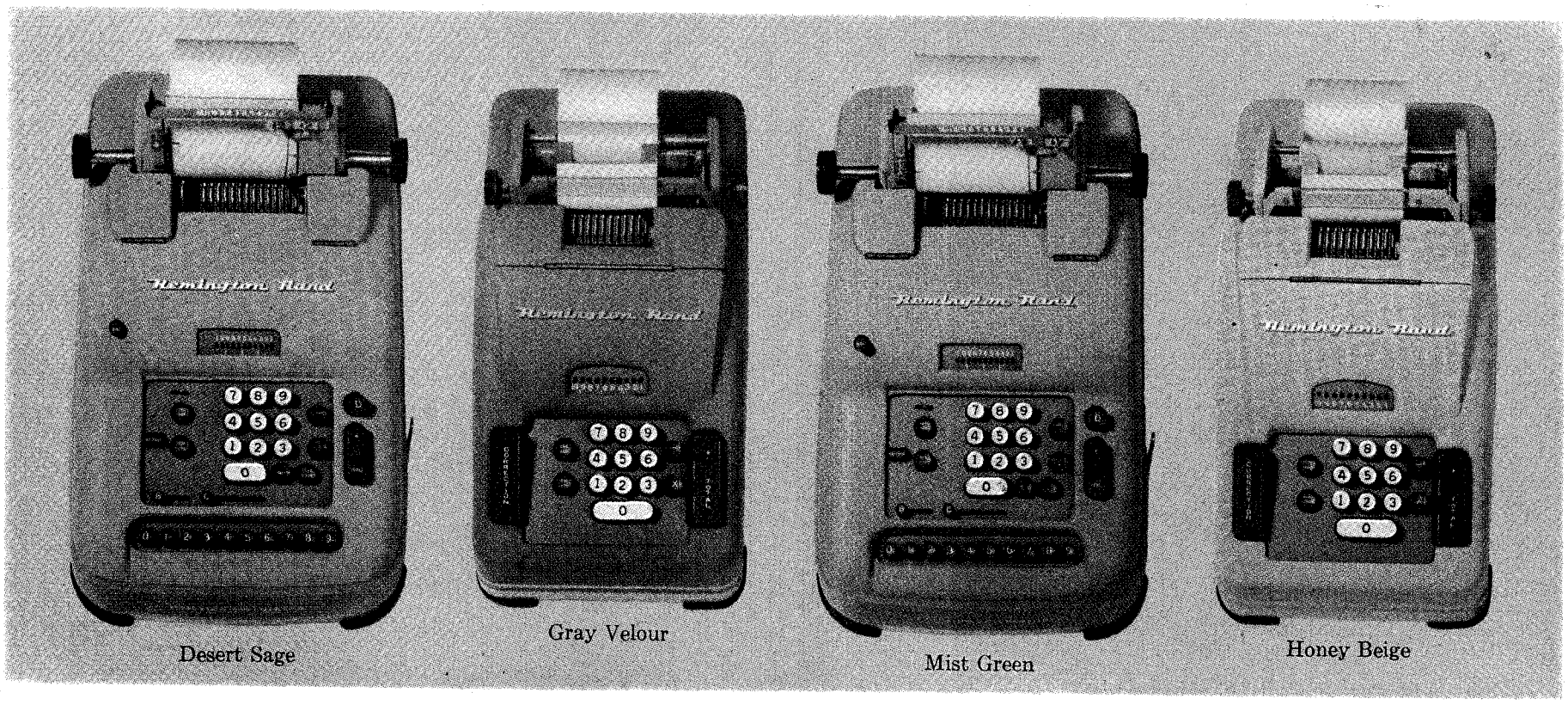

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The Fix is On

(Continued from Page 37)

put him in the big time. He nodded slowly.

"Yes. I think so."

Kay said, "I've got some money. I'm going to bet it on you."

"Don't!" He turned to her swiftly and her eyes came up to meet his.

"Why not?"

"I'd worry about it. Anything can happen in a fight. Jet is tough. He's been fighting longer than I have."

"You're the favorite. The sports writers say that this man has the same style as the one you knocked out in Chicago. They say you have a good chance of beating the champion if you meet him."

"Every fight is different. Every fighter is different."

"Andy, I want to show you something."

There was a chill note in Kay's voice. She handed him a clipping. It was Carey Lane's column from the Dispatch. She had underlined a short item.

"Mr. Andy Nielsen is coming to town this week," he read, "for divers reasons."

He stared at the item for a long time. There were so many things about fighting that a man could not explain, most of them new to him, things he had learned since coming to the big town.

"That could mean 'various reasons,'" Kay said, "but I don't believe so. Do you?"

"No," he said honestly. "I don't. Columnists have dirty minds."

"Let's call spades by their first names, Andy. Is this fight on the level?"

He met her eyes. "Nobody has asked me to do anything except fight my fight."

"But you don't want me to bet?" she said thoughtfully. "Suppose that nobody asks you, but at the last moment, maybe, somebody tells you to take a dive? Will you still go out and try to win?"

He watched the shadows in the water. "Here, in the big town, fighting isn't the way it was where we came from," he said slowly. "It is a big business, with bosses. The bosses want some men to win because the crowds like them and will come to the fights. Then there are other reasons. For a champion they don't want a challenger with the same style, because two men with the same style make a dull fight. They want that challenger with the same style to lose, to be eliminated, before he gets to the champ. There are a lot of things like that, things that Oscar doesn't understand and that I don't."

"People bet money on fights—people who don't know that you are taking orders from bosses."

"I haven't taken any orders."

"You're not certain that you won't." There was scorn in her voice.

He faced her. "Oscar is my friend," he said. "I wouldn't want anything to happen to Oscar."

Kay Cameron jumped to her feet. "That settles that," she said brightly—too brightly. "You've learned a lot since you left Missouri, Andy. It's been nice knowing you."

She spun on her heel before he reached his feet. As she walked down the path he did not try to stop her or follow her. He had given her honest answers, even if all that he had to share with her was his own confusion. He hadn't been able to explain to her what he meant about the possible danger to Oscar. There wasn't anything else that he could say.

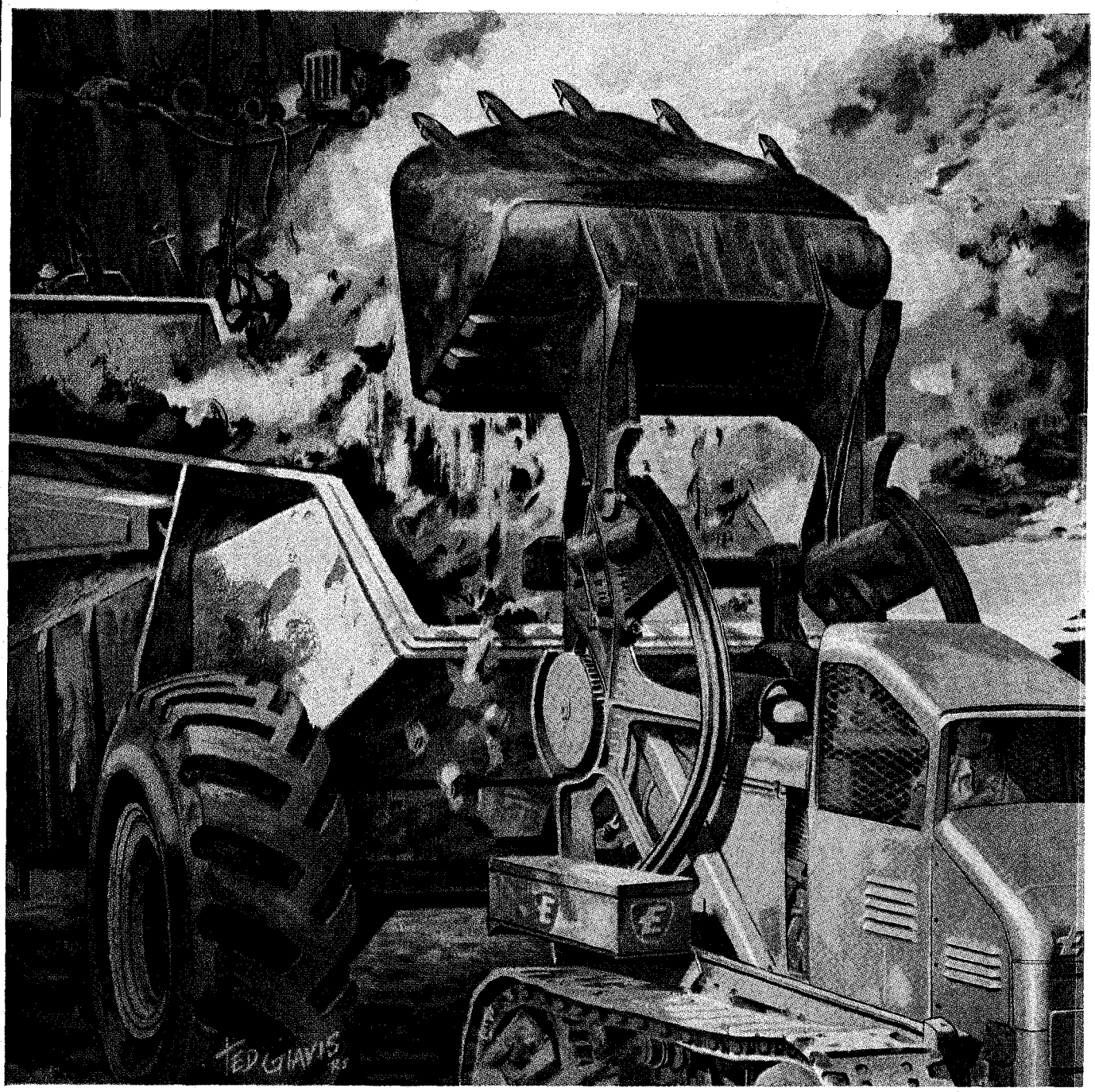
In his own room, Andy Nielsen lay staring into the shadows. The old feeling about Kay Cameron had returned to haunt him. There hadn't been anyone that he wanted since Kay.

He had had only two years of college. When his father lost the automobile agency that he had built up slowly through the years, it had been a blow to both of them. His father looked forward to the day when Andy would graduate from college. On that day, the firm of Ansgar Nielsen would become Ansgar Nielsen and Son. Two of his father's trusted friends had defeated the dream through a sharp, unscrupulous piece of business trickery which had given them control of the agency. His father was working as the employee of another agency now, but Ansgar (Andy) Nielsen, Jr., still had the dream of that agency that would be Nielsen and Son. The money for it was within the power of his fists, beyond anything that was in his head, so he was using those fists. The Chicago fight had been his first really big purse. This one, in the ball park and with a TV split, would give him very nearly enough money for what he wanted to do.

He had always boxed, as he had played high-school and college football. When he went into the Navy after his father's disaster, he had gone in for boxing enthusiastically. He was good enough to turn pro when he came out, and he was unbeaten as a pro. Now, here he was!

He had been fortunate in his manager. Oscar Helm was from his own town, from the same Swedish ancestry. They understood each other. Oscar had brought him along wisely, patiently, carefully, never overmatching him, building him up through the cities of the Midwest until

What is the bes



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he was nationally known. Oscar was a good manager, Oscar was his friend, but Oscar was bewildered and a little frightened in this heavy-money world they had invaded. There were tough, hard-eyed men who came to the training camp and acted as though they owned it, and a couple of men who never came to the camp, but who told Oscar when they wanted to see him. Andy did not know what was said at these conferences, but he knew that Oscar was worried.

"They are paying us a big sum of money," he told Andy, "and it's a business to them, so I guess they have to be careful. It isn't like putting on fights in small clubs back home."

Oscar did not explain what he meant, but in the course of the training weeks, Andy learned a little about controlled fights and fighters. Nobody was telling him what to do, so he didn't worry. He watched the worry grow in Oscar's eyes, however, and he tried not to think of the inevitable question: "Would I win this fight if it meant injury or death to Oscar? Or would I take orders, lose it, collect and go home?"

He tried to brush the question away unanswered, but, lying in his room, staring at the ceiling, he thought of it again.

"Hell!" he said. "I'm not in this for glory or championships. All I want is money. Why should I care?"

The click of Kay Cameron's heels seemed to echo in the room, Kay Cameron walking away from him. It was like the better part of himself walking away. He thought about that and he did care, but he still did not know what he would do if the question were asked. A man knew only what he would do with a problem that affected himself alone; when other people were involved, and perhaps in danger, he could not be too sure.

He awakened in the morning feeling savage, surly, mean. He did not want to talk to anyone, so he did not talk. He took the savagery and the meanness into the training ring, and his sparring partners had a bad time. To them, and to the watchers at ringside, there was nothing surprising about his attitude or behavior. He was a fighter at the peak of condition, at a fine fighting edge. He was as he should be, as they expected him to be.

Andy Nielsen was not certain that his mood was the result of condition. He sat down with the newspapers when the day's work was over and he resisted the impulse to turn first to the sports pages. He opened the top paper to Kay Cameron's TV column.

"Do not be surprised," she had written, "if the boxing news moves out of the sports page and into this space. The so-called 'game' is becoming show business, with script writers, neat plots, heroes, villains and happy endings, and with the actors doing just what they are supposed to do. If the 'manly art' has not developed any Oliviers or Gielguds yet, we must be patient. It is still in the horse-opera stage."

Andy's fingers tightened on the paper, crumpling it. He was suddenly aware of Oscar standing in the doorway.

"That girl shouldn't have written what she did," he said. "People will be sore."

"People? What people?" Andy threw the paper aside. "She's got the right to write whatever she pleases. Who's going to get sore?"

Oscar sat down heavily. "We were doing all right, Andy," he said. "People are going to know that girl is a friend of yours, that she talked to you. It's going to look bad, her sounding off this way. You know that."

"You keep talking about people," Andy said grimly. "Come out with it! Who are they?"

"You know that too." Oscar was wearily patient. "There are monkeys in this camp that I'd throw out of a camp back home, but we're not home. They don't do anything that I can complain about, but they remind me that I work for the same bosses that they do. Out where we came from, I never figured that I was working for anybody. Back here, it's different."

"How different? You're managing me. I do the fighting."

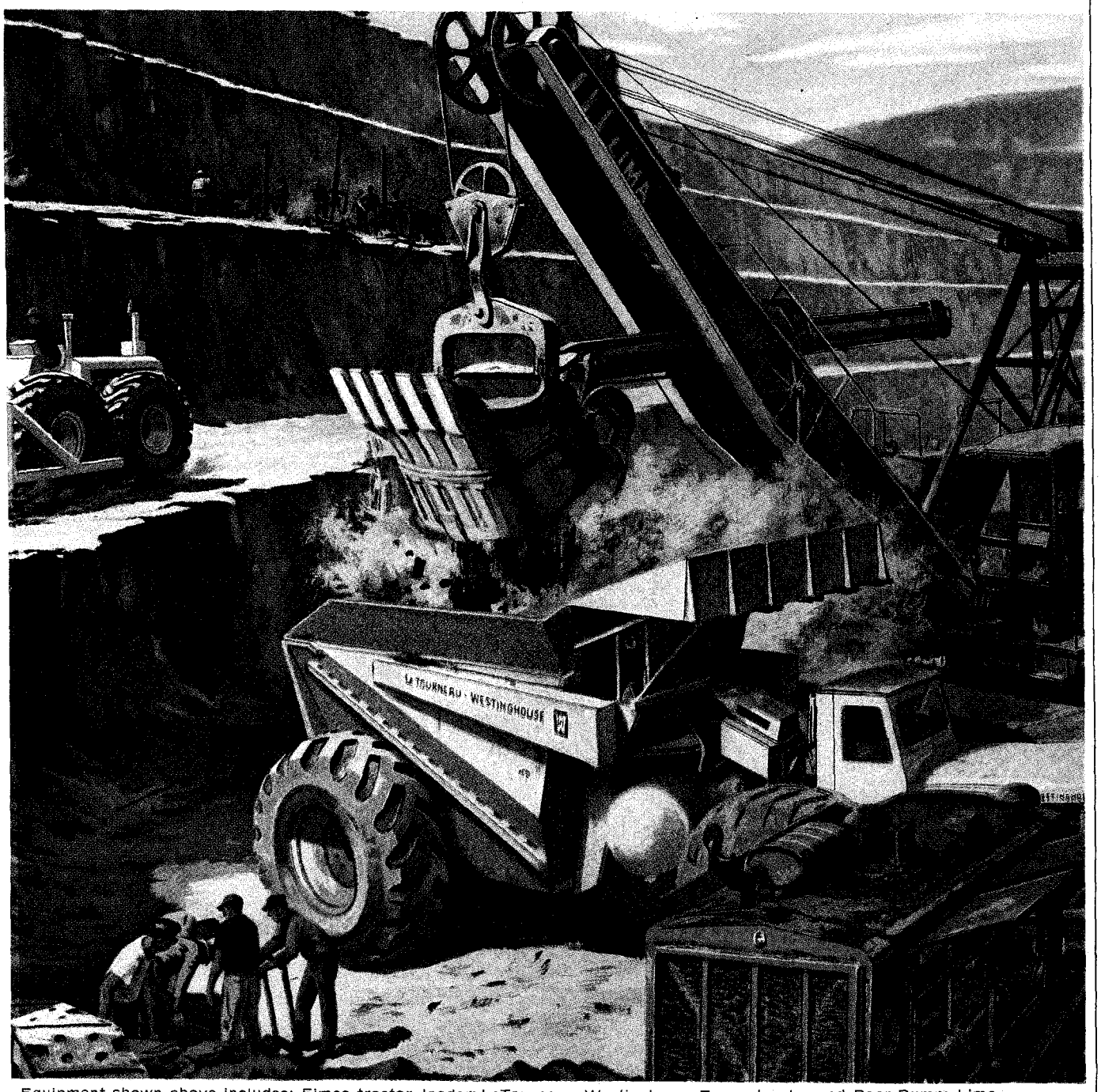
"Here there's a big business," Oscar said, "with a few million gross a year maybe. I don't know how much. Fighters come and go, like new-model automobiles

The Citadel

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

As salt is part of the sea,
As the leaf is part of the tree,
So grief is an integral part
Of every love. And the heart
Must accept love's entity whole,
The dark with the beautiful.
Take all—both bitter and sweet—
Or join in the bleak retreat
To safety and slow starvation
In the pitiful abnegation
That is the citadel of
The people who dare not love.

Diesel for Mining?



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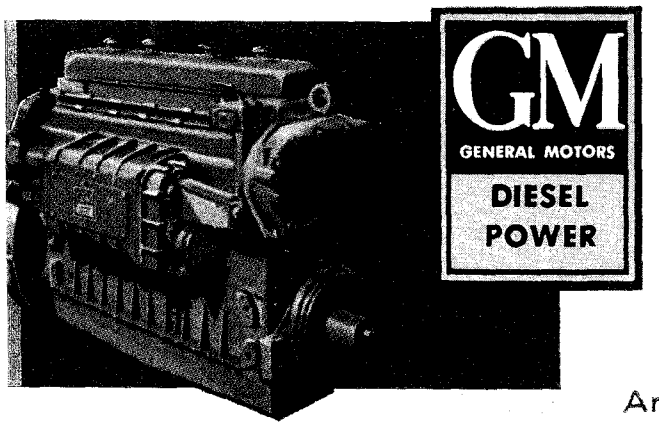

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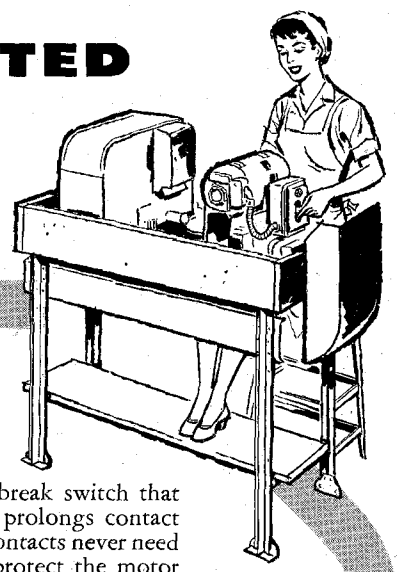

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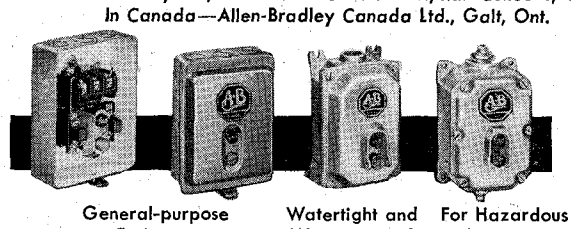

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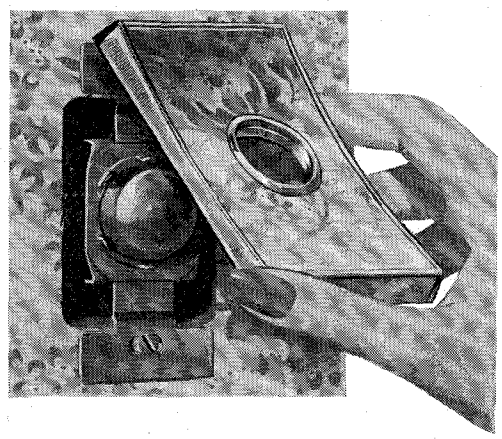

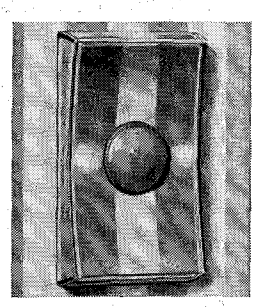

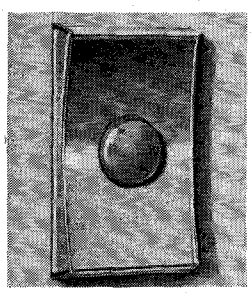

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that become used cars, Andy, but the business goes on. You can't expect businessmen to root and cheer like college boys for somebody to win. They are selling something that the public buys, and that is what interests them."

Andy stared at him. "So, we work for them," he said. "What have they told us to do?"

"Nothing," Oscar said firmly. "That's why I don't like this girl sounding off the way she did." His eyes were level. Oscar was not a liar and never had been a liar.

Andy's jaw hardened. "If they tell you," he said, "you tell me. We're both in this. Remember."

"O.K." Oscar rose slowly. "I never asked you to do anything crooked. I ain't starting now."

Andy thought about him for a long time after he left, and about Kay Cameron. Nobody had asked him to do anything but fight his fight and nobody had asked Oscar to do anything, but these conferences of Oscar's and the tough monkeys in the camp were a form of brainwashing. Oscar no longer felt free and neither did he; they were part of a system. Kay Cameron, because she was an angry idealist, had thrown rocks recklessly, not caring whose glasshouse she hit. He did not know what the effect of that would be, but it was too much to expect that her column would go unnoticed, or be without effect of some kind.

The sports pages of the following day reflected the effects, obliquely and guardedly, Carey Lane's column not so guardedly. "The girl who went to old Mizzou with the latest college-boy fistic wonder," Lane wrote, "watched the sunset with him the other day. She no longer believes that prize fighting is an honest business."

No one could sue Carey Lane for anything that he wrote. The sports writers could not hide behind an ambiguous style, as gossip columnists did, and they were newspapermen, demanding proof of dishonesty before they so much as suggested its possibility. They were, however, sensitive to gossip and they warned their readers to be wary in the only legitimate way open to them; they cooled off on their enthusiasm for Andy Nielsen. Admitting that he had looked good in training and that his record was impressive, they pointed to the fact of Jet Bender's greater experience, his durability and his deadly efficiency as an infighter. Most of them picked Jet Bender to win.

Andy came into town with Oscar the night before the fight. There was a note waiting for him at the hotel—a request that he call Kay Cameron.

He called her and she picked him up in her car. They drove out of the hotel district and when she found a parking place, she took it. She turned toward him, biting her lip.

"Andy," she said, "I'm sorry about that column of mine. I'm awfully sorry."

"It's O.K. now," he said. "I was burned up for a while. I got over it."

"I was right," she said, "but my timing was wrong. I wrote when I was angry, disillusioned, a little sick. I should have waited. I didn't mean to hurt you, but it made me so mad."

"Mainly because I tried to give you honest answers."

"Maybe."

"You don't know what it's like to be a Swede."

The Perfect Squelch

Stout and wealthy Mrs. Agre came to the twentieth reunion of her high-school class less to see her old friends than to show off her new clothes. So, once there, she talked endlessly about her frequent shopping trips to New York and the wearying amount of time she had to spend with various fashion experts in order to keep up with the latest styles.

After telling one still-youthful-looking classmate in detail about her latest visit to the Paris salons, she paused finally and examined the other's coat with pretended interest.

"Why, darling," she said, "isn't that the same coat I admired years ago at our reunion? How in the world do you do it? Why, I simply must have a new coat every few months."

"Oh, this isn't the same coat," her classmate said, with a thoughtful look at Mrs. Agre's well-corseted plumpness. "It's just that I'm wearing it on the same figure."

A. Carlson

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She smiled faintly. "No."

"It's a straight line. We don't like curves."

Kay pulled her breath in. "Anyway," she said, "I know now what you meant when you said that you wouldn't want anything to happen to Oscar. Barney King, our sports editor, told me about Max Klinger. You were thinking about that, weren't you?"

Andy frowned at his hands. He had thought a lot about Max Klinger, who used to manage fighters. Max was down on the books as a suicide and nobody ever proved that he wasn't, but nobody ever figured out a sound reason for his committing suicide the night after one of his boys won a big fight.

"Yes," Andy said, "I knew about that. So did Oscar. Some monkeys who hang around the camp told us. There didn't seem to be much point in telling us."

Kay shuddered. "It's horrible. Andy, why do you do it? Why do you have anything to do with such a dirty business?"

She had her hand resting on his arm and he felt electricity running through him. He hadn't lost her when he left college, although he thought so at the time. He still had a chance. He felt it, but he did not dare test it, not tonight.

"A few crooks, even if they're strong, don't make something dirty, Kay," he said slowly. "Some of the finest people in the world run automobile agencies, but I'm fighting because at least two of those people were crooks."

He poured out to her the story of the fierce, driving, straight-line resolve that had taken him into the ring, that had carried him through a long line of opponents to this fight with Jet Bender. He had come all the way for the money to put Nielsen and Son back in the automobile business as his father had planned it.

Kay was very close to him. He felt her, read the closeness in her eyes. They were back on sure ground, understanding each other. "But if I ever have to fight a fixed fight," he said, "I'll quit it, Kay. Money or no money."

It wasn't what he meant to say, nor said as he should have said it. He felt Kay moving miles away from him. The light went out of her eyes. "It might be too late, then," she said, "and the money not too clean. But you've got a tough problem, Andy. I'm glad we talked."

Fight night was clear, not too warm, and the ball park was vibrating with expectancy. The surging, indescribable waves of sound carried to the dressing rooms.

Somebody pounded on the door and a voice said, "O.K., Nielsen, you're on!"

Andy stopped shadow-boxing, stretched his muscles and accepted the robe that he would wear into the ring. He looked into Oscar's eyes. "You wouldn't lie to me?" he said.

"No," Oscar said stolidly. "Nobody has said a word to me."

"Thanks."

It wasn't a time for talking.

There were celebrities in the ring, old champions and new contenders to be introduced, the usual preliminary stuff. Andy saw Jet Bender when they came to the center of the ring for instructions. He had never seen Jet Bender except on the TV and briefly at the weighing in, when they were photographed together. Jet was an inch shorter than he was, but broader; squat, heavily muscled, scarred from the ring wars, surly looking. They touched gloves impersonally and went to their corners. There was that terrific period of vast hush, the seconds that were minutes long. The bell rang.

Andy's mind closed out everything—the crowd, individuals in the crowd, thought, worry, speculation. There was only the hard, bright light and the man who came to him. He moved out swiftly, easily, watching Jet Bender weave, timing him, shooting the left. He scored and shot the left twice more into Jet's face. He crossed with his right and he was high with it. Jet came in under with a one-two to the body and Andy hooked him with his left. Jet was trying to crowd him into the ropes, but hookers like Jet were setups for a straight left. Andy jabbed him and jabbed him again, keeping him off balance. Jet crouched low and came in with his own left to the body. Andy crossed his right and Jet rocked back on his heels.

Andy was all over him. He connected with a half dozen lefts and rights before Jet fell into him, holding him, tying him up.

Jet Bender was very strong in close. Andy got his head out of the way of a deliberate butt and he heard the other man's hoarse whisper, "Take it easy, yuh buzzard. I'm goin' five."

Jet back-handed him on the break and then they were circling in the center of the ring again. They were mixing it up in Jet's corner when the bell rang.

Andy sat on his stool while his handlers worked on him. Oscar bent over him and Andy looked into his eyes.

"He's going to dive," Andy said.

Oscar nodded grimly. "In the fifth. They just told me. They told me to tell you. You scared them."

There was a fog of bright light, a blur of movement. Andy felt anger move in him, but he could see everything more clearly in his own mind than he could in the glare that surrounded him. There was

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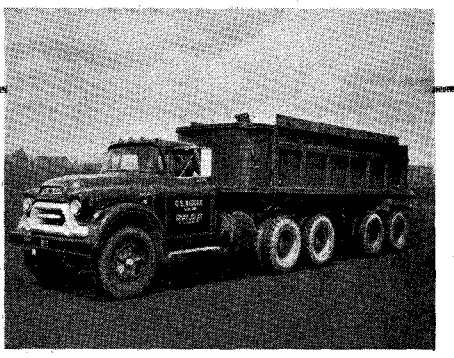

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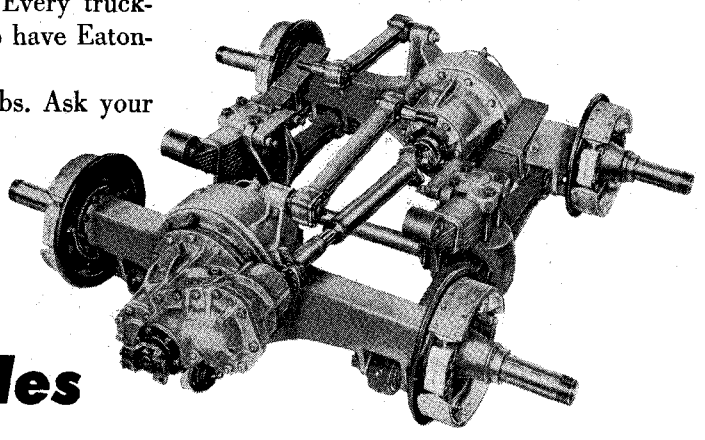

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something he had said to Kay that first day, not thinking too much about it. A fight beween two men with the same style would be a lousy fight. The champ was a hooker like Jet, a counterpuncher like Jet, who did not like to lead. The big money was in rematches, return bouts that the public demanded. The bosses who ran this business would not want a fight between Jet and the champ. They had probably planted that item with Carey Lane, starting the rumor that Andy was going to dive. Kay's outburst had helped their game along. Andy, by winning, would give them the kind of opponent they wanted for the champ, collect a lot of bets for them, and at the same time disprove all the rumors. The gullible public would believe that Andy Nielsen's victory, since it was rumored that he'd dive, proved the honesty of boxing.

The bell rang. Andy came out more slowly than he had in the first round. He did not have the same single-minded concentration. He was aware of the crowd, of the men out there who had written the script for this fight, just as Kay had charged. Jet Bender came into him fast, hooking to the body. The blow hurt. He missed with two left leads of his own and after that the details blurred. Jet bulled him into the ropes, and when he fought clear, he went on the defensive. It was a dull round, a very dull round.

Andy sat on his stool and his head cleared. He was seeing it all again. He would win this fight and they would match him with the champion. He would win that one too. He would be champion of the world. He could see it clearly. They would want it that way. There would be a rematch agreement in the contract. The big gates were for rematches, particularly if there was an argument about the first fight. The bosses would let him take his share of all the money they'd draw. They would make more, much more, with a sure thing in their hands all the way. He thought of Oscar saying something about new models and used cars. It was a business. He looked up into Oscar's face. Oscar was poker-faced, with no expression at all. The bell rang.

Andy had a split second to get it, and it was enough. Oscar thought that he had dogged it in that last round, playing along with the script. It wasn't what Oscar wanted him to do. Well, it wasn't what he wanted to do, either. He caught Jet coming in, with a left that almost took Jet's head off. He drove him across the ring, pumping lefts and rights into him until he missed and Jet got in under the attack. The man clung to him, cursing him, and as they wrestled around before the referee broke them, Jet butted him on the cheekbone, just missing his eye. Andy felt the blood running down his face. He hooked Jet savagely, then missed again with his right. He was punching with a counterpuncher, and that meant throwing away his own natural advantage, but he did not care. It was the thing that he had to do.

Andy did not think of anything at all between rounds. He wanted to knock Jet out before the fifth. That idea dominated him, driving everything else from his mind. He looked up at Oscar.

"What round is it?" he said.

"Fourth coming up."

"Thanks."

It had to be now. He came out like a hurricane and within two seconds he had Jet Bender fighting for his life. There was no resting, spacing, stalling. He carried the fight to the squat hooker and he kept the pressure on in the face of heavy punishment. Jet could hit hard, and when a man led to him, he seldom missed. He poured the punches into Andy Nielsen, trying to slow the attack that rocked him. Twice in the closing seconds of the fourth round, he hit Andy low. Andy pinned him in a corner then and nailed him with six lefts and three rights. Jet's legs went rubbery and his eyes turned glassy, but he did not go down. The bell rang and Andy's shoulders slumped as he walked to his corner.

"I tried, Oscar," he said.

"It's O.K."

Oscar worked on his cut cheek, which was open again. The bell rang and he went out. He had a wild idea for a moment of stalling through the round, making it impossible for Jet to dive, but that was childish. He went after the man again as he had in the fourth, fighting Jet's kind of fight rather than his own, trying to annihilate him, taking everything that the other man, in desperation, threw at him. They fell into a clinch and Jet tried for his eyes with the heel of his glove. Andy shook him off, staggered him with a left, then caught him with a solid one-two in mid-ring. He felt Jet stiffen when the right connected, then the man went down on his face and it was all over.

Andy Nielsen stood in a neutral corner with the roar of the crowd in his ears while the referee counted Jet out. He did not know, with absolute certainty, whether he had won honestly or not, but he did know that he could have won that way, that he could have knocked Jet Bender out on the best night that Jet Bender ever saw. If it wasn't enough, it was very nearly enough and he was willing to settle for it. The people out there who had lost bets were betting on the wrong man.

He saw Kay Cameron later, much later, while his wounds still ached. They sat on a park bench that commanded a view of the river and there was a magical stillness over everything.

"I was so stupidly, arrogantly wrong," she said. "I am going to frame that silly column and hang it up to keep me humble. It was one of the greatest fights that anybody ever saw. Nobody—not even Carey Lane—would dare to say that it wasn't honest. I was so scared."

The moonlight was bright on the river. Everything was perfect. A man could leave it like that. Andy Nielsen shook his head. "No," he said. "Jet was supposed to dive in the fifth. I didn't get any orders. He did."

Kay lifted her head from his shoulder. She looked up into his face. "I don't believe it," she said. "He was like a madman. He was trying to kill you."

Andy had a strange flashback to Chick Gannon, the sparring partner. "Maybe he just didn't want to get killed."

Kay was shaking her head. She could be right. Anybody could be right. He would never know. He would never know, either, if there was any truth in his idea that the bosses planned to let him be champion of the world. He had promised Kay that if he ever took part in a fixed fight, he would quit fighting. Swedes moved in a straight line. He was through. The automobile agency would be a struggle, but, after tonight, it was possible. In a minute or two, when he got the words straight in his mind, he would tell Kay about that. He had an idea that she would be part of it.

She reached up and touched the tape on his cut cheek with a gentle finger. "You know," she said, "I think you're pretty wonderful."

He came back from his own thoughts, startled. "Why?" he said.

"For divers reasons," Kay said softly. "It means 'various.'"

THE END

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Red Alarm in the Middle East

(Continued from Page 31)

index, and American commentators often speak of the Middle East as identical with the Near East. However, the British, who apparently devised both these labels, do draw a distinction. To them the Middle East means that portion of the Near East where the main language or alphabet is or was Arabic. Besides the main Arab countries, the Middle East includes Iran, whose people use Arabic characters; and Israel, which had an Arabic-speaking majority only a few years ago, when it was part of Palestine. Undoubtedly it is in the Arabic-speaking world that the American-Russian conflict has become most acute.

The most populous and influential country of the Arab world is Egypt, which happens to be the place where I first lived abroad during World War I. So I was on familiar ground when I arrived in Egypt last summer from the Far East on an extended trip around the world. It did not surprise me to find Egyptians up in arms against Britain and France, because that is a very old story. What was new to me—and to history—was the intimate role Russia was playing in Egyptian politics. Almost a year before the Suez Canal issue exploded, Moscow moved into Egypt by making a deal to sell arms to the Egyptian president. It was the arms deal, and not the Suez Canal dispute, which first raised the Washington Government's doubts about Colonel Nasser. When this army officer who helped to dethrone King Farouk permitted himself to become an instrument of Soviet policy in the Middle East, he automatically transformed Egypt and the Arab world into a battleground for the two super powers.

Egypt has been a thorn in the side of Britain and France since long before Colonel Nasser appeared on the scene. He was merely following the example of earlier Egyptian nationalists when he began, years ago, to beam radio broadcasts day in and day out to all Arabic-speaking regions in Asia and Africa declaring that Britain and France were on their way out. Because Nasser was so contemptuous of them, London and Paris have been hoping for two years that Nasser would give them a good excuse to depose him. He did not create the basic British-French difficulties in Asia and Africa, but he did aggravate them. He seized power in Egypt at a time when British and French influence was fading fast because native rulers had discovered how much of their power the former empire builders had squandered in two world wars. Colonel Nasser was among the first to make it unmistakably clear that London and Paris could no longer call the tune in the Arab world, where their word was law for generations. He proved to all concerned that the future of the Middle East depends primarily, so far as outsiders are concerned, upon Russia and the United States.

Today, Americans and Russians confront each other openly in the Middle East because they have fought each other to a standstill both in Europe and the Far East. I was reporting events in Europe during the entire period while the stalemate was being reached there. That period began during World War II and covered the first five postwar years. Until the Russians had settled affairs more or less to their satisfaction in Europe, they gave that continent their undivided attention, taking care not to scatter their fire. By the end of 1949 an uneasy balance of power had been restored in Europe, with Russia in control of most of the areas she had earmarked for herself during the war. But the American Government did not acknowledge that fact in any formal way until July, 1955, when President Eisenhower met Russian leaders at Geneva. That meeting was generally interpreted as a tacit acceptance by both Russians and Americans of the existing European balance.

Meanwhile, late in 1949 the curtain had risen upon Act 2 of the American-Russian drama, on the other side of the world in the Far East. The Americans and Russians both had been so completely absorbed with their struggle in Europe that they largely ignored the Far East until Chinese communists chased the remnants of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's armies off the Asiatic mainland. Thereupon the attention of both super powers swung simultaneously to the Pacific area. The Russians tried to beat the Americans to the punch in Korea, and the result was the Korean war, so costly in American lives and prestige, so brutally cruel to Koreans. During that critical period it looked for a time as if the communist conquest of China had so badly upset the world balance, as well as the Far Eastern balance, that it could not be restored except by another world war.

However, in 1954 the two super powers finally struck another uneasy balance in the Far East when they unofficially accepted the partition of French Indochina.

So, after Europe and the Far East became comparatively quiescent, the way was cleared for the two super powers to concentrate their attention upon the Middle East. Both of them had been content to let sleeping dogs lie there while they were fighting out their contests in Europe and the Far East. The Russians let the Middle East pretty much alone for several years after the war, taking care not to arouse Americans prematurely. But today it is obvious that they had made thorough preparations for a showdown there. When they finally came out into the open with the Egyptian arms deal, made public in the late summer of 1955, the Russians were all set to meet any conceivable reaction from the West. But nobody, including Washington, was ready at that time to do anything tougher than talk, so the Russians consolidated their beachhead in Egypt.

Almost a year intervened between the Egyptian arms deal and Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal. That year was marked by a very complicated series of American and Russian maneuvers, some of which have not yet been revealed to the American public. Washington cooked up a number of package deals which might induce the Egyptian dictator to cancel his arrangements with Moscow or at least restrict them. One of the American inducements was an offer to finance a Nile River dam at Aswan, in Upper Egypt. But Colonel Nasser, having started a contest between Washington and Moscow to outbid each other for his favor, saw no reason to abandon a game which seemed to be working so well for him.

One thing led to another, and not long before Nasser seized the canal Secretary of State John Foster Dulles abruptly and publicly withdrew what Nasser apparently had considered a firm offer to help him build his dam. The Egyptian dictator thereby lost a lot of face, and Mr. Dulles has been criticized for an inept move which practically forced Colonel Nasser to do something rash. However, observers on the spot reported that the Egyptian leader had been planning for months to take over the company operating the canal, so that the American move merely hastened his action. As matters turned out, the timing of the canal's seizure worked in Nasser's favor and against Washington, because American politicians dislike making drastic moves abroad in a presidential-election year. The Republicans, in particular, had laid heavy emphasis upon President Eisenhower's talents for peacemaking, and Democratic politicians were equally allergic to being labeled warmongers. America's enemies as well as our allies have learned by this time that our foreign policy is likely to get pretty soft and cautious during an election campaign, so that they can take liberties with it.

Moreover, no American administration can move effectively abroad without very considerable support from public opinion, and Americans have had no occasion until very recently to form definite opinions about the Middle East. During the First World War, when I traveled continuously for three years throughout the Middle East, there was not one American war correspondent or staff reporter for American newspapers in the entire region. Washington was quite content then to let Britain and France do what they pleased in the Middle East, and they were playing power politics there with a vengeance. During that war the two empires secretly agreed to divide the Arab world between them, without regard to President Woodrow Wilson's lofty pronouncements about self-determination. In a recent interview with Barrett McGurn, of the New York Herald Tribune, the Egyptian dictator mentioned that.

My memories went back forty years when I heard Egyptian nationalists recently justifying their seizure of the Suez Canal by denouncing British imperialism. I remembered how startled I was as a callow youth during World War I to watch Egyptians cheering every German victory. The Egyptians explained to me then that if Germany won the war the Germans would drive the British out of Egypt, over which London was then exercising a "protectorate." The Egyptians refused to think about what the Germans might do in Egypt after they had driven the British out. Last summer I found the Egyptian attitude much the same as I found it in 1916. Colonel Nasser won popular support for his dealings with Moscow because he succeeded in pushing the British out of their remaining toeholds in Egypt. Moscow got some of the credit in Egypt when British garrisons evacuated the Suez Canal Zone last June. Nasser and most of his countrymen were prepared to accept at face value Russian assurances that no strings were attached to the arms deal, because they believed it would enable them to keep the British and French empires at arm's length. It will take a long time for these people to forget how London and Paris dominated the Middle East for generations. Their lingering distrust provides a fertile field for local demagogues and for the Russians.

What all this means for Americans is that our British and French allies can no longer hold their own in the Middle East since Russia has moved in. The Russians are in a position to win the Middle East by default if the United States fails to play a very active role in the drama now being performed there. The measures which Americans have adopted first in Europe and then in the Far East make it almost inevitable for us to play out the same role in Act 3 of the American-Russian problem play that we did in the first two acts.

In 1950, immediately after the Korean war started, I wrote an article for The Saturday Evening Post entitled How Long Will This War Last? (published in the issue of September 9, 1950). The war to which the title referred was not the Korean war; it was the basic American-Russian conflict, in which, as I pointed out, the Korean war was merely an episode. Because I was so familiar with the Middle East, my thoughts turned naturally to this region at that critical period. I explained how Russian possession of the Arab countries' oil fields—containing about 70 per cent of the world's reserves—could easily make the difference between all-out atomic war and the kind of piecemeal war which had just started in Korea. I wrote then: "It appears to be obvious that the Middle East is one part of the world which we (Americans) cannot afford to let the Russians take. . . . We must therefore make it clear to the Russians that we consider the Middle Eastern oil fields a vital American interest—and that a Russian attack upon them will have the same effect upon us as a direct attack upon the United States."

I concluded that article as follows: "Nobody in Washington will even venture a guess about how long this kind of war (with Russia) will last. But some people there recall that Europeans once fought a Thirty Years' War and even a Hundred Years' War." Americans naturally resist the thought that we are confronted with anything like a Hundred Years' War, even if it is the kind of limited war which we have been waging for twelve years. But the American-Russian conflict is still very much alive, and few observers in Washington detect signs of its early demise. When we look back, it is obvious that we might have saved ourselves much grief and money both in Europe and in the Far East if we had anticipated events there and planned to meet them. In the struggle which has now been transferred to the Middle East—probably a lengthy one—Americans should be able to profit by earlier experiences with the Russians. So it seems to be a good time to draw up a balance

Jeeped Molasses

By Jane Merchant

They're using jeeps to turn
the cane mills now.
The mules won't have to
walk themselves to sleep
Going around in circles.
Things are humming—
There's nothing somnolent
about a jeep.
It's all right, I suppose.
They haven't changed
The smell of cane juice
boiling, the good smell
That's all Octobers any
nose has known,
Intensified, enriched and
blended well.
But still, without
somnambulistic mules
To guarantee that nothing's
done in haste,
Won't there be something
lacking in the flavor,
Some smooth, somniferous
molasses taste?
A jeep's a nervous thing
and full of worry;
Molasses isn't something
you can hurry.

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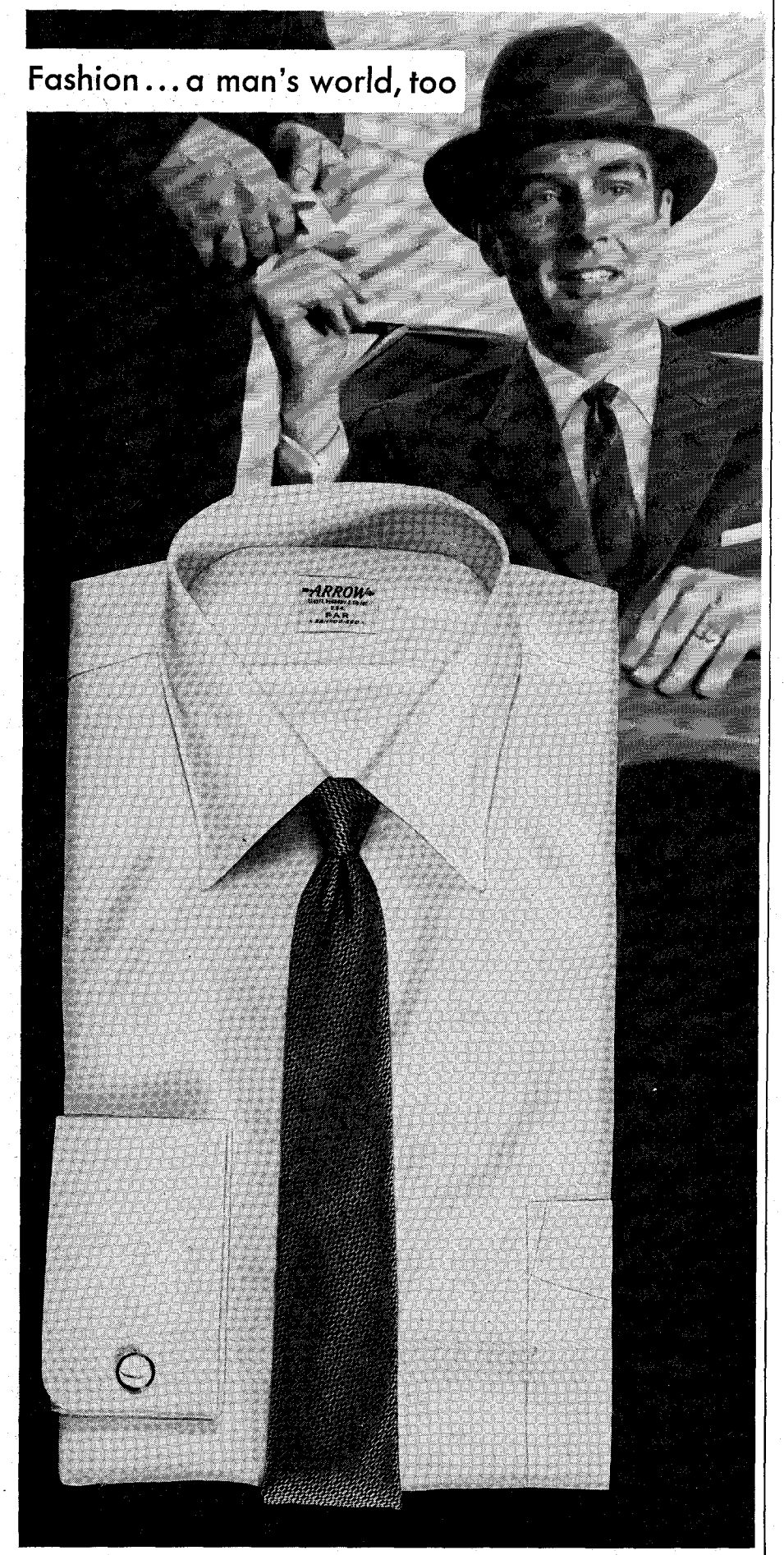

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sheet of our assets and liabilities in the Middle Eastern campaign.

When the Russians chose the Middle East for their third major struggle with the United States and its allies, they had good reason to calculate that the odds in their favor are probably greater in this region than they are anywhere else. Americans are particularly at a disadvantage there in three major respects. For one thing, the Middle East has been familiar ground to generations of Russians, while it is still a mystery to most Americans. More than two centuries ago, several decades before the United States became an independent country, the Russian Czar Peter the Great pushed out into the Middle East. Ever since Peter's day, Russian specialists have been studying the complicated politics, economics and psychology of the Arab world. The Soviet Government inherited this practice from the Czars, and has developed and extended it. During the 1930's, when I worked four years in Russia as a reporter, Russia's direct interest in the Middle East was at its lowest ebb in modern times. Nevertheless, I discovered that even then numerous young Russians were devoting years to Middle Eastern studies in special schools which I was permitted to visit in Moscow and Leningrad. Those schools also welcomed students from Arabic-speaking countries who were not necessarily communists. Some of those I met were devout Moslems. Probably some of the Russians I saw in those schools in the 1930's were numbered among the Arabic-speaking officers and technical consultants sent to Egypt recently to make sure that the Soviet arms deal achieved maximum results.

While the Russians were thus training Middle Eastern experts, the American Government showed almost no interest in the Arab world. When Washington finally launched sizable foreign-aid projects in Arabic-speaking countries in 1951, it had to get along with American technicians and administrators who knew little or nothing about the area until they were sent there, and there has been little improvement since. Some of the Americans assigned to Egypt, for example, have made some fantastic blunders due to ignorance of the language and customs. The setup in Washington makes it impossible to match Russia's long-range planning for undertakings abroad. The only foreign-aid projects which most members of Congress have been disposed to support are "crash" programs, designed to meet some temporary emergency or to supplement military schemes. The Russians will continue to hold this advantage over us so long as foreign-aid projects depend upon congressional appropriations from fiscal year to fiscal year.

The second major advantage which Moscow holds over Washington in the Arab world is their shrewd connection with the Asian-Arab coalition which was formally organized at the Bandung Conference, held in Indonesia in the spring of 1955. The delegates to that conference were limited to Asians and Africans, so that neither Russia nor the United States was formally represented there. But the communist bloc was brilliantly represented by the Red Chinese premier and foreign minister, Chou En-lai; and the Arab delegates were led by Colonel Nasser. The Chinese communist leader and the Egyptian dictator had several long talks at Bandung, and later announced that they had agreed upon joint action against what they called the "colonial powers," meaning chiefly Britain and France. Western spokesmen airily dismissed the Arab-Asian coalition as mere propaganda, but Russian leaders hailed it enthusiastically.

During the Suez crisis, after the British and French governments froze Egyptian funds in London and Paris, it was Red China which deposited several million American dollars in Swiss banks to relieve Nasser's financial difficulties. And during the London negotiations about the canal, it was the Indian representative, Krishna Menon, who acted as a kind of stand-in for Colonel Nasser, who refused to go to London. Moreover, it was the Indonesian president, Sukarno, who most ardently advocated the Egyptian case. Sukarno's devotion to the Arab-Asian coalition was particularly ironical because the American Congress had greeted him with such enthusiasm when he addressed a joint session of Congress a few months earlier.

At that time congressional orators lauded the Indonesian president's devotion to democracy and anticommunism, and listened respectfully when he compared his battles against Dutch "exploiters" with the American Revolution. The Dutch Government was unhappy because Americans made so much of Sukarno very soon after he repudiated solemn agreements which he himself had concluded with the Dutch. Spokesmen in The Hague declared Sukarno's behavior set precedents for similar irresponsibility in other parts of the world affecting other Western nations. In the Middle East now the Dutch can say "We told you so," because the attitude of Arab leaders has jeopardized American contracts for oil concessions. Because the Asian-Arab coalition has paid big dividends very promptly, the Russians have reason to congratulate themselves for associating themselves with it.

The third major advantage Russians hold over Americans in the Arab world is Israel. The Jewish national home in former Palestine, although originally backed only by the British Government among Western powers, is today repeatedly described by Arab nationalist leaders as an appendage of the United States. Of course, there is not the slightest prospect that the United States will, or should, discontinue or reduce its support of Israel, into which vast sums of American good will and money have been invested. But there is also little doubt that hostility between Israel and its Arab neighbors will continue indefinitely. So Washington is compelled to take account of the fact that this conflict works to Russia's advantage in the Arab world, and that Moscow will not hesitate to utilize that advantage to the limit.

In the late summer of 1955, after it became known that Russia was selling arms to Egypt, there were naturally many high-level discussions in Washington about what the United States should do. From London and Paris came urgent suggestions that the Western allies should do something drastic in a hurry before the Russians had a chance to dig in on their Egyptian beachhead. A number of American policy makers supported these British-French suggestions. They argued that, if necessary, even a limited war should be risked in Egypt unless Colonel Nasser agreed to cancel his deal with the Russians or at least to keep Russian advisers out of Egypt.

But other American policy makers disagreed, and their opinion finally prevailed. This group contended that any violent outbreak between the West and the Arab world would only play into the hands of Russia, at least in the long run. They contended that American national interests in the Middle East—notably the good will we had established there by generations of disinterestedness which had been a major factor in helping American oil companies to obtain a lion's share

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of concessions from Arab governments—would be lost if we became involved, even indirectly, in a war with Arab nations.

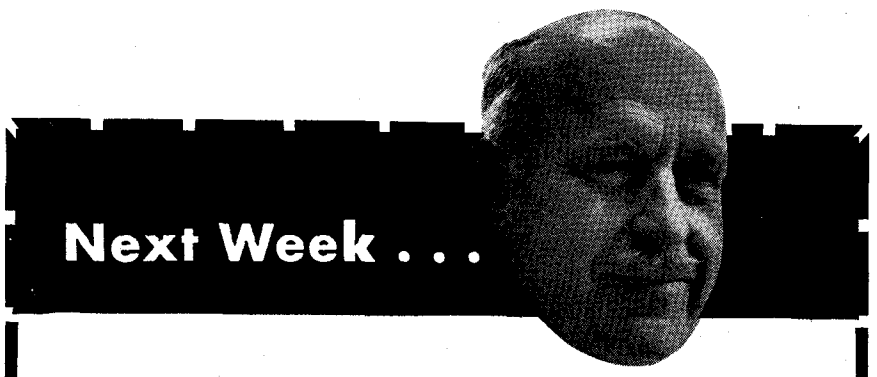
London and Paris were not happy about the American decision when it was first made in 1955, and they were even less happy about it after Colonel Nasser precipitated the Suez Canal crisis. However, Washington persisted in its refusal to commit American armed forces anywhere in the Middle East, and in urging alternatives to the use of British and French troops. The French Socialist premier and his foreign minister were particularly bitter in their complaints that this American attitude was upsetting allied unity.

To those who have been closely following American-French relations since the war, this seemed a clear case of the pot calling the kettle black. I remember numerous occasions in postwar Berlin when I watched the Paris government exercising its veto to frustrate American-British proposals for Germany. Again in the Far East in 1954, Washington's disapproval did not prevent the French Government from concluding a truce with Indochinese communists. In like manner the British Government, in 1949, did not hesitate to act independently of both the United States and France when it recognized the Red Chinese regime.

In the Middle East it has been Washington's turn to pursue an independent policy. American policy makers argued that, in the Middle East, American interests are not identical with those of Britain and France, and nothing can be gained by pretending that they are. It is now clear that the Russians are playing a very similar game in the Middle East to the game they previously played in the Far East. Across the Pacific not a single Russian soldier has been openly engaged in combat since the four-day war with Japan in 1945. Yet Russia has racked up major victories in that part of the world. In the Middle East the Kremlin has tried to arrange matters so that it can reap similar harvests from any Western use of military force. Moscow has posed as Egypt's advocate without risking direct military involvement or even large-scale financial support, just as she did with North Korea and Red China.

This time American policy makers have tried to profit from experience. They have been more concerned with the long-range outlook in the Middle East than with the short-term emergencies. The long-range outlook is a very long and a very tough contest with Russia. In this over-all struggle the Suez Canal crisis was merely one of the opening gambits. It has been assumed in Washington that the worst possible development for us would be a repetition of the Korean war in the Middle East, with the United States directly involved on one side while Russia is left free to pull strings on the other side. No matter how such a conflict turned out, it was felt in Washington, the only sure winner would be Soviet Russia.

THE END



Next Week . . .

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By DREW PEARSON

America's most controversial columnist tells his side of the feuds with Harry Truman, Senator McCarthy, and his own mother-in-law, the fabulous Cissy Patterson.

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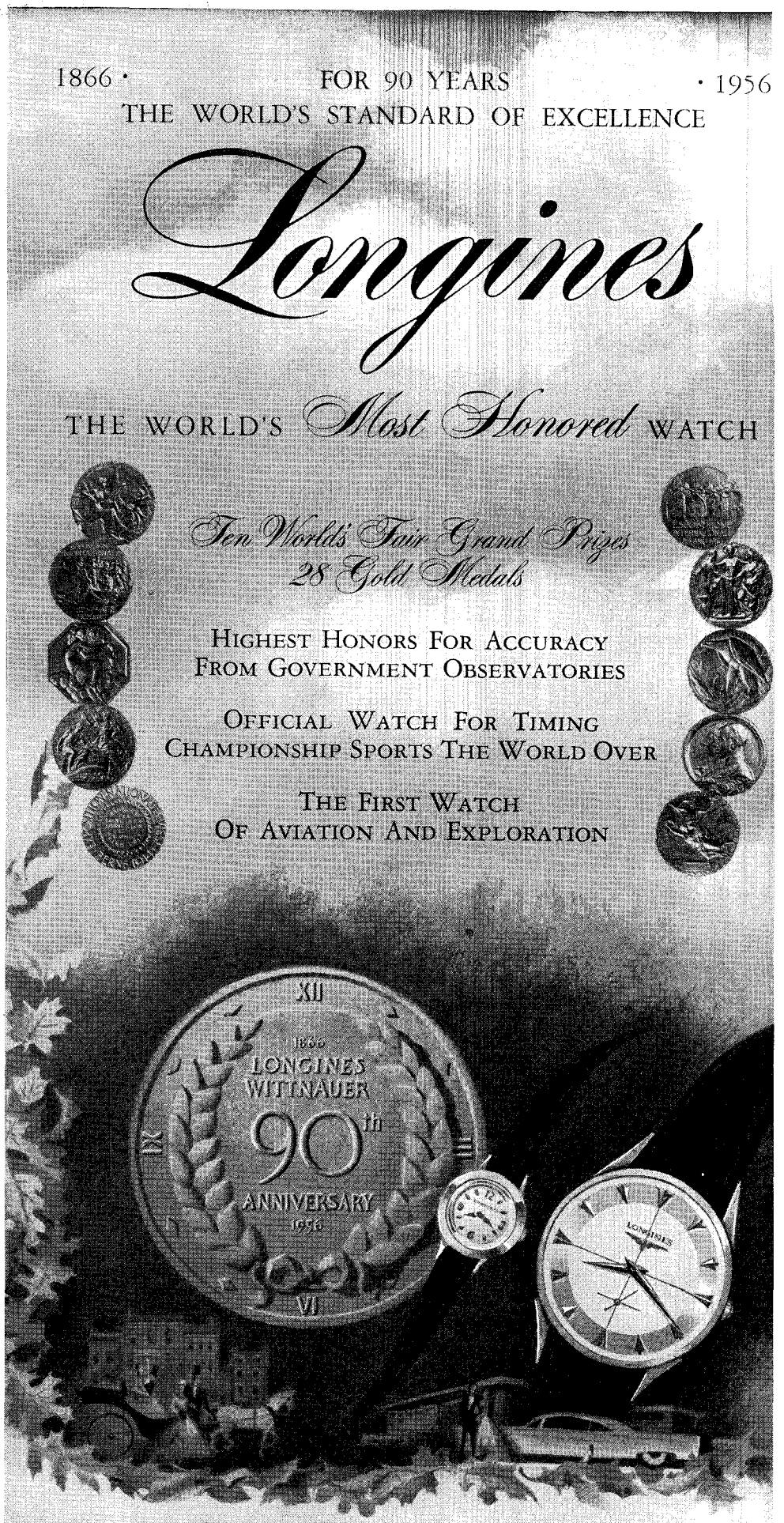

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Longines watches to honor the wearer—left: Fashion "B", diminutive elegance in 14K gold, $135; right: President Monroe "R", ultra-thin watch of fine styling, 14K gold, $150. Both with 18K gold applied dial markers.

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The Key State of Michigan

(Continued from Page 33)

2,000,000 ballots cast, were enough to swing the state from one party to the other.

But what was once a campaign of siege and stalemate has abruptly been transformed into a swift war of movement. Thus, in 1952 Eisenhower not only captured such major New Deal citadels as Flint and Bay City—the first Republican since the depression to do so—but he crashed through Detroit's northernmost wards, flinging the Democrats back almost to the center of the city. Then in 1954, in the election for governor, the Democrats not only recaptured nearly all the ground Eisenhower had gained, but swept on to carry at least thirty upstate townships which even Franklin D. Roosevelt had never won.

How is one to explain the 320,000 Eisenhower landslide, so soon followed by a 253,000 Williams sweep, in a state where, in the last fifteen years, nine presidential, senatorial and gubernatorial contests were decided by 1 per cent of the vote?

Part of the answer, of course, lies in the ability of both Eisenhower and Williams to project their personal charm across party lines. But of more enduring significance is the riptide of postwar economic and social change, which has blurred, if not altogether wiped out, the old antagonisms on which the political struggles of the Roosevelt era were based.

The old warfare of position reflected, in the main, a sharp class distinction between workers and employers. The bitterness of the struggle was intensified by the sit-down strikes which began in 1937. The climax came when the Ford Motor Company was unionized in 1941. But a tripling of the per-capita income since 1940 has rocketed many onetime depression casualties into the suburban middle class. Simultaneously, because the number of industrial plants in Michigan has more than doubled, factories have spread out into rural townships which knew little or no industry before. This development has sharply increased the number of part-time farmers in the state. Today more than half of those classified as farmers in Michigan work off their farms part of the year, driving fifty to a hundred miles daily to do so.

One result of this situation is the spread of new political ferments over an ever wider area of the state. The tactics of industrial warfare have shattered the quiet countryside, as witness last April's milk strike in which farmers dumped one another's milk and slashed one another's tires. Simultaneously, workers moving out into the farmlands have been converted to "free enterprise." Outside Saginaw, I drove into the barnyard of a barber who had bought a sixty-acre farm to raise turkeys. A stanch Democrat in his urban past, he now told me, "The Government ought to get out of the farming business. I tell my customers, 'You want a good haircut? Then buy your Thanksgiving turkey from me.' I have orders for all the turkeys I can raise. Who needs the Government?"

It is the changes in political thinking, reflected in this barber's statement and the milk strike, which have forced Democrats and Republicans alike out of their old political trenches into a new wide-open war of movement.

The Democrats, while still placing their main reliance on the trade-unionists of Detroit, Pontiac and Flint, have been pushing organizing columns into the rest of the state, running candidates for sheriff and other local offices in counties where Republican incumbents rarely were challenged before. The Republicans, counter-attacking, have invaded what in the past have been considered "impregnable" Democratic areas.

In a frontal assault on the "Negro vote," which is estimated to furnish the Democrats with a plurality of around 100,000, the 1955 Republican legislature created a Fair Employment Practices Commission. Moving to the labor front, the Republicans boldly challenged union leaders to open their meeting halls to Republican campaigners. Some open debates resulted.

Not only Michigan alone but the whole country is caught up in this feverish race of both parties to scrap the old techniques of New Deal warfare and to adjust to the new political era into which we are moving. As the Democratic victory in Maine showed, neither side can take for granted any longer even its most "traditional" supporters. At the same time, both parties must fight to win those middle-grounders who do not count themselves in either party camp.

How then is this battle for the key state of Michigan going? Are the forces of

... ...

Who Dat?

To see myself as others see
me
Would make me swear it
couldn't *be* me!

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

either Big Business or Big Labor likely to score a clear-cut, decisive victory? And if not, what is the shape of political things to come in Michigan—and the nation?

To answer these questions I undertook a novel kind of political survey. I began by breaking down the voting returns for every township and city ward in all Michigan, in order to discover the areas where the most significant voting changes were taking place. With the help of state officials, I also located the areas where the spread of new industry, part-time farming and suburban migration have had their heaviest impact. Then, with a staff of interviewers, I went into the more sensitive of these localities, talking systematically to hundreds of voters, women and men, of every age and occupation.

Rapid changes naturally stir some conflicting crosscurrents which defy complete explanation. Still, this five-week survey does, I think, justify several conclusions about both the coming election and the long-range trends which will continue to reshape Michigan politics after November.

First, there is little doubt that the prosperity of recent years has appreciably weakened the Democratic hold on the urban masses. Although this shift has been accelerated by Eisenhower's personal popularity—some of his Democratic supporters, even today, still see him as belonging to neither party—this trend actually reflects a basic change in political attitudes.

Take Fred Barlow, a thirty-eight-year-old bookkeeper who lives in Redford Township, one of Detroit's fastest-growing suburbs. When he came out of school in 1936, his father, a pharmacist, was unemployed. Young Barlow's first job was with a company which manufactured refrigerators, and his voice becomes bitter when he talks of the "speedup" in that plant. "They were always turning up the dials to make you work faster," he recalled. "Men only thirty years old would be told they were too slow and would be fired. But business isn't like that any more," Barlow continued. "They don't turn up those dials now."

Barlow once was a supporter of Roosevelt and Truman, but now is inclined to vote Republican because "the Democrats come too close to being under labor's dictation."

Michigan's election returns show that this trend toward greater Republican strength in the cities has been building up fairly steadily since 1936. In Flint, for example, the Republicans were able to hold only four highest-income precincts in 1936, including the neighborhood where General Motors head Harlow Curtice lives. By 1948 the G.O.P. was carrying more than a third of Flint's precincts, and in 1952 actually won a majority in the city. In fifteen Michigan cities from 20,000 to 175,000 population, the Republican percentage for President rose from 40 per cent in 1936 to 50 per cent in 1940 and 1944; to 52 per cent in 1948, and 59 per cent in 1952.

Unemployment in the auto industry this year has slowed but not completely reversed this trend. Partly, this is because most of the 230,000 workers who were laid off are unwavering Democrats. Still, even among the jobless workers who voted for Truman in 1948 and Eisenhower in 1952, at least a third of those interviewed intend to stick with Eisenhower. The President, surprisingly, also won nearly half of the young unemployed who will be voting for the first time this year.

The contrast in the mood of the electorate this year and in 1954, when there also was sizable unemployment, was striking. Two years ago the bulk of the Michigan voters I interviewed were afraid that another depression was beginning. This year many of these same persons, like Mrs. Harry Weideman, of Detroit, felt that "the country has at last learned how to have prosperity without war."

While some of the unemployed I interviewed this year were fearful that the slump meant the beginning of another depression, the majority thought, "We'll be back at work in the fall when the new models go into production." Only a few blamed Washington for the unemployment. The more general feeling was that the fault lay with the auto companies who "produced too many cars last year."

Others among the jobless blamed the so-called guaranteed annual wage, which Reuther's UAW won in its bargaining last year. Several workers actually had been laid off only a few days before they would have become eligible for GAW payments. Others echoed the lament of a twenty-eight-year-old Flint mechanic: "The companies used to carry surplus labor even through the slack periods. Now, with the guaranteed annual wage, they can't afford to. The low-seniority men lose out."

Negroes have been particularly hard hit—in some precincts half the Negroes interviewed were out of work. This probably has ruined Republican chances for any appreciable break in the Negro vote. Of ninety-nine Negroes interviewed in eight different precincts, only two who had previously voted Democratic were swinging to Eisenhower. One felt "Stevenson talks out of both sides of his mouth on civil rights." The other thought, "The Republicans are getting more liberal in their economic policies." But in the interviewing I found that there were more Negroes who had voted for Eisenhower in 1952 but now said they were going back to the Democrats. "I voted for Eisenhower because he said he would bring my son home from Korea," recalled one Negro factory worker. "But now my son is home and we are both out of jobs."

A graphic illustration of how much stronger economics is than race in shaping Negro voting—something which is holding true in the whole country—was provided in one Detroit precinct, south of Eight Mile Road. When the first Negro families moved into this precinct a local builder erected a six-foot concrete wall, extending several city streets, to block the sight of these Negro homes from those of white residents nearby. A thirty-year-old Negro auto worker was leaning against this concrete wall as he remarked, "The Republicans seem most interested in civil rights now. But I'm voting Democratic. I'd rather have some money in my pocket."

In the governor's race, of the ninety-nine Negroes interviewed, all but two were for Governor Mennen Williams.

Turning from the cities to the countryside, the current voting trend among Michigan's farmers as in other states seems to favor the Democrats. In the non-Negro precincts in the cities, and even more so in some Detroit suburbs, a fair number of persons who voted for Stevenson in 1952 said they would shift to Eisenhower this November—usually because of "good times" or because "my boy was in Korea and Ike did us a good turn ending that war." But in thirteen rural counties I found only one Stevenson supporter who was switching to Eisenhower.

In some counties the pressure of rising costs and lower farm prices was acute enough to indicate that Eisenhower was losing as many as a third of the farmers who were for him the last time. Even families who had never voted Democratic before told me that they would be switching. In Livingston County, for example, the Carl Wards, father and son, had been drawn into last spring's milk strike and still were bitter at the small price increase the farmers won. "I never voted for Roosevelt," the elder Ward said. "But I wish I had now. The farm situation is just no good."

The rural swing to the Democrats this year would be even greater if it were not for the gratitude felt toward Eisenhower for ending the Korean war. One Isabella County farmer, who had been for Truman in 1948 and Eisenhower in 1952, was sitting atop his tractor as he explained his uncertainty over how to vote. "I don't like Ike's farm policy," he said, "but my two boys are of draft age. I don't want good times if it means getting us into another war." A few miles away along the same road, another farmer, who doubled as an auto worker, was going back to the Democrats because "farm things have to be evened up." As I turned to leave, his wife asked anxiously, "But if the Democrats win, will there be another war?"

That farm wife's question points up the major issue which farmers throughout the country have been arguing among themselves in recent months. Because the last three wars were fought under Democratic Presidents, many farmers have come to fear that "the Democrats always get us into wars." On the other hand, there is the feeling that "the Republicans don't care about the farmers," or that "the Republicans are for big business and big farmers."

How will these wavering farmers finally vote? That is likely to be decided by the balance that is struck between these two conflicting emotions. If farm prices remain low (*Continued on Page 114*)

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(*Continued from Page 112*) until Election Day, the farmers' unhappiness with the administration's policy is likely to dominate all other considerations. Should farm prices rise, the gratitude to Eisenhower for ending the Korean war is likely to register all the more strongly, cutting Republican farm losses.

This conflict between the "peace" and economic issues is by no means confined solely to the countryside. Younger unemployed workers in Detroit, Flint and Lansing often repeated the comment of one young draft eligible who is about to vote for the first time. He told me: "I lean to the Democrats, but I'm going for old Ike, because he ended the Korean war, like he said he would."

Among the farmers we interviewed, the shift to the Democrats was strongest among the onetime supporters of Truman who swung to Eisenhower in 1952. It is also heavier among part-time than among full-time farmers. Eisenhower, according to our findings, will lose only about one of every ten full-time farmers who voted for him in 1952. But he figures to lose about one out of every five or six part-time farmers who plumped for him four years ago.

Many of the small farmers are being forced to take jobs in town to hold onto their land. A typical reaction was voiced by one Allegan County farmer, who supported Eisenhower in 1952, but now feels, "The little farmer is finished. A man must either cut down or expand. I'm going to work in a factory to keep this farm going."

In short, so far as this year's election is concerned, indications point to a leveling of the traditional strengths of both parties, with the Republicans doing better in the urban areas and the Democrats gaining in the countryside. This pattern, which is evident throughout the country, can be attributed to the uneven way in which the economic boom has affected our urban and rural populations. What is happening in Michigan, though, indicates that longer-run trends are also at work, preparing the ground for a dramatic realignment of both parties.

Outside Saginaw, Lansing and Bay City, for example, we made a special search for families who have moved from town into nearby rural townships. Perhaps the most striking finding was how closely the voting of these "suburbanites" reflects the political pattern common to the cities. If one stopped along the road at the home of a businessman, the chances were that he was voting Republican. If factory workers were called upon, the usual response was "The Democrats are for people like us." Many Michigan highways have become like city streets—you drive along and tell pretty much how people will vote by the size and cost of their homes.

This geographical spread of voting by economic class parallels what was reported last week about California, and its far-reaching implications are worth underscoring, even at the risk of repetition.

For years the political struggle in Michigan has been pictured as a conflict of two fenced-off worlds, with the Democratic majorities in Detroit and its environs being ranged against the Republican pluralities outside Wayne County. Because Wayne County alone accounts for 38 per cent of Michigan's vote, the election results will continue to be reported in this fashion. And yet the real political battle in Michigan is no longer one of Detroit against the outstate rural hinterland.

The real struggle is a state-wide conflict, with more and more of the entire state subject to the same cleavages which have divided the big cities since the New Deal. Today one can go into almost any Michigan city regardless of its size—Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Jackson or Owosso—and find that the voting stratifies along the same lines of income and occupation that divide Wayne County. In short, the "Battle of Detroit" is being projected out through the state as more and more of Michigan gets drawn into the complex of industrialization.

This projection, in turn, holds the key to what is currently the big mystery of Michigan politics.

How is it possible that the Republican vote for President is rising at the same time that the Democrats have been gaining in the voting for state offices?

Actually, two somewhat divergent trends are at work. On one side, Michigan is experiencing the same general rise of Republican strength which has come in national voting with increased prosperity and a greater public confidence in the leadership of business. The cleavage between workers and employers is being moderated and is less intense today than at any time in the last fifteen years. At the same time, though, the outward explosion of population from the cities and the dispersion of industry are spreading this conflict, even in its new, tempered form, through more and more of Michigan. This, in turn, has produced increased Democratic strength in hitherto powerful Republican areas.

Too often the person who gets lost in thought does so because it's unfamiliar territory.

FLOYD R. MILLER

One revealing case history is provided by Livingston County, which lies between Detroit and Lansing along Highway 16, and which, although still devoted mainly to farming, has been attracting new industries. Only rarely have the Republican candidates for Livingston offices faced any Democratic competition at all. One old-timer in Howell, the county seat, is unable to recall ever hearing any of the county officials make a campaign speech.

This year, though, the Democrats actually had a primary fight of their own, with two slates of candidates battling for the county offices. This abrupt surge of Democratic activity has been stimulated mainly by the flow of families moving out of Detroit into the resort town of Brighton. Last year alone 300 new homes were erected in Brighton. Cocking an ear to the hammering of construction workers, Martin J. Lavan, the Democratic county leader, exulted, "That's music in my ears!"

But the older Livingston residents, descended mainly from New Englanders and New Yorkers, do not seem to have changed much. Howell, where most of the county's industries center, went for Eisenhower nearly four to one. Howell has its UAW hall, but most of its 400 members seem to vote Republican. One strong UAW man, a Democrat fresh out of Detroit, complained, "The men around here work in small plants and even go bowling with their bosses. What we need is a really big factory owned by corporations nobody knows."

The sudden burst of Democratic politicking around Brighton has not proved a total liability for the Republicans. "A few years ago the Republicans in this county had their heads in the sand," a youthful G.O.P. leader told me. "But with the Democrats and unions moving in, the old Taft crowd has been pushed aside and we're rebuilding the Republican Party along the Eisenhower streamlines."

New Republican clubs, charging one-dollar-a-year membership dues, have been organized in four townships. (The Democrats have only three township clubs going.) A vigorous county-wide women's organization also has developed under the prodding of Mrs. Thomas Bonner, who confesses to having been "something of a socialist" in her college days, during the depression. But she now feels, "The Republicans are the hope of the country."

Pot-luck dinners happen to be the favored form of political clambake in Livingston. To give them a more popular touch, Mrs. Bonner moved them out of the Lake Chemung Country Club, where they once were held, into the basements of churches and firehouses. One current argument among the new Republican activists is whether their gatherings should be enlivened still further by the serving of beer. "The Democrats have fun at their parties," pointed out one young Republican worker. So far, though, this "reform" has been rejected by the Republicans in Livingston, long a strong temperance center.

The "big change" politically in Livingston, in short, has been the reawakening of a vigorous two-party competition after nearly fifty years of comparative apathy. This appears to have been brought about far less through the waning of the Republicanism of the older residents than through the invasion of the community by convinced young Democrats.

Similar case histories can be found almost everywhere in the state—and, to repeat, the same trends are at work throughout the country. Prior to the depression, Michigan, of course, was almost as one-sidedly Republican as any Southern state was Democratic in its allegiance. From 1925 through 1930, not a single Democrat sat in the state Senate and only two in the House. In 1930 the Democrats didn't even bother running candidates for two thirds of the seats in the state legislature.

Then Franklin D. Roosevelt swept Michigan in 1932 and 1936—the first Democrat to do so since the Civil War. But even he failed to build an effective Democratic organization in the state. That task was not really undertaken until after 1948, with the election of Mennen Williams as governor and the emergence of the CIO's Auto Workers Union as the dominant force in the Michigan Democratic Party.

"The Democrats are too close to labor" was the one criticism voiced most frequently by the voters I interviewed in our survey. Still the CIO's support has unquestionably been much more of an asset than a liability to the Michigan Democratic Party. The CIO is the largest single source of campaign funds. Equally important, with a state-wide membership of 650,000 to draw on, the CIO has been able to marshal a small army of highly mobile precinct workers, all subject to the unified command of one man—August Scholle, the fifty-two-year-old director of the state Political Action Committee.

In the main, what Williams and the CIO have done has been to give organizational flesh and bones to the old New Deal vote. Outside the major industrial areas, I was able to pull in the vote by precincts for both President and governor in forty-one counties. In these forty-one counties in 1954 Williams won 268 precincts. All but thirty-two of these were won by Roosevelt in 1936.

With all his personal popularity, Williams has been able to crack only a small number of localities which did not vote for New Deal. This conclusion is confirmed by a special analysis which I made of all the persons interviewed in our survey who said they were voting for both Eisenhower and Williams. Only about a sixth of these voters are traditionally Republicans, while five sixths come from families which voted for Roosevelt in the past.

Among the Republicans for Williams were quite a number of schoolteachers, who seem to have been won by his advocacy of salary increases for them. Other Republicans favored Williams because "he raised old-age pensions," or "he's built a lot of highways and hospitals," or "we met him at a church social." No governor in Michigan's long history—the people of the state first voted for a President precisely 120 years ago—has shaken more hands than Soapy Williams. One wisecrack much relished in the state runs, "If you want to meet the governor, just go wherever ten people have assembled—he'll show up for sure."

Among these Michiganders who are likely to vote for both Eisenhower and Williams this year are many who broke from the party for the first time in 1952, but who still consider themselves Democrats. Others long ago turned against Roosevelt's foreign policy and our involvement in World War II, but economic fears are leading them to back Williams as their protector in their home state. They talk vaguely about what they think automation may do to them, and they will tell you, "Williams wants to see more on our table."

Taking a brief side glance at some of the ethnic voting elements, among the Finnish voters in the Upper Peninsula the Democratic vote for President has gone down steadily since the outbreak of World War II. But Williams, in 1954, ran even better than Roosevelt ever did in many of these Finnish communities. The Polish-Americans broke heavily for Eisenhower in 1952, but Williams holds their loyalty. By contrast, the German-Americans who left the Democrats in 1940 have not supported Williams in any large numbers. They remain generally strong for Eisenhower. Among the voters of Dutch descent in Western Michigan, Republican sentiment seems stronger today than ever before.

There, broadly sketched, is where the Battle of Michigan now stands. In view of his losses among the farmers, unemployment and the Democratic solidarity of the Negroes, it is possible that Eisenhower could lose Michigan, particularly if he were to suffer a relapse in health or unemployment persists. Still I would judge that he will carry the state.

Of course, the forces of business and labor will continue to apply every pressure to achieve political dominance in the state. But, in my judgment, the effect of this effort probably will be to level out the strength of both parties, with each making inroads into the voting fastnesses of the other. This is likely to have some long-run effects on the voting for Congress, by turning several hitherto "safe" districts into doubtful battlegrounds.

Two voters who were interviewed voiced the feeling of many Michiganders, who are trying to keep a balance between both parties. A factory foreman in Lansing was voting for Eisenhower "because he brought my son back from Korea," but was also for Williams because "he is trying to raise the unemployment compensation pay and I may need that someday." A farmer in Lapeer County, angered by the rise in steel prices after the steel strike didn't know whom to blame. "When it comes to choosing between unions and those big corporations," he declared, "the way I see it we're caught between a rock and a hard spot."

THE END

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Hunters Never Had it So Good

(Continued from Page 39)

ublic hunters are limited to one month or pheasants, to two birds a day—both males—and to eight birds for the entire eason. Without the longer five-month eason and the unlimited bag, commerial preserves couldn't exist on a profitble basis.

Michigan, for example, allows preserve unting, but commercial operators haven't ade into the financially happy hunting rounds around Detroit and other popucenters because the state limits such ooting to its regular hunting season, hich is too short to allow a profit, and nly private clubs can afford the luxury

Expanding North

By R. H. GRENVILLE

The new roads clamber,
thin and white
As veins, on the mountains'
granite height;
A plane alights and boldly
lays
Men and equipment for
surveys,

And the north awakes with
a drowsy groan
To find itself no more its
own:
The rough made smooth and
the crooked straight;
Rivers harnessed to carry
freight;

Streams diverted and
mountains drilled,
Its peace disturbed and its
valleys filled,
And, under its coldest glacial
frown,
The impudent trespass of a
town.

f operating pheasant-shooting grounds. ome states actively prohibit it, some pasively ignore it and have no laws for or gainst it, while others have never experinced any demand for preserve shooting. klahoma levies a virtually prohibitive 500 annual permit fee. New York state as thirty-two shooting grounds—not ounting the many strictly private ones un by clubs—Pennsylvania had twentyree at latest count, and there are thirteen in New Jersey, but the national numer is increasing so rapidly that any total outdated soon after it is added up. ommercial shooting, although only a elatively few years old, is the most strikng phenomenon on the American huntng scene today.

Many would-be operators are lured nto the business by the obvious success f some of the good, well-established reserves—places that have been in busiess five or ten years. They multiply 0,000 pheasants by $4.50 and come to ne conclusion that this is a most exotic oultry business indeed—a sure-fire way o an income of $45,000 a year. But they hould talk to someone like Dan Yingling efore leaping into the business feet first. Yingling did just that and nearly lost his shirt the first year.

A modestly successful dealer in farm equipment, a business in which he has been engaged for twenty of his thirty-nine years, Dan Yingling began raising game birds for sale to hunters as a sort of sideline. "I always liked hunting, from the time I was a boy," he explains, "and I used to take the several fellows who work for me on hunting trips, as a kind of annual bonus. But it seems like we had to travel farther each year for less game than the year before, and it got expensive. Besides, I had two young boys coming of shooting age—Daniel is twelve now and Donald is nine—and I couldn't imagine where they would find really good hunting when they grew up to a gun."

After long enduring the frustrations common to Pennsylvania's thundering horde of 1,000,000 public gunners—not quite enough game to go around, too short a season, too many hunters for comfort or even for safety—Dan decided to do something about it. Specifically, he decided to raise his own game birds, but, knowing he couldn't afford it as a hobby, he decided to enter it on a commercial scale, turning the surplus into cash. This he could do both indirectly—by selling hunting rights—and directly—by selling the birds themselves. The pheasant farmer is really just a glorified poultry dealer.

"I had the idea in the back of my mind for a long time," Dan recalls, "and I stopped in at established places, like Stipes' Farm five miles east of Gettysburg, and talked it over, but I didn't get started until 1951, when I bought the land." He acquired part of the Bigham estate, including another 275-acre farm in bluegrass sod where he now grazes beef cattle, but which he may later convert to another pheasant farm if his business continues to expand. Most important, however, were the bottomland acres of Twin Hemlock Farm. This was abandoned farmland, uncultivated for years, and it included a tumbledown house and a barn. He rebuilt the house into an attractive stone structure that probably will serve as a clubhouse someday, and remodeled the barn into a forty-five-by-seventy-two-foot combination office, clubroom, incubating and brooder house, and storeroom.

"The thing that appealed to me was that the place was wild and natural. Nothing artificial about it," Dan will tell you.

A good indication of its unspoiled state is the fact that other, unstocked game can be found on the farm too. There are rabbits and squirrels, of course, but there are also a few ruffed grouse in the woods on the hillsides—and grouse don't like living next to civilization. In addition there are several coveys of quail on it, and deer are frequently seen by the pheasant hunters.

A popular misconception about shooting preserves is that the proprietors virtually hold up the pheasants to the muzzles of the shooters' guns. Actually, the reverse is true on any well-conducted preserve. Every effort is made to keep the hunting perfectly natural. Indeed, the cover is usually better than that found on the average farm where public hunting takes place, the birds are not coddled into thinking they are chickens, and they are held until release in huge wire pens where they can fly and develop flight muscles as in the wild. I have hunted some commercial preserves in both the Middle West and the East, and have never detected an iota of difference between the rise and

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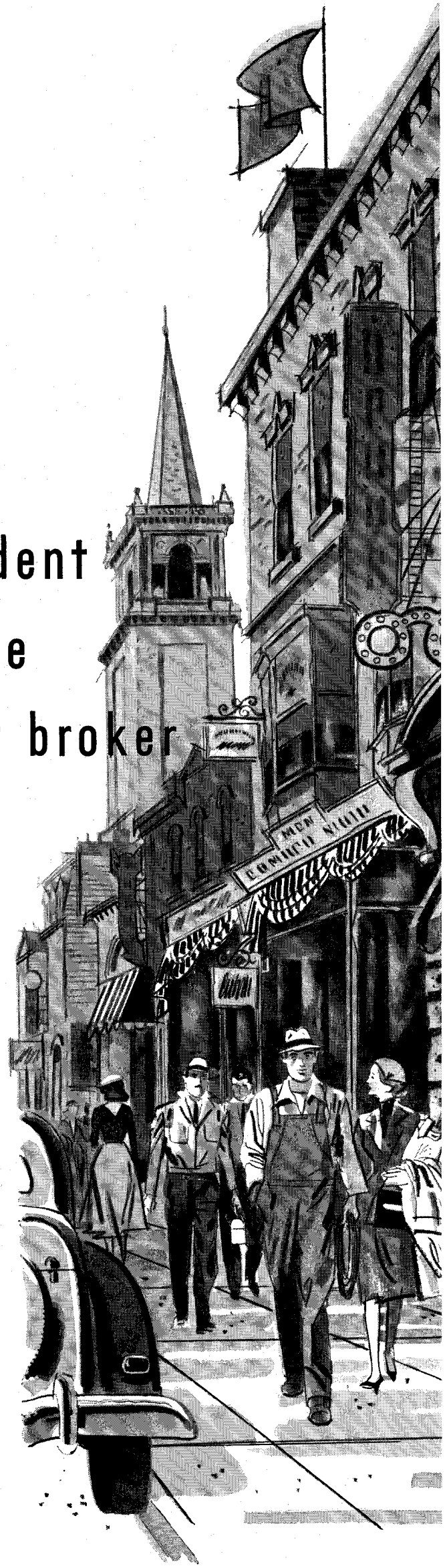

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flight of these birds and those on public hunting grounds. It is true that some cynical game-bird-farm operators plant the birds immediately ahead of the hunters, and spin them about with their heads tucked under their wings until they are practically hypnotized into staying put. There aren't many such.

Nor are there many bad apples among the hunters. "Most customers at a preserve are a pretty good type of human being," Dan says, with undiminished faith in his clients, "and wouldn't think of cheating." However, it does occasionally happen that a hunter will kill a lot of birds just for the shooting, but will pick up and pay for only a few. And sometimes hunters will kill birds in a remote part of the farm and pick them up on the way out. Because of this sort of thing, operators try to have a guide go out with new customers the first time they use the grounds. In addition to giving the operator a check on the hunters' actions in the field, this also serves as a safety measure. One horrified operator went along with a new party, and found that none of the three men in it had ever fired a gun before—and one actually was trying to load his pump gun by putting the shell down the muzzle of the barrel.

Dan Yingling let his enthusiasm carry him away the first year, in spite of his practical Pennsylvania-German antecedents. He plunged headlong into the business and started raising the birds from the eggs. This involves complications which many beginners postpone by buying young chicks or near-adult birds for the first season or two. And some operators never do go into the pheasant-raising end, preferring to buy their birds from other dealers. I have hunted over one such successfully operated place, the Gaybird Farms at Carversville, near Doylestown, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, much patronized by Philadelphians, and must admit again that I could see no difference between its "boughten" birds and those flushed in the wild.

Yingling found himself in a strange new world of farming, where nearly everything was the reverse of normal. The crops he planted were not designed for eventual harvest, but were what normal farmers would consider weeds. They were planned to provide food and cover for the pheasants after they were released for shooting, to hold the birds on the place and to make the actual hunting as difficult as it would be for wild birds. Cover is especially important in the late-winter months of a preserve's season because, without it, the birds will take off for better living quarters. Searching for cover crops that would stand up well under frequent tramplings by the gunners, Yingling wrestled with the relative merits of sorghums like blackhull, hegari, milo, grohoma, Sudan grass, and of sericea lespedeza, multiflora rose and conifers.

The natural-looking bottom lands and planted clearings in the woodlands on Twin Hemlock Farm today are the result of cunning artifice and not nature. About 250 of the 410 acres are cleared, and the woodland on the rest is being thinned out carefully, since pheasants do not take kindly to dense second-growth timber except as a handy escape route from a farm where the shooting is heavy. Under Pennsylvania law, an operator may recover only 75 per cent of birds released—that is, 25 per cent must be allowed to go free into the surrounding countryside—but few operators recover as much as 70 per cent, and some beginners find that they harvest only 50 per cent of the birds they put out. The rest escape to adjoining land. Ten thousand birds raised doesn't mean 10,000 birds shot at a profit.

Cannibalism and poultry diseases helped stagger Yingling the first year. He bought electric incubators capable of converting 2940 eggs into chicks in twenty-four days. Young pheasant chicks are as downy and attractive as any young birds, but when they are overcrowded in the brooder pens to which they are removed from the incubators, they are merciless with one another. They pick at one another, and once the bare skin is exposed on a chick, all the birds will take a whack at it until it dies. Older birds, in the outside range pens, do the same thing—so the operator winds up with dead birds or with scraggly specimens without tail plumage or feathers on the back. No hunter wants that sort of bird—and, in addition, pheasants without full plumage are prone to pneumonia and other diseases.

Cannibalism, or picking, is fought in various ways. On the Twin Hemlock Farm, the brooder pens are dim places, lighted only by the infrared lamps under which the young chicks grow. Darkness helps prevent picking. Outside, the older birds walk about with an air of preternatural intelligence, wearing spectacles on their beaks. These aluminum "specs" are really blinders, which, though they do not interfere with feeding, keep the birds from seeing straight ahead clearly enough to pick their pen inmates. Some growers debeak the top bill far enough to achieve the same end, making picking impossible.

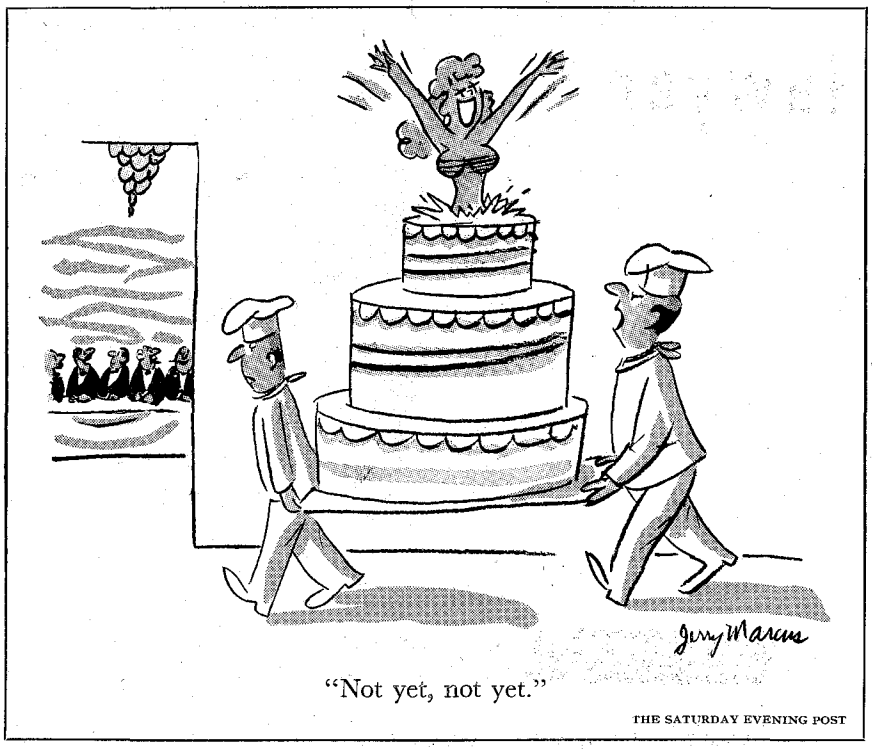
"I had to learn all about feeding the birds, how to combat predators and how to build range pens," Dan recalls. He now has five acres completely enclosed with chicken wire, with the sides high enough to allow natural flying. As for predators, both he and his brother Harry, who manages the farm, agree that rats and raccoons are the worst, causing more damage than foxes, weasels, owls or hawks. "Rats kill some birds, but they eat and destroy a lot of feed. Raccoons eat anything. We have no problem with skunks, as many operators do."

Since his farm-machinery business also demanded his attention, Dan had to have a farm manager and other help. At present, Harry runs the place, aided by one permanent employee and extra help as it is needed. During the hunting season, Leo E. Bushman, a retired district game protector once with the Pennsylvania Game Commission, serves as hunt manager.

"All told, counting salaries, losses and other expenses, it cost me nearly eight thousand dollars to run the place the first year, over and above initial investment," Dan said recently. "Then I had to get into the dog business too. I now have ten English setters, Labradors and Weimaraners. Few sportsmen in the cities keep dogs nowadays, and it is to our advantage to supply them. The dogs retrieve cripples that otherwise would be a total loss to us." Although he didn't mention it, a good, well-trained bird dog costs between $200 and $300, and anything less than a good dog is worthless. "Some of the men prefer to bring their own dogs, however, and that gives us one of our biggest problems. Each man thinks his dog is the best in the world, but some of them are wild and either catch and kill running birds or flush them away ahead of the hunters and into the next county. We haven't licked that problem yet. How would you go about telling a man his dog is a stinker?" As one man put it, sometimes it is easier to tell a man his wife is unfaithful than to tell him his dog is no good.

Then there was the little matter of customers. They don't exactly beat a path to a new pheasantry. "I pounded the streets to get hunters," Yingling said. "I went to sporting-goods stores in York, Hanover, Gettysburg, Washington, Emmitsburg, Hagerstown and other places, leaving my literature. My best advertising was the first customers, who spread it around by word of mouth, and now they come from North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, D.C., Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. We're lucky in location here, with the Gettysburg battlefield and Eisenhower's farm to attract family men who hunt while their families visit around, and there are plenty of good hotels and motels for accommodations. Very few farms feed and board hunters. There's a poultry plant near here where the pheasants can be cleaned and plucked—a job that most hunters hate after they take home their first birds in full plumage. We may do our own cleaning later, as a lot of places do."

At first, Dan Yingling was puzzled when the dairy farmers from around Emmitsburg in nearby Maryland started to patronize his place. "But then it made sense. Grazing cattle don't leave much cover for game, so the land is barren. And the dairymen don't have any more spare time than professional men. Their farm chores keep them busy until nine in the morning, and they must be back at it by four in the afternoon. They make the short run up here, hunt several hours, and return home all within the period from nine (*Continued on Page 120*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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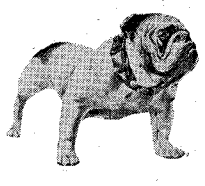

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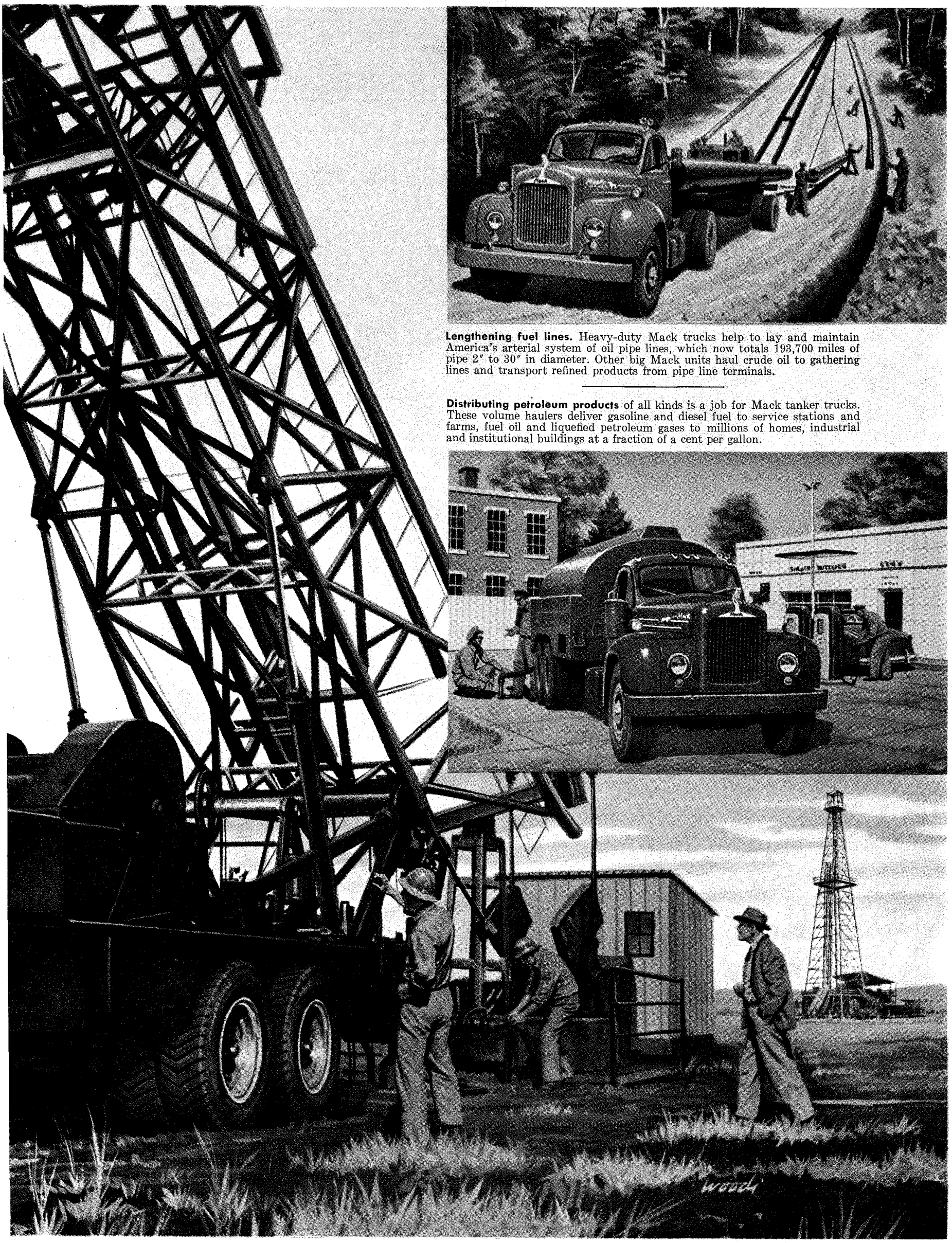

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(*Continued from Page 116*) to four o'clock in the day."

Getting along with a bunch of hunters who are paying for their sport and expect a lot could be exhausting work, but fortunately Dan Yingling likes people. "They're pretty interesting," he says. "All sorts come to a place like this. There's a York dentist and his wife who shoot regularly. Some men bring their boys and girls to teach them shooting where there is both plenty of game and safety. Businessmen bring parties of their employees as a kind of reward and pick up the tab for all of them. Others bring their customers here for a day of shooting instead of taking them to night clubs. Wives give their husbands a day's shooting as a Christmas or birthday present. Some guys chip in a certain amount each week all year to come here as a group and spend the money on shooting."

The thing that all operators, Yingling included, fear most is a serious hunting accident, and they adopt strict measures to avoid one. A hunter who has obviously had too much to drink, for instance, or one who drinks in the field is firmly asked to leave. In addition, most operators limit the number of hunters they will take at one time; Yingling's limit is twenty, which gives each hunter plenty of room—an important safety factor.

A more difficult problem to lick is the popular misconception that this is a rich man's sport. The average public hunter resents preserves, feeling that only the wealthy can afford them. Actually, the preserves are not so expensive as they seem at first glance.

The charges at Twin Hemlock Farm are more or less standard in Pennsylvania. The hunter must have a state resident license or a nonresident hunting license. A special three-consecutive-days nonresident license is issued for regulated-shooting-grounds hunting for $3.15, usually obtainable on the grounds, and this money goes into the state's public hunting funds. Atop this, Yingling charges a minimum of twenty dollars for a day's hunt, which entitles the hunter to four pheasants—two cock birds and two hens. Any number of extra birds may be shot for an additional five dollars per cock bird and three dollars for a hen. A Pennsylvania public hunter would have to hunt four days to get his season's limit of eight cock birds at a legal two birds per day. He could get the same number of birds in half a day at the farm at an approximate cost of thirty-six dollars and save three and a half days of working time.

Unlike Pennsylvania operators, many in New York charge for birds released and not for birds killed. This puts it squarely on the shoulders of the shooter—if he can hit 'em, he can have 'em.

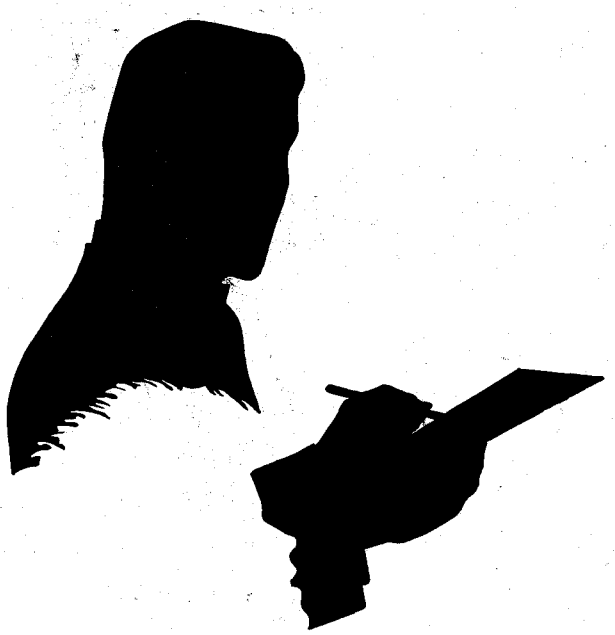
Even at twenty dollars for four birds, the hunter gets a pretty fair return in meat, to put hunting on a table basis. All ring-necked pheasants are beautiful mongrels containing several strains, but the Mongolian strain is dominant at most places, including Yingling's farm, because it produces a bigger, heavier and showier bird. The cock birds average three and one half to four pounds, sometimes reaching five pounds. The hens are generally between two and one half and three and one half pounds. Yingling also has some black-necked pheasants, and the smaller but faster-flying Chinese strains. As a novelty, he stocks some pure white pheasants and releases a few at a time. Some farms also sell hunting for chukar partridges, quail and mallard ducks, all reared from eggs. The usual state rule is that mallards for fee shooting must be more than two generations removed from the wild. They are kept on a home pond, where they are trapped and carried to high points for release. They head back for the home pond, and are intercepted by hunters in blinds along the line of flight. In case anyone thinks this is easy shooting, I saw one "retired" mallard on a shooting preserve that had made twenty-eight flights over the guns without being hit, and the owner is now letting it live out its life without further exposure to lead poisoning.

Pheasants usually are released by a system which insures a constant good stock in the fields. Perhaps 100 or 200 are put out originally, and this stock is maintained by replacement as the birds are killed or escape. Pheasants can be stocked an hour ahead of a hunting party, and be just as wild as a "wild" bird when flushed. Although not so wild as some birds—grouse, for example—pheasants never seem to become thoroughly domesticated and will hide in the ragweed and lamb's-quarters cover usually grown for them in their holding pens even from the people who feed them.

A peculiarity of pheasants, and of nature, is that they are just natural damyankees and won't reproduce in the wild in the South. If the Mason-and-Dixon's line were extended across the continent, it would mark roughly the boundary line between pheasant country and nonpheasant country. Pheasants can live south of the line if introduced, but they won't produce young. However, they can be penreared there with ease, and the future is bound to see the establishment of many shooting preserves in Southern states. The few already there are doing a thriving business. The huntin'-shootin' set in the South seems anxious to try its guns on these Northern birds.

North or South, raising pheasants from the egg is quite a scientifically exact business now—a far cry from the days when pheasant eggs were put under setting chicken hens to be hatched. Modern electric incubators do the job these days, and the young birds are put outside after a few weeks in the brooder pens. With egg laying starting early in the spring, the new generation is mature enough for hunting in the fall. Last year Dan Yingling kept 400 hens over winter to produce eggs, and I happened to be present this spring when the first ones were gathered on March twenty-ninth. Pheasant eggs are of protective coloration—an olive green that varies from light to quite dark. Far more are produced than are needed for hatching, and pheasant-farm owners enjoy a luxury few persons experience—pheasant eggs for table use. Nearly everyone who tries them likes their flavor better than that of chicken eggs. Three pheasant eggs are about the equivalent of one large chicken egg. Dan's wife, Thelma, uses them in all kinds of cooking and baking at their home on the Taneytown road, seven miles south of Gettysburg.

As a sideline, Dan and his brother have built a three-acre lake on the Twin Hemlock Farm and stocked it with largemouth black bass and bluegills for the summertime use of fishermen. Entire families come out, especially on weekends, and pay a small fee for fishing privileges. All in all, Dan Yingling considers that he is heading toward a satisfactory future, doing work he likes and meeting people he likes. "I'd think any boy who ever lived on a farm would enjoy this kind of farming," he says of his pheasantry. The only rub is, he is still a frustrated hunter. Now that he has all the land and all the birds that he wanted, he doesn't have time to get in much pheasant hunting himself. He is too busy selling pheasant hunting to other busy men. THE END



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"Is that all you ever think about . . . . money?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Duke of the Disc Dealers

(Continued from Page 40)

spends hours taking records from the racks, cleaning them with a damp cloth and examining them through a jeweler's glass. This perfectionist usually buys one record.

Goody's volume is a retailer's dream of an unobtainable paradise; selling only long-playing discs, the store's over-the-counter and mail-order sales in 1955 approximated seven per cent of the total national sales of 33⅓ RPM records. This oversized slice of the record retailers' pie is the more remarkable when it is considered that there are no salesmen and no record players for the customers' use in the Goody shop. The Goody staff of consultants stand by to help the customers find records and to advise when they are called upon, but other than that, the purchaser is on his own. Having selected and paid for his records, the customer must take them home if he wants to hear what they sound like. Last year, this continuing act of faith on the part of music lovers accounted for a Sam Goody gross of close to $4,000,000.

Sam Goody's success story, an eight-year, full-throttle climb which is without precedent or parallel in the record-selling trade, is generally attributed to the fact that the store operates on two sound merchandising principles—low prices and a big stock. Goody sells the average long-playing record, which has a retail list price of $3.98, for $3.25, and scales down other records accordingly. Twice-yearly sales whittle this basic price down to about $2.50, the approximate wholesale price of the discs. Goody's inventory is by all odds the world's largest—the store currently carries in stock some 38,000 different long-playing records. This selection accounts for just about every ten- and twelve-inch disc made available by the 100-odd record manufacturers. The on-hand supply of each of these labels runs from half a dozen records to, sometimes, 10,000 copies of a fast-moving number. The day-to-day value of Goody's long-playing inventory is, roughly, $1,250,000. Recently an annex on the opposite side of 49th Street was opened to sell 45 RPM and 78 RPM discs, most of them in the jazz and popular-music class. The stock necessary for this store will increase the Goody inventory by $500,000. No one yet knows what this second store will do to the Goody gross, though Sam has his eye on the $5,000,000 mark for 1956.

Bargain prices and the customer's assurance of finding what he wants have surely helped Sam Goody to run far ahead of the retailing pack, but there is more to the story than that. There has been, if you will pardon the expression, a trend. The direction and force of this trend are to be found in two figures. In 1950 there were $185,000,000 worth of records, of all types, sold in this country. In 1955 the public's bill for records was $220,000,000—an approximate 20 per cent dollar-increase during a period when record prices dropped about one third. Someone has pointed out that we now pay more for records than we pay to watch baseball. A good many authorities—including Sam Goody—feel that Sam Goody has played a significant part in this recent growth of recorded music in the home. A brief look at Sam's business history suggests there may be some substance in this claim.

Sam, who has no objection to the obvious in his own humor, insists that he backed into the record business. This happened seventeen years ago when Goody had a small toy-and-novelty shop in downtown New York. A stranger walked into the shop one day and asked Sam if he had any records around—old records.

"I said, 'Why records?' " reports Sam. "I thought they went out with the dodo birds. This fellow said he was looking for old records by people like Caruso and Alma Gluck and Paul Reimers and Tomagno and people like that, and that he'd be willing to pay from fifty cents to a dollar for certain records. I told this fellow I knew where there was a stack of old records and that I'd bring them down to the store for him in a day or two. I'd remembered that when I was in the basement talking to the superintendent of my apartment building a few days before, I'd stepped back and broken a few of a big pile of records that lay in the corner. I had felt bad about it, but the super told me to forget it—that he was going to burn the whole lot when he got time."

Sam hurried back to the basement that night and found that a number of the records bore names the stranger had mentioned.

"There must have been a hundred and fifty of those old seventy-eights in the pile and they weighed almost a pound apiece. The super said he'd settle for a cigar. I gave him a quarter, for three cigars, and lugged the stuff down to the shop. A few days later the stranger came in and fished out about thirty of those records. He asked me how much I wanted and I asked him what they were worth to him. He said he couldn't give me more than twenty-five dollars for the ones he had chosen. I told him I'd take it, and said to myself, 'This is a beautiful business. What am I doing wasting time with toys and novelties?' "

That started Sam in the business of searching out discarded collections of old records and selling them, in turn, to record collectors. It was an esoteric but highly profitable trade. Most of the choice discs were vocal recordings from the early 1900's and the early jazz records of the '20's. As a case in point, Sam located an Italian family in Brooklyn with a collection of some 300 operatic records. After a good deal of dickering, Goody bought the lot for sixty dollars. He eventually made a profit of eleven hundred dollars on those records.

Having established himself as a collector's dealer, Goody dropped his toys and novelties and broadened his record business by selling new discs. It was about this time that Victor and Columbia cut the price of their quality records from two dollars to one dollar to stimulate sales. It was during this period, too, that Sam discontinued the practice of letting his customers play records before buying them—an innovation which, to this day, has attracted few imitators.

"If a customer wants to buy a record, he doesn't have to hear it," is Sam's theory. "He'll buy it, and if he isn't satisfied when he gets it home we'll switch it and give him something else. That way we saved a lot of time and the bother of having people who just wanted to listen to music clutter up the shop. Later, when we got into the long-playing records with their fine grooves, we saved a lot of records. A careless customer can spoil a record in a minute."

Sam made what he calls "a fair chunk of money" with his downtown record shop. A brief and disastrous experience as the wholesaler of a nonselling line of records dissipated the profit he had made from the sale of his downtown shop and in 1948 Sam borrowed several thousand dollars and re-established himself as a retailer in mid-Manhattan. The major recording companies were then introducing their 45- and 33⅓-speed unbreakable vinyl records in competition with the old 78-speed shellac discs and Sam turned this three-speed confusion to his own advantage by buying up old stocks of 78's from panicky dealers. Buying and selling these orphans of the record war at bargain rates put Sam Goody back into the retail-record business in a big way.

"I knew there was no real future in buying and selling the old seventy-eights," recalls Sam. "I decided to gamble on the future of the long-playing records."

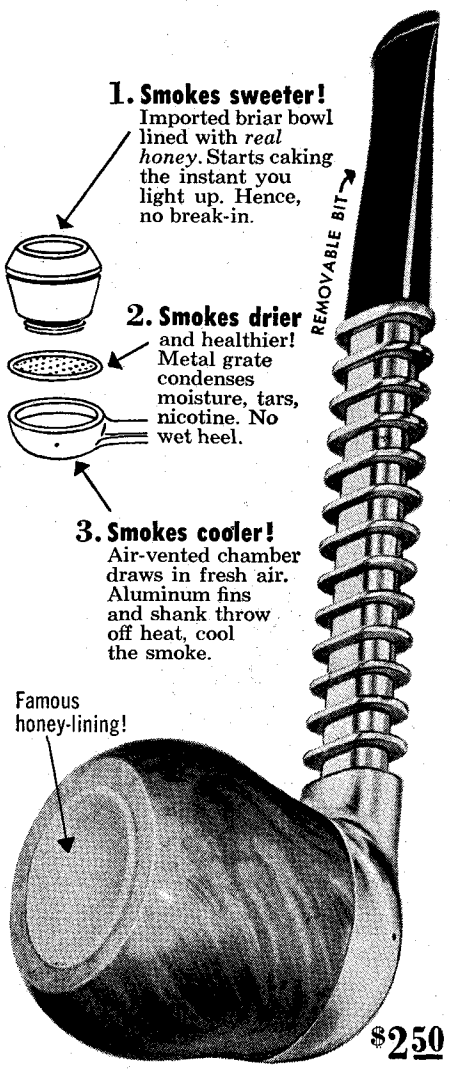
The sales gimmick Goody chose to help establish the store in the long-playing field was a simple and, on the face of it, a suicidal one. Columbia was then producing a plug-in unit which modified a 78-speed phonograph so that it would play 33⅓-speed long-playing records. Goody bought these units from Columbia for $9.95 apiece and offered one free to every customer who bought twenty-five dollars' worth of long-playing records.

"The records cost us fifteen dollars and fifty cents, and by the time I added advertising and promotion I was losing about a dollar and a half on each one of these transactions. Despite that, I gave away forty thousand of those machines within

Any man will enjoy new

AIROGRATE

YELLO-BOLE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REMOVABLE BIT
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and healthier! Metal grate condenses moisture, tars, nicotine. No wet heel.
3. Smokes cooler!
Air-vented chamber draws in fresh air. Aluminum fins and shank throw off heat, cool the smoke.
Famous honey-lining!

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AIROGRATE YELLO-BOLE

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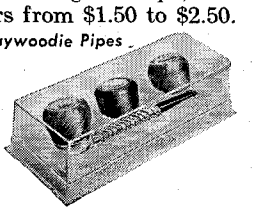

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a short period of time. That meant forty thousand new customers for long-playing records, and I think helped establish the thirty-three-and-a-third speed as the dominant one in the classical and popular field. Jazz, with its shorter pieces, is better suited to the little forty-five-speed records. The seventy-eight speed is gradually being discarded altogether."

During the three years from 1949 to 1952, Goody's sales jumped from $500,000 to $2,000,000 a year. Through advertising his "giveaway" machine he also established a world-wide mail-order service. During this burgeoning period, Sam moved to his present location near Times Square and started building up his staff, which now numbers 138 employees. The most notable addition, personnel-wise, was Abner Levin.

Levin, who is Sam's manager, is the intellectual counterpoise of the Goody enterprise. A soft-spoken man who talks around an ever-present pipe, Levin is a student of both music and the music business. Editor of David Hall's guide through the long-playing record world, The Disc Book, and publisher of the Goody catalogue, Levin is the store's final authority on most questions pertaining to recorded music. Levin maintains that he has listened to most, though not all, of the Goody 38,000-record inventory.

The store Goody moved into is a neon-lighted, air-conditioned room about the size of a tennis court. The interior is cut into aisles by the long rows of shelves, and looks more like a library than a store. At the rear of the store is an area that is set aside for record players and hi-fi equipment. Above this there is a balcony with an office shared by Goody and Levin. Behind partitions which border the store area and in the basement are records—mountains and mountains of records which move out in batches to fill the sales bins as rapidly as they are emptied. This reserve stock is constantly replenished by both distributors' deliveries and the three Goody trucks which shuttle around the city between the store and its suppliers. The Goody mail-order division occupies several floors of a building across the street, just above the annex store.

The various labels—Victor, Columbia, Decca, and so on—are sectionalized at Goody's and in each section the records are racked according to their catalogue number. Customers, who may browse as much as they wish, sift slowly up and down the aisles, peering intently at the labels above each bin and occasionally pulling out a record in order to digest the full, rich prose with which the record companies describe their products. When the prospective purchaser has bought his quota—which is usually two or three more records than he can afford—he moves reluctantly away from the racks, has his records wrapped, pays his bill and then speeds home to listen to his new treasures and refigure his week's budget.

This agonizing contest between will power and desire is a sort of psychic mist which clouds the air at Goody's. The temptations of the saints were mild compared with the inner struggles of a music lover surrounded by 38,000 records he can feel, fondle—and buy. Sam, though he profits from these unequal battles, is nevertheless aghast at the emotional traumas involved.

"It's pitiful, sometimes, if they've got it bad. Their eyes get glazed, they go white, their hands tremble. They're oblivious of everything around them. They take out a record, study it, push it back, move away and then move back to the same record again. As I watch them I often feel that a dope peddler is a gentleman compared with a man who sells records." The forms the music lover's acquisitive mania takes are sometimes surprising. Although Goody's has a rule that customers must check anything that can hold records at the door, some regular patrons are allowed to carry their brief cases with them into the record stacks. One frequent visitor—a well-known New York professional man—apparently loses all self-control when he finds himself surrounded by records and simply stuffs his brief case with everything it can hold. And once they are in the brief case, this customer feels that the records are his; to save him the embarrassment of a customs check at the door, Goody's simply estimates the number of records in the brief case and hands him a bill. The record fancier never questions the total and pays on the spot.

Another collector, faced with the problem of how to buy more records without causing trouble at home, enlisted Goody's help in a really nefarious bargain. As Sam tells the story:

"This fellow came in and said, 'Look here, Goody, my wife swears she'll divorce me if I buy another record. So you take this hundred dollars and keep it, and when I walk in here with my wife in a few days to exchange a record, you tell me I've won a contest or something and that the prize is a hundred dollars' worth of records.'

"I went along with him," continues Goody, "and a few days later this fellow walks in with his wife. I greeted him and then snapped my fingers and said, 'Say, aren't you so-and-so and didn't you enter that prize contest we had here several months ago? Well, you won first prize, which is a hundred dollars' worth of records. Congratulations!' So I gave him a credit slip and he traded on that for several months. I don't know what trick he'll come up with next."

Another music lover—a wealthy businessman who apparently faces similar obstructionism on the home front—has arrived at a different solution. This collector visits Goody's once a week and buys everything that has been issued during that period which strikes his fancy. The purchases are wrapped in packages of two or three records and held at Goody's, and whenever the collector's wife is away from home for part of the day a messenger picks up a package and delivers it to the apartment—where an accomplice places them in the record collection. The collector thinks he is fooling his wife with his gradually expanding record library. Sam, who is a grandfather, isn't so sure.

The compulsion to buy more and more records—which is quite distinct from the urge to play and enjoy records—has been the subject of considerable study by Abner Levin—who suffers from what might be called a painless form of the compulsion.

"There seems to be a certain narcotic effect which records have upon the buyers. I've decided that the bigger the collection and the easier it comes to hand, the less there is for that individual to play at any given time. If he owns fifteen records, he has something to play. If he owns five thousand records, he has to go down to Sam Goody's because he hasn't got a damn thing to play. This is a psychological phenomenon I find to be true in my own case and with every one of our large buyers. I ask them, 'You bought thirty records last week, what do you need?' And they tell me, 'I have nothing to play.'

"Many collectors will acquire a record, handle it with gloves on, play it once and then put it away—and there it remains forever. They will stand before their enormous collection and say they have nothing to listen to today, got to get down and buy some more records. It's a sickness which, fortunately, is highly profitable to the record industry.

"It's an odd thing," continued Levin, "that even ordinary record buyers exhibit an iron determination to get the records they want, when they want them. Some of our busiest days are when the weather is worst. Apparently the record-buying public suddenly realizes it needs something to play on a stay-at-home evening. We had a hurricane last year. All New York workers were urged to leave their offices early and go straight home. We were jammed that day—couldn't get the store cleared at our seven-o'clock closing hour. During one of our sales last year we had a terrific snowstorm and bitter cold. There was a double line half a block long outside the store, waiting to get in as others left. Some of those people waited an hour out there and were almost frozen by the time they got in."

Some "collectors" suffer from a different sort of sickness—a psychopathic urge to get something for nothing. Goody's staff is up to most of the tricks employed by these dreamers. One customer—a well-dressed man of obvious means—regularly buys four or five records a week. On each of his buying visits this man will secrete one extra record about his person. Goody's, rather than lose a good customer, simply adds the charge for this extra record when he presents his purchases to the cashier. The customer blandly pays the bill and walks out with his purchases and what he considers his "free" record.

One of the most obvious dodges employed by light-fingered patrons at Goody's is to take a cheaper record from an on-sale bin and switch the envelope or sleeve containing the record with the sleeve of a more expensive disc from the regular stock. Goody's cashiers counter this by glancing at the contents of all sleeves in the lower-price brackets. Oddly enough, these fey deceivers rarely bother to look above the sales floor—if they did they would find a laconic young lady spotter interestedly watching the switcheroo from the rear balcony.

Professional thieves rarely bother Goody's, because records are difficult to get away with and hardly worth a pro's effort. Lower-class Fagins sometimes give it the college try; at Goody's these gentlemen are known as LC's because they generally appear with long coats, no matter what the weather. Goody spotted one of the brethren last year and grabbed the back of his coat just as the culprit went out the door. A score of records spilled out, the thief wiggled out of the coat and dashed down the street, and Sam was left at the door holding the garment. In the pockets there (*Continued on Page 124*)

Look at the State They're In!

"I live in Kentucky, but I can't get back to my home without leaving the state!" That complaint by residents of the extreme southwestern corner of Kentucky who are visiting elsewhere in the state meets with sympathy but nothing more. For their trouble is caused by something that is hard to lick—"Ol' Man Ribber," the mighty Mississippi.

Early in history, the Mississippi shifted its course and lopped off the far corner of Kentucky by cutting inside it all the way down to Tennessee. About eleven square miles of Fulton County was left caught up in a loop of the river, known as the Madrid Bend, with Tennessee to the south and Missouri across the river to the east, north and west. To get to their county seat of Hickman, Kentucky, the river-exiled residents of Fulton County had a hard choice:

Ferry north across the river to New Madrid, Missouri, and travel nineteen miles through that state to another ferry upstream at Dorena, opposite Hickman, or take a forty-one-mile roundabout ride circling south and east, about twenty-five miles of it through "alien" Tennessee.

Official surveyors of Kentucky and Tennessee got together in 1858 at a river village optimistically called Compromise and tried to resurvey state boundaries to untangle the strayed portion of Fulton County from its next-door neighbors. Their work failed to solve the situation, however.

Prodded by the annoyance of being used as a corridor between the two parts of Kentucky, Tennessee has halfheartedly petitioned her neighbor to relinquish the stray bit of land to her. The true-blue Kentucky answer is, "Who in thunderation wants to live in Tennessee?"

Richard McGregor

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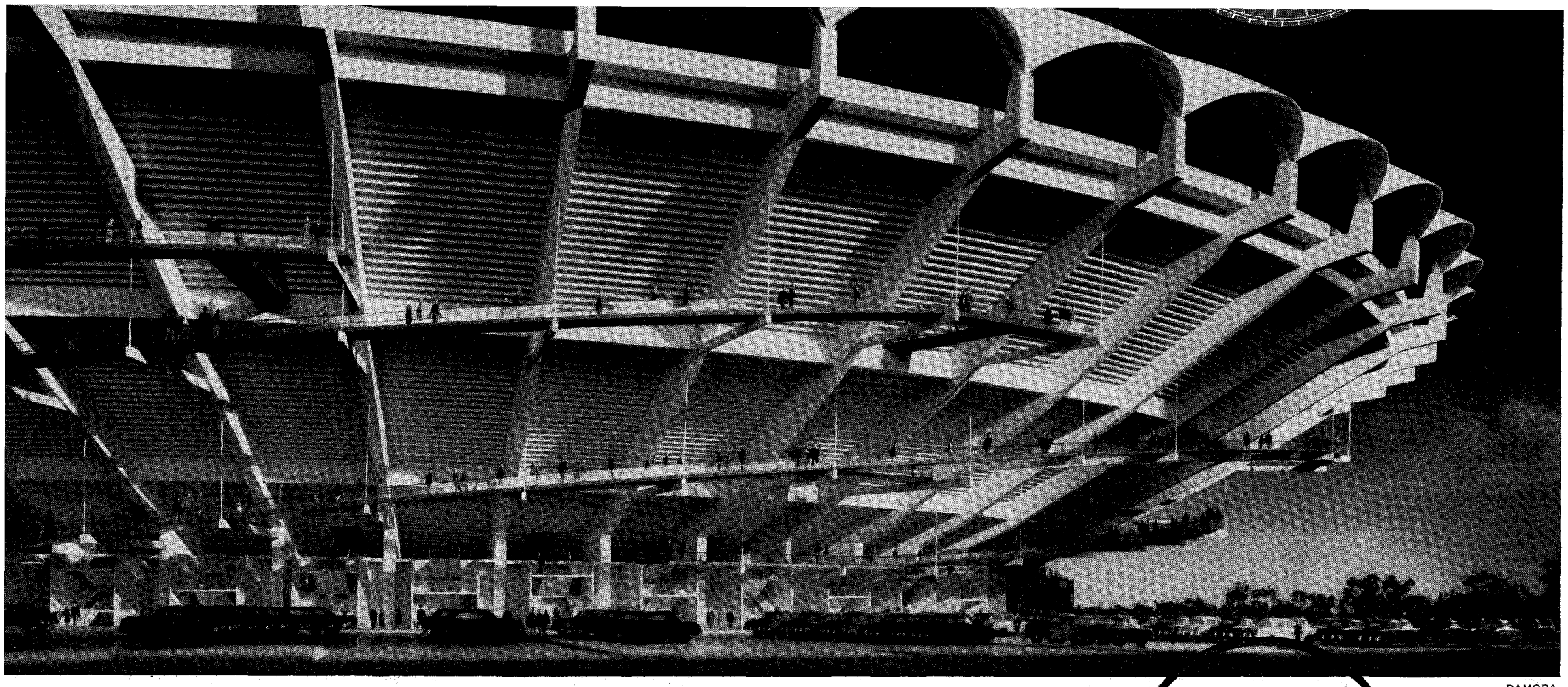

DAMORA

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UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY—MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL FAMILY THAT SERVES THE NATION—**UNITED STATES STEEL**

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(*Continued from Page 122*) were several dollars in change and two letters asking the recipient to pick up certain records at Sam Goody's. Unfortunately, the addresses had been removed from the mail, so Sam had no way of returning to the accommodating shopper his coat or money.

If there is such a thing as an average purchaser of serious record music—the cheaper jazz records attract a large teenage audience—Goody's experience suggests that he is a preoccupied male in the thirty-to-fifty age bracket. Masculine customers outnumber the ladies 30 to 1 at Goody's, which leads Abner Levin to conclude that good music in the home lies almost entirely within the man's province.

"I think that's partly because the man has more ready cash to spend on records and partly because the reproducing equipment, with its switches and knobs and dials, is generally considered a man's gadget. I notice that when we sell equipment to couples the man is most interested in tonal quality, while the wife is usually concerned with the appearance of the machine and often indifferent to the quality of the reproduction. Men, of course, like to play their music much louder than women, which is probably why so many men and so few women are audiophiles and hi-fi addicts."

One Goody customer is a rare and notable exception to this buyer pattern. An old lady in her seventies, she depends on Levin to set aside all records with fortissimo percussion passages.

"She loves drums, gongs, cymbals and anything that makes a loud banging noise. She has excellent hearing and is not interested in volume, as such. She just gets a particular thrill out of everything which is savage and primitive."

One of Sam's favorite customers is a naval commander who has been visiting the store, at irregular intervals, for years. This purchaser always makes a careful study of the art work on the envelopes of the records.

"He'd call me over occasionally," relates Goody, "and suggest that a certain record must have good music on it because of the fine picture on the envelope. I could see he didn't know much about music, so one day I volunteered that he must get some surprises—buying records by the picture on the front. And he said, 'Oh, I haven't played any of my records yet. Someday when I retire, in another five or ten years, I'm going to sit down and play them all for the first time.' There's a man who has probably collected several thousand dollars' worth of records without hearing one of them. Since we learned that, we've been trying to guide his selections, so he won't be disappointed."

Another Goody customer—a purser on an Italian ship which calls at New York—has spent years collecting operatic records and now owns just about every operatic pressing made in this country. This enthusiast, having no permanent home, takes his purchases back to Italy, where he stores them in a warehouse. When he retires, the purser is going to buy himself a small villa near his native Milan and spend the rest of his days listening to opera.

It was an operatic record that recently gave Dave Kurlan, a member of the Goody staff, a hard time. Kurlan, a singer himself and a former recording technician, takes care of most of the complaints and the record returns at Goody's.

"This woman brought back a recording of Mozart's Marriage of Figaro and complained that there was some extraneous noise in the recording. She said it sounded like someone being slapped. I told her that, as I remembered the opera, there was some slapping going on at one point. But this lady would have none of that; she'd seen the opera a dozen times from her regular sixth-row seat at the Metropolitan and she'd never seen or heard anything like this. So I had to hunt up a score, find where Susanna is berating Figaro and giving him the back of her hand, and then play the record again for the customer. At the point where the slaps came I gave myself a couple of hard ones on the face—and there was the same sound which bothered her on the record. That satisfied her. That must have made quite a picture—me standing in front of the machine slapping myself silly while we listened to the record.

"Now, if she had been an audiophile," continued Kurlan," she would have prized that record. Audiophiles may like music, but what they prize most are the extraneous sounds their equipment can catch on a record—they're always listening for sounds that are not supposed to be on the record. If they can hear a singer taking a deep breath, or a chair scraping in the background, or the sound of the keys during a piano concerto, then they feel their expensive equipment is doing a good job. We have one audiophile customer who assembled his own equipment; he loves organ music, and when he can stand in the middle of his living-room floor and feel the vibrations coming from an organ record playing full blast, then he's happy. I'd hate to be his neighbor."

Considering the fact that Goody's customers cannot listen to their records when they choose them, the store's problems with returned records is a relatively minor one. The staff attributes this to an educational campaign they have been carrying on in concert with several of the record manufacturers.

"The cross all record dealers have to bear," states Kurlan, "is that phrase, 'permanent needle.' Medium-priced record players are generally equipped with a sapphire needle, which will not play more than forty or fifty records without deterioration of the sound. Expensive equipment has a diamond needle, which should last for a thousand hours of playing. But no needle is permanent, and a blunted needle will destroy the record grooves. Most customers blame the record when it's their own needle that's at fault; I haven't seen more than two or three imperfectly manufactured records in the seven years I've been working here."

Members of the top echelon at Goody's can all spot difficult-to-play records by simply examining the grooves under a good light—just as they can all warble perfect 400-cycle A's, in order to straighten out buyers who claim a record is off pitch. The difficult records are those with percussive sounds which may bounce an improperly balanced tone arm out of the groove. Goody's suggested therapy for this trouble costs twenty cents—tape two dimes to the tone arm just above the needle. The store recommends an even cheaper remedy for another common complaint—rapidly wearing records and a needle which slides the grooves. Take a carpenter's level and see that your turntable is on an even keel.

"We'll play any returned record on our own machines," explains Levin, "to show the customer that it's his equipment and not the record that's at fault. If that doesn't satisfy him and if the record hasn't been played more than once or twice, we'll give him another record. Record scratches are difficult to decide about because there's always the chance that the record was scratched during packaging at the factory or here in the shop while someone was examining it. We can tell how many times a record has been played—record changers always make a mark at the spindle hole and at the entrance groove when the needle moves onto the disc."

Sam is convinced that record buyers are an inordinately suspicious lot. "We sell diamond needles here—they range from ten to twenty-five dollars apiece. Every once in a while a customer will come in with a diamond needle and ask us to examine it. 'Tell me if you think I ought to replace this,' he'll say. Our man will examine the needle under a microscope. 'You can replace it,' he'll tell the customer, 'but you'll be wasting money. It's a perfect needle—in fact, it's never been played.' We can be fairly sure, then, that we sold the customer that needle a few days before."

The fact that Sam Goody's is more than just a local or even an American institution is attested by the store's collection of odd envelopes bearing orders from distant lands; addresses such as "Sam Goody, U. S. A." and "Sam Goody, The World's Largest Record Dealer," apparently present no problems to postal clerks the world over. Goody's mail-order department, which now accounts for more than half the store's sales, has regular customers in most of the embassies of the free world. Our State Department is a regular Goody customer. U. N. delegates get a special discount card at Goody's. Casts of Broadway musicals can buy their show's recording at cost. Israel's prime minister, Ben-Gurion, buys his records at Goody's—as do some of the Near East's ruling Moslem families. General Gruenther and his NATO staff send large orders to Goody's; Levin is proud of their selections, which show a high level of musical taste. The armed forces buy $10,000 worth of records at a time and have Goody's distribute them to bases and posts throughout the world. Libraries and schools are big purchasers; a library in Brazil ordered $12,000 worth of records and then ran into foreign-exchange trouble.

"Shortly after that, our Government gave Brazil a substantial loan to facilitate its foreign purchases," recalls Sam. "We always figured that loan was made so the library could pay Goody's."

Goody's newest enterprise, launched while this article was being prepared, is a long-playing-record club in which subscribers pay a twelve-dollar annual service fee and get their records at the dealer's usual cost—$2.47 for a $3.98 record—plus postage and a wrapping charge. The service fee covers the selection, by Levin and several associates, of a monthly list of twenty records from which the contributor may make his choice. Goody, who is never backward about prodding other record retailers, is offering dealers five dollars for every member they enroll in the club.

Goody's catalogue, which runs to several hundred pages and represents a complete listing of available long-playing records, sells for five dollars a year and is given away to store visitors. The Long Player, which is updated monthly, costs ten cents apiece, net, to produce. On a busy month the store will give away 40,000 copies of The Long Player.

Goody's uniquely dominant position in the retail-record trade makes it a sort of barometer of public taste in long-playing records. The store's biggest continuing seller in the popular field is the South Pacific music. Toscanini conducting Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is the leader in the classical division.

"All the Beethoven symphonies as done by Toscanini are immensely popular," relates Abner Levin, "though the great man is now being given a run for his money by Bruno Walter, Scherchen and the late Furtwängler. Then there are singers—the late Kathleen Ferrier, a contralto, still sells as though she were putting out a record every month, and Renata Tebaldi, a soprano, is tremendously popular. Mario Lanza sells well in the classical field. Sinatra tops all the ballad singers, while Dave Brubeck and the Mulligan Quartet top the jazz instrumentalists. Generally speaking, the orchestral record will outsell instrumental or vocal music. The early classics—Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—are the fastest movers among long-playing records. I'd say that sixty per cent of the classical catalogue has sufficient turn-over to warrant carrying it in quantity. In jazz, I'd say that only ten per cent of the catalogue is worth stocking heavily because of the short life of most of that music."

And then, of course, there's Debussy. Never underestimate Debussy. Sam Goody doesn't.

"We have this customer I call the counselor. He's great for Debussy. And every once in a while the counselor would come up to me and say, 'Here, Goody, here's a cigar; we just had a baby.' Then, after a while, when I realized he was giving me the fourth or fifth cigar, I said to him, 'Say, I have four kids, and it seems to me that this must be your fifth, so now you're one up on me. What's it all about?' The counselor said, 'Well, I love Debussy, you see, and every time I play Debussy I'll be darned if something doesn't happen.' The counselor has eight children now and he's still playing Debussy."

THE END

"He's a rather unusual lapdog."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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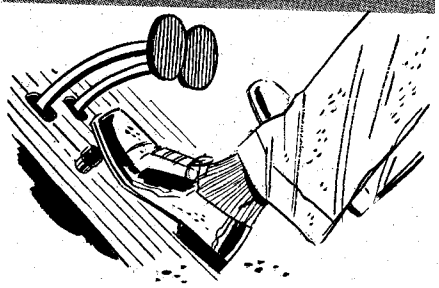
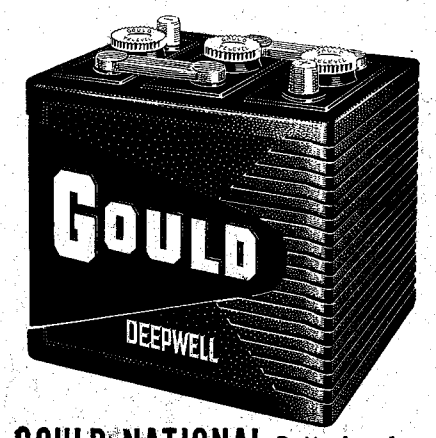


Gould batteries were 31 years old when the first foot-controlled dimmer switch was installed in 1929.



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Breakup (Continued from Page 42)

I said, "I'd supposed you were a velvet child who wintered at Cap d'Antibes. That voice must have been mellowed by Mediterranean warmth, surely. And now you tell me Vermont, of all places. Deep snow, stags bounding on the hillsides, wood-burning stoves and grim, hard-bitten people ——"

A curious change came over her face, and it stopped me. "You do know smatterings, don't you? The thumb-nail sketch was hardly accurate. For example, the least hard-bitten person I've ever known still lives there, the woman I love in a very special way, and the one I've tried to repay—and not just with money, but with —— Will you let me tell you about it sometime? I need to talk to someone." And in that moment I realized that Mary Jordan was lonely.

Two weeks later I called her and she asked me to come to see her. She had a smart apartment in the Sixties—all the things you'd expect, gray walls, a fireplace, good paintings, low squatty chairs, and a grand piano. We sat down opposite each other, and after a little while Mary Jordan began to tell me the story that she knew I had come for.

Mabel Kelsey was a large, handsome woman who rarely sat down from sunup to sundown, except on Sundays. Righteous and proudly God-fearing, she had married Carl Kelsey to reform him, so she said. She seemed to have succeeded in her project, for Carl Kelsey turned into a morose man who seldom talked. They produced two sons, Matt and Joel, two years apart, and then in her fortieth year, Mabel gave birth to a girl child—a feat of which she was always slightly ashamed.

The boys, then ten and twelve, were given the privilege of naming the infant, and they called her Ramona, after the sword swallower they'd seen at the county fair. Ramona Kelsey.

All through her childhood, the boys kept up their proprietary interest in Mona, teasing her, loving and coddling her, and disciplining her by turns, so that she was in a perpetual state of confusion. She loved her brothers more than anything else on earth. The silent Carl and the indifferent Mabel were dim shadows on the screen of her youthful development. Only the boys were real. She loved the smell of their room up under the eaves, the wild gaminess of it, the ghost of forbidden smoke, old corduroy and water-soaked leather that had dried there. Often she'd go into their room on Sunday mornings when they were allowed to sleep a little longer, and crawl into bed between them.

Joel would open one blue eye and look fierce. "Hey you, Matt. That thing got in again. What'll we do with it?"

"Heave it outside."

So they'd get up, and one would take her feet and the other her arms, and they'd swing her, and just as they seemed bent on pitching her through the open window, one of them would stop to scratch his ankle, and she'd light into them, punching into their rock-ribbed stomachs, knowing she could never hurt them, and they'd all capsize on the floor in a laughing, crazy heap. They were a wonderful pair of brothers for a little girl to own.

And then, when she was nine, the tragedy had happened. The boys had gone up the mountain after a marauding bear, and Joel slipped and fell from a rock ledge, a drop of forty feet. He said he wasn't hurt, and they believed him, but the next morning when Mona got into bed with them, Joel's eyes were already open and he was cold against her body. She was never to forget Matt's scream when she woke him, or the dreadful contortions of his face. Matt was never quite the same after Joel's death or, for that matter, neither was Mona.

Matt worked the farm alone, studying his agriculture bulletins under the hanging kerosene lamp, going up to his lonely room at night to remember Joel's laughter. The household was silent, sullen. It worked and ate and slept, and that was all. But it was about this time that Mona, alone and under the open sky, began to sing as a protest against the weighing hush that surrounded her.

One autumn day Matt went into St. Johnsbury and brought home a bride. His mother met them at the door, her eyes blazing at Matt and ignoring the girl. Only the anger leaped between them in place of words, for Matt had nothing to say, either, no explanations and no apologies. His wife was a little thing, frail and ash blond, with blue eyes and beautiful narrow hands, and a sweetness in her face. Mona's heart opened wide with that first beseeching smile. She wanted to protect her, and, more importantly, she wanted to do something to make her happy. That desire never left her.

The next day Mabel Kelsey cornered Matt in the kitchen. "Well, now, this is a pretty thing you've done," she said tauntingly. "If you had to bring a woman here, why didn't you pick a fit one to help in the house and bear you some children? Look at you! Six foot two and shoulders on you like an ox! Why, a young'un of yours'd kill this scrawny whiffet you've drug in!"

A flush spread over his face as he laid down his fork. "I love her, ma. If you can't be decent to her, don't talk."

"You leave her alone, ma." Mona was standing with her feet planted wide apart, defying her mother for the first time in her life. "She don't have to help in the house—I'll do it for her. We'll take care of her, Matt and me!"

Rosalie spoke from the doorway before they knew she was there, and she smiled in quiet friendship at the little girl. "Thank you, Mona. As long as I have you and Matt, I won't care abo anything else—too much."

And then she crossed the room and s down in her rightful place beside h husband at the kitchen table. From th time on, she and Mabel never spol directly to each other. For twelve yea they lived in the same house and nev found the need for words together un a grave wonder united them.

Mabel's prophecy came true; the were no children. Once it seemed as there might be, but Rosalie caught h foot in the torn drugget and fell dov the steep stairs that led from the roo up under the eaves. Sure enough, Mat child almost killed her, and there fc lowed a long period of invalidism, wi Mona waiting on her, and Mona alo hearing the heartbroken weeping wh the doctor told her there would never l a child now. She had wanted a baby mo than anything else in the world.

By this time the ineffectual Carl Kels was dead, making little difference in tl lives of any of them. Mona was fourtee a strong, straight girl blooming into su den beauty. Rosalie taught her mai things, but most of all she gave her a appreciation of herself. It was Rosal who made her sing a song over and ov again until the tightness went out of h throat and the clear rich soprano can free and sweet, and it was also Rosa who told her that her singing was a ve special gift which might become an a if she worked at it.

As the years went by, Mona Kels grew locally famous. Folks said som thing ought to be done about that beau ful voice, but they didn't suggest what or how.

On a Sunday afternoon in May wh the apple orchard was deep in bloom, t girls sat under one of the flowering tre with Matt sprawled beside them. Th was the time when Rosalie chose to spe to her husband about the dream she a Mona had shared. "There's a man Dorset," she told him, "who will see it that Mona gets a scholarship to fine music school in New York City we can manage the rest of it, Matt. I says she has a remarkable voice and ought to be trained."

Matt looked off to the green hills the distance. (*Continued on Page 1*

"He has the greenest thumb in town."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 126*) Then he asked heavily, "How much would it cost?"

"The way we figure, she ought to have twenty-five dollars a week. I could make some clothes for her this summer, but she'd need other things, and carfare and stamp money and odds and ends ——"

"Honey, you might as well ask for the moon. That's plain crazy, and you know it. Twenty-five dollars—holy Hannah!"

Mona stiffened. "Ma's got that thirty-acre piece that's just lying there, and the Sandersons want it. Couldn't she sell it and give me the money? I'd pay it back. I'm not asking this just for myself, but this man who comes to Dorset summers, this Mr. Caldwell, says God gave me my voice, and I've got a debt to Him!"

"God or no God, ma wouldn't give up her thirty acres to educate any girl, and I don't know as I'd blame her. You'd get married, and the money spent on you'd be just wasted."

"I wouldn't either get married! Not for years, not till I'd done what the Lord intended me to do. Matt, I've got to amount to something! I can't just stay here and —— Rosy, you tell him."

"The money would never be wasted, Matt. She'd feel her obligation."

"Obligation, hell. What woman thinks of obligation when she meets some fellow she wants to tie up with? Look at you. Your folks scrimped to send you to normal school, and what good did it do you? You married me and buried yourself alive." Then Matt, the kind and gentle man, said the cruel thing out of his deep shame and frustration. "It might have been different if we'd had kids—being educated, you'd know how to tend them better, teach them things. But as it is, you're just wasted, Rosy. Your life don't mean a thing."

Rosalie turned as white as the dress she wore, as white as the snow that had lain over her heart since she lost her child.

When she could speak again, she said softly, "I suppose you're right. But there's a way to change that."

After she had gone to the house, Mona looked full at her brother. She was too young to find the words that would have smashed him and shamed him. They were all in her eyes, and her eyes only bewildered him.

He said, "Well, I'll speak to ma, anyway. It won't do any harm, I guess."

"You've done the harm. There isn't any more to do."

He was a male creature, and to him the ways of females would be forever mysterious, so he was never to know that his crudeness marked the turning point in the lives of two women.

Mona received the scholarship in July, and in the middle of August, Rosalie went to work in the post office. Already the clothes Mona would need had been made, and twenty of the twenty-five dollars had been assured. Rosalie was a woman fired now by a high purpose, and her fading face showed it.

Mabel Kelsey had nothing but scorn. What Mona did about her fool singing was no concern of hers, and if a dim-witted woman wanted to walk two miles to a job and back again, and waste her money to boot, let her. But Matt pledged ten dollars to add to his wife's twenty, and so Mona was cared for.

It was a year before Mona came home again, but in the meantime there were the letters that meant so much to Rosalie. Vicariously, this was her own training, since she was in a measure responsible for it, and she followed the pruning of Mona's voice through her letters. Her vocal coach was Gerald Chapman, and he told her that she showed more promise than any student he'd had in the last five years. "Think of that, Rosy! I wouldn't tell you, except that you're the only one in the world who cares, and I think maybe you'll be a little bit proud."

The tales that Mona wrote home were not precisely true. She was doing well in all her studies, and her voice was growing more facile by the day, but there were times when even Chapman's pat of approbation couldn't lift the fog she groped in. She was homesick for the hills she knew, for Rosalie and Matt; she was lonely to the point of illness and she was afraid.

... ...

The Ghost With Curly Hair

By Esther Baldwin York

One eerie night when the
moon was bright,
On the eve when witches
soar,
Five spirits came. They gave
no name,
But moaned outside my
door.

I brought forth treats and
earthly sweets;
They ate as though alive.
And "Thanks! You're cool!"
said every ghoul,
And "Thankth!" piped
Number Five.

It was little and slow, as
most spooks go,
The last to leave the stair,
And I caught a view, as it
turned back to,
Of a wisp of curly hair.

Uncounted hosts have met
with ghosts.
Now, I'm a sensible
girl ——
But, say what you will,
I'm haunted still
By a ghost with a lisp and a
curl!

... ...

That first year she ate her Christmas dinner at a midtown restaurant with a young artist named Philip Garfield, who was just getting over a bout with pneumonia and seemed as homeless as she was. Though he was strangely attractive, he was unlike any man she had ever known, and so she resented him; he seemed to her the embodiment of all her griefs and frustrations of the moment.

Two years later she had married him with no thought of her obligation to Rosalie or her own ambitions. She had married him because she couldn't do anything else.

It was a magic thing that had burgeoned within her when spring came that year. Constantly she sang of love, and she was surrounded by the foreign coaches who spoke lustily and warmly. By that time she was studying with the famous old diva, Maria Campagni, and madame often told her, "You will not really be a singer, my little pet, until you live a little, love very much, and suffer some because you love. You need a man to take you in his arms and make you forget that cold Vair-mont you come from."

And Mona, thinking of the little man who had enriched madame's emotions and had thus been responsible for her glorious years at La Scala, would giggle. But they weren't all like little bandy-legged Luigi Campagni. She began to wonder how it would be to have Philip Garfield make love to her. She was young, and he was so very much in love with her, and this new, strange thing she couldn't understand was flowering within her.

Philip was a painter, and a good one, his friends told her. He would have real significance someday, if he got the breaks.

Sometimes madame would rap sharply before she could get Mona's attention. Finally a light broke over the huge face. "Aa-hanh! Now I know. You are in love. At last it has happened to my little frozen chicken, and she is thawing and it is very painful, no? It is, of course, the beautiful young man who paints? Oh, I am not so glad about anything in years! Now you will sing!"

"Will I, madame?" That seemed of small importance to her at the moment. "But what will I do about Philip?"

Madame cast her eyes up to the ceiling. "The child asks me what she should do! You will marry him, of course. You will have the wedding right here in this room, as soon as this law they have allow you."

So that was the way it happened. She was married in madame's living room, with madame sobbing all through the ceremony in huge abandon. Philip had been living in a state of shock since the night she had told him she'd marry him, and now his nerves were telling; he was almost ill. The welling tenderness rose in her and she knew that he was her whole world. Nothing else mattered. She was a woman grandly in love, and the wonder of it stripped her of logic.

More than a week passed before she wrote to Matt and Rosalie, but the letter, laced through as it was with guilt, seemed inadequate and she tore it up. She told herself that it was better to wait until she saw them. Besides, she still needed the money they sent. Philip made very little from the occasional sale of a picture, and he was as poor as she was. Oh, but someday it would all be different. In the meantime, her mail could still come to madame.

The weeks slipped by, the happiest she had ever known. Then gradually Philip began to talk of Taos, in New Mexico, where the air was clear and dry and the sunlight intense. It was a mecca for people like him, he said, and New York was a mess, all noise and polluted air. He wanted to live close to the earth, do his work and bake in the sun.

She laughed, playing with him as she supposed he was playing with her. "And what am I doing in this Utopia?"

"You can sing there as well as here."

"Of course, darling. I could even give a weekly concert to the Indians and they could pay me with beads."

He talked more and more of Taos, however, and at last she was forced to realize that he was serious. "But I have a career to follow, too; I have a destiny! Maybe my voice isn't important to you, but it is to me and a few others who have invested in me. I can't just chuck the whole business and go off with you to gratify a whim."

But it was no use, and steadily but surely the precious thing they'd shared was leaving them. Sometimes she'd wake in the night and see him standing by the window, breathing heavily, and she'd know that he was wanting to be gone, if not with her, then without her. She had no choice but to go with him, and yet fighting to hold him, she hated him a little too.

He met her at the train when she came home from Vermont, and she thought he looked stricken, as though he had somehow been with her in spirit. Her words were almost unnecessary. "My mother sat there and laughed her head off. And Matt stared at me as if he hated me. And Rosalie—Rosy was stunned. She kept saying it was all right, she wanted me to be happy, but there she sat with her empty hands and her empty life, her faded face, and her shoulders stooping a little now from working for me. And then Matt told me how she'd walked four miles a day, sometimes through the snow when he couldn't get the truck out, how she'd worked to send every cent to me as if it were a holy duty, and oh, heaven, Phil ——"

"I see," he said gently. "So you're not going."

"No. I have a debt to pay."

That was the end of their life together, because he left her and went alone, as she had known he would. For a time she moved through a period of indifference to his leaving, since his act of selfishness numbed the love she had for him.

She went to madame and finally found the relief of tears on that capacious bosom.

"The peeg!" madame snarled. "Oh, if I could get these two hands upon him! But look—I tell you. Your heart is now broken; it is sometimes good for a woman who is an artiste to have a broken heart. Loving Philippe has done you no harm, even though he was a bad one."

"Hasn't done me any harm? Madame, I'm going to have a baby!"

The big woman's reaction was one of horror, quickly followed by rich delight. "Then you will be complete at last! Then you will sing as you never sang before. Ah, Madonna, what a miracle this is! It is what I have prayed for!" Her eyes narrowed speculatively. "Does he know, that Philippe?"

"No. I didn't want to keep him that way."

"Aa-hanh. Then we still do not tell him. You are to remain with me, with the little Luigino and me, and we will go on with the lessons, and when the baby is born ——"

When the baby was born in December, it was a fine boy—the most beautiful baby in the world, according to madame. To Mona, the little face bore no resemblance to its father, but in its infant newness, the mark of its appearance in years to come, it was a miniature of the beloved lost brother.

She went home in February when the snow lay white on the mountains. The family was at early supper in the lamplight. She came in quietly, so as not to break the old silence in the house.

They looked at her as if she were an apparition. Matt jumped up and his chair fell over with a great crash, breaking the spell that bound them. He came over to her and lifted back the blanket that covered the baby's face. They saw his own face whiten as he looked down upon the child's, and they all heard him breathe, "Oh, my God!"

"I know," Mona said gently. "That's why I've named him Joel."

She put her son into his arms, and suddenly the big man began to shake, hiding his face in the blanket, straining the child to him, and his sobs were all around them, filling the room. Rosalie, in her great compassion, went to him and touched his bent head, and then she, too, looked down into the baby's face. She hadn't known Joel, but she hadn't needed to—this was (*Continued on Page 130*)

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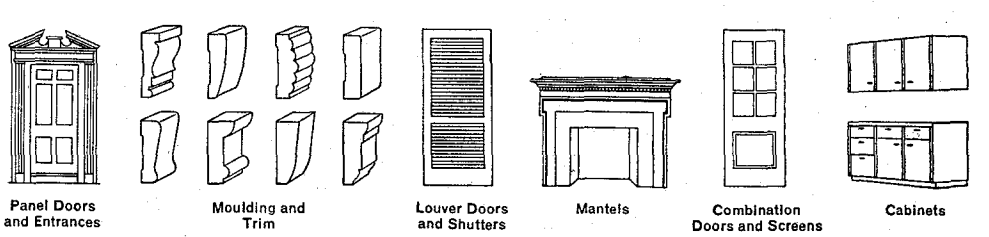

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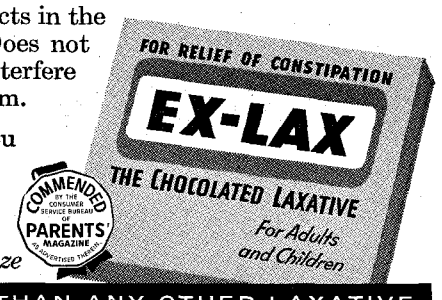
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(*Continued from Page 128*)

a baby, a thing to be tended and served and loved. She took it from Matt with hungry arms.

In spite of the grief that was in her heart, and the new beauty, too, Mona said, "He's yours, Rosalie. Yours and Matt's. I've brought him to you, and I'll never take him away, I promise you."

Then Rosalie, with her face transfigured, did the beautiful thing that they were to remember all their lives. She took the baby and laid it in the old woman's lap, passing the first words with her in more than twelve years. "Here, ma. Here's your grandson. They say he looks like your boy, Joel."

Mary Jordan was to know many exalted moments in her life, but there was never one to equal that. Anything was possible for her, remembering it. Alone now, she went back to Campagni, who told her that at last she was ready. Her voice was as perfect as one of her years could expect. But she must change her name. The sound, said madame, had to be right on the ears.

At first there were small engagements at clubs, then at hotels and the better night spots. People began to notice her for more than her voice. She dressed well and cultivated a reserve that was deadly in its effectiveness. Her beauty ripened; her figure was svelte, disciplined. In the third year, she had the lead in a Broadway musical, then went into radio. She made two pictures in Hollywood, both of them rather lavish and corny, to her way of thinking; then came back to radio as star on an oil company's program that paid her a fantastic salary. Now Mary Jordan found her special medium in television. The combination of her face, figure, voice and personality had succeeded in crystallizing her dream; and the work, the sacrifice and the heartbreak had all been worth it. She was where she wanted to be. She was at the top.

Often she went home to see her family and young Joel, to be called Mona again, to find a deeper peace. The boy had made over the lives of the three lonely people, and he himself was happy. Happier and stronger than she could have made him, with a succession of nurses and boarding schools. If you could see them all—Matt following Joel with his eyes so proudly, teaching him to milk the cows and tap the maple trees, to hunt and to fish with him; Rosalie forever smiling now, stooping to drop a light kiss on the tanned young forehead; her mother softened, laughing over some nonsense of the boy who looked and acted so much like her own son—then you'd know she had done the right thing in giving up her child, no matter what the cost. It was a debt she'd had to pay.

I came to with a start, realizing that for some time I had been lost in a painting on the opposite wall; I had a sense of having been in it. It was a wonderful thing—a pueblo, with the twilight streaking the sand, and one giant cactus standing lonely and strong in the foreground.

I said, "So Philip Garfield was your husband. And that, I am sure, must be one of his best."

"I bought it at the Ducheyne Galleries two years ago. I'm glad you like it. You see, it's all I have of him."

That was it. That was the part in her story that hadn't satisfied me. "You never divorced him, so that must mean that you never wanted to marry anyone else. And I've heard, somewhere, that he doesn't come East, even for his exhibitions. He never leaves the desert." Had I really heard that or was I just imagining it? With all the talk that goes on, a person hears so many things that he stores away.

"I really don't know. He hasn't tried to contact me in all these years." Mary Jordan's beautiful mouth was suddenly vulnerable. "But even though he left me as he did, I couldn't stop being his wife. I loved him, and I always shall."

"But there's no sunlight in the picture!"

She turned her startled eyes upon me. "I—don't understand."

"You thought he left you to paint sunlight, but this is twilight and evening shadows. Look at the deepened purple on that butte in the distance. Where is the sun in this or a dozen others? I'm sure you've seen them."

She was sitting up straighter now, following my thought. "I go to the Galleries. Please go on."

"Mary—Mona, didn't you ever wonder why a man like Philip Garfield would leave the woman he'd loved for four years and chase after a will-o'-the-wisp of sunlight in order to paint it? He could have painted anywhere—sunlight falls on city streets—*city streets*——

"New Mexico. You know what I think, Mona? I think Philip Garfield had to leave you. I think he was a sick man. You said he'd had pneumonia; you spoke about his heavy breathing——"

"Oh, but that was emotional, when he was distressed or nervous—at least I thought that was it. He wasn't ill—was he?"

"Probably. He said he wanted to go where the air was hot and dry, to bake in the sun; and to him, the atmosphere here was 'polluted.' Not to you and me, but to him. I think he had some respiratory weakness or an allergy to smoke and gases, and he knew it, and knew that it was getting him. Maybe some doctor had even told him that he wouldn't live very long unless he went to the desert."

"Oh, no!" She gave a little cry that had pain somewhere in it. "He knew I'd have gone with him if that had been it—anywhere—oh, anywhere on earth! I'd have given up everything!"

"Exactly. I'm beginning to like your Philip more and more. He understood you better than you think he did, Mona Kelsey—but he knew about Mary Jordan too. In ten years you've accomplished a lot, and it's all turned out just as it was meant to. God had a pretty wonderful plan laid out for you, Mona. But now that you've taken care of your special debt to Him and to Rosalie, I think there's one more He expects you to pay."

"If I can," she said. "If I still can—and I must find out."

At the door, she took my hand and her lovely gray eyes were misted. "Whether you're right or wrong," she said, "God bless you. How—do you know so much?"

"I don't. I only know smatterings, as I said. And people have to be in character. I think people are the most wonderful things there are."

I left for the Coast the next day, so I didn't see Mary Jordan again, and when I got back, it was too late. By that time I was slapped by the backwash of all the rumors that had been spread about her dropping out of sight at the peak of her career. She'd had her contracts canceled because she was an alcoholic, a heroin addict, in trouble with the Government, her nerves had snapped and her voice had cracked. The last report was that she was in a mental institution up in Connecticut somewhere. I still think people are remarkable.

My heart leaped when I saw the card, because sometimes smatterings aren't enough; there are occasions when you ought to know what you're talking about. It was a colored picture of two little Navajos holding hands and squinting in the sun. On the back was a single message. "My life is just beginning——"

It wasn't signed. It didn't have to be.

THE END

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The Sensible Type (Continued from Page 34)

In the kitchen she set up her electric grill, turned on an icebox and rooted around until she found some necessary utensils. Then she walked in the gardens, made herself supper, rode down into Hollywood for a movie, and was back in bed by eleven o'clock. She slept with lights on all over the house.

In the first glitter of six o'clock Milly awoke with a start. Shaking herself to find out where she was, she heard outside such a splashing and snorting as could mean only one thing: fifty people were rioting in the swimming pool. She leaped out of bed, threw a polo coat over her nightgown and ran around the house until she found the front door. Then she made her way across lawns to the pool.

A solitary young man stood calmly before her, smoking a cigarette. But in the pool was a horse.

The young man looked up, startled, and then smiled. He was, Milly couldn't help noticing, an elegant representative of the native type. Tall, light-haired, with a wide mouth, he had nothing you could really call hips, and he was wearing a black rag that stood for a bathing suit. The horse was a palomino and a beauty.

"Hello," the young man said.

Milly said, "At least hello. Where did you come from?"

The young man waved a hand vaguely to the left. "I live down there a way."

"Haven't you a swimming pool of your own?"

"No, ma'am."

"Skip the Western talk," Milly said; "I don't understand it."

"Sorry. I was only practicing."

Milly pointed to the pool. "And who's that?" she said.

"Oh," the young man said, "that's Dan D., *the* horse. He's trained. He can shake hands. He's gentle. You live up there?"

Milly opened her mouth to say yes, but perhaps because he was staring at her so fixedly she became aware of her bare feet, and of the thin trailing nightgown, and she said, "Not really. I work for the real-estate agents. I'm sitting on the house."

The man looked relieved. "Listen," he said, "I'll take Dan D. home and rub him down and then—well, I'll come back up and explain things to you. Eh?"

Milly hesitated. Finally she said, "All right."

She washed her face, brushed her hair, put on a cotton dress, made a large pot of coffee, then went out and waited on a terrace overlooking a garden.

The young man did not keep her long. He came, looking brushed and clean, in khaki pants, a white sweater and his feet in straw slippers.

"Do you always get up this early?" he said.

"I should say I don't," Milly said, and handed him his cup.

"Thanks," he said, and then he added, "I'd better tell you. My name's Sock Sommers."

"Really?" Milly said.

"Well, no," he said. "It's really Ed Heaton, but that's no kind of name to have if you should happen to get famous."

"Oh, dear," Milly said, "are you one of those?"

Sock laughed. "Not what you think. If I should happen to get famous it would be on account of Dan D. I'm not dedicated. I'm just a conservative guy who wants to make a pile and retire when he's twenty-five."

"I know," Milly nodded. "It's the trend. I feel the same way myself."

"But of course to do that you have to have a gimmick. Mine's Dan D. If I can get him on a television show or in a movie ——" He stopped and looked questioningly at Milly. "Are you ——"

Milly smiled. "An actress?" She shook her head. "No. Although I thought about it once, for an hour and a half, maybe. When I first came out here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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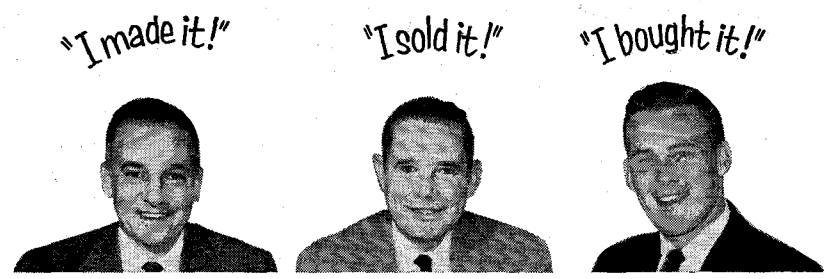

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"You're a tourist?" Sock said. "So am I."

"I've been here a year," Milly said.

"Eight months," Sock said. "I come from Idaho."

"Pennsylvania," Milly said. "I was chosen the most beautiful girl of all time by a convention of real-estate men in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and a trip to Hollywood was my reward."

Sock took this calmly enough and sipped his coffee.

"When I first got out here," Milly said, "I thought maybe there might be something doing at one of the studios, but I soon found out that was nonsense. Only I loved it here. I wanted to stay. So, Mrs. Dennis, who was acting as my chaperon, offered me a job."

"You really live here?" Sock said.

Milly nodded. "It's my idea. Most people who sit on houses have places of their own. But I figured it would be cheaper this way. So I bought a stove and a bedroll."

Sock held out his cup.

Milly said, "Are you rich?"

Sock said, "That's what I want to talk to you about."

"I should think anyone who owns a horse would be rich."

Sock laughed. "Look," he said. "I've got Dan D. I trained him. He can count, he can dance, he can pick flowers, he can sit down, he can shake hands. I thought, you know, he was a natural. So I brought him to Hollywood. But just like you, I found it tough getting into studios. I didn't know anybody, I couldn't pull any strings." Sock frowned. "And you'd be surprised how many horses there are in Hollywood already that can shake hands."

Milly understood the problem.

"I had a little stake," Sock said, "but I had to live and I had to board Dan. At the end of six months it was about run out. But I had remembered ——" Here he turned away from Milly. "Well, the first week I was here I took one of those rubberneck tours, and we passed this place, and the driver said it used to belong to King Smith but was vacant, so I scouted around one day and located the stables and ——"

"You don't mean it," Milly said.

"I will have to throw myself on your mercy," Sock said.

"You're living in the stables?"

"Well, yes." Sock frowned. "And I've got a job too. I'm night manager of a drive-in on Santa Monica Boulevard. Seven till two, which leaves me all day to look after Dan."

Milly shook her head slowly. "Convenient all around."

"The question is," Sock said, "are you going to throw a helpless horse out onto the street?"

Milly began to pour more coffee into both their cups. A light breeze scattered sunshine through the leaves of a eucalyptus; an early butterfly blundered past; a ruby hummingbird stopped dead and considered a jasmine.

"It's going to be a long day," Milly said. "Let's consider."

That evening at eight Milly went down to the drive-in at Santa Monica and Fern and had dinner with Sock.

"It's the standard story," Sock said when he was free to come and sit with her. "A man from Ohio came out here to retire, but he got bored and bought this place. He's a nice man."

"You do business," Milly said.

"Nights aren't so good," Sock said, "but I'm working on that. I've got a gimmick."

"What?"

"Lover's Lunch, it's called."

"Lover's Lunch?"

"Midnight stuff. One order for two. One basket of chicken, one malt with two straws, one giant hamburger cut in half. One tray. The kids love it."

Milly nodded sagely. "That's a good idea."

"It's catching on. But what about you? Is the house sold?"

"Not yet. Just sight-seers, today. Women with nothing to do. You always get them."

"Then it's safe to go back?" Sock said.

"All right," Milly said; "all right."

She hadn't really decided until that moment. They had talked half the morning, but the circumstance had been so improbable—sitting in the sunshine talking with a housebreaker—that Mrs. Dennis had arrived with a couple of prospects before Milly had worked up enough courage to throw him out.

But now—and in the weeks to come she was to keep rerationalizing the situation—what did it really matter? As a housebreaker he was clean and neat, he kept convenient hours, he was steady and polite and he was handsome. And on these great sprawling lonely acres, he was a comfort.

Of course there was the horse, and he was not something you could just ignore. But suppose a buyer did penetrate as far as Dan D.—wouldn't it be perfectly simple to say that the people next door had borrowed the stables for a few days till they could send the horse to their ranch? Didn't it give the neighborhood a certain tone—borrowing stables like cups of sugar?

As for Sock, he would leave no trace of himself around; he kept his bedroll and suitcase in his car.

Anyway, it was decided, and their life began.

At six o'clock every morning, life began. Sock got up then because it was the only safe time he had to curry and train Dan D. Milly got up because Sock got up.

She would take coffee down to the lawn behind the stables, sit cross-legged with her back to a tree and watch. Dan D. knew his tricks all right, but unless he repeated them constantly, he got rusty—or so Sock thought.

On one of the first mornings Sock told her, "I'm worried about his dancing." It was a serious statement, seriously said. "He waltzes beautifully, but that's about all. With rock and roll he seems, well—impatient."

"Make him waltz," Milly said.

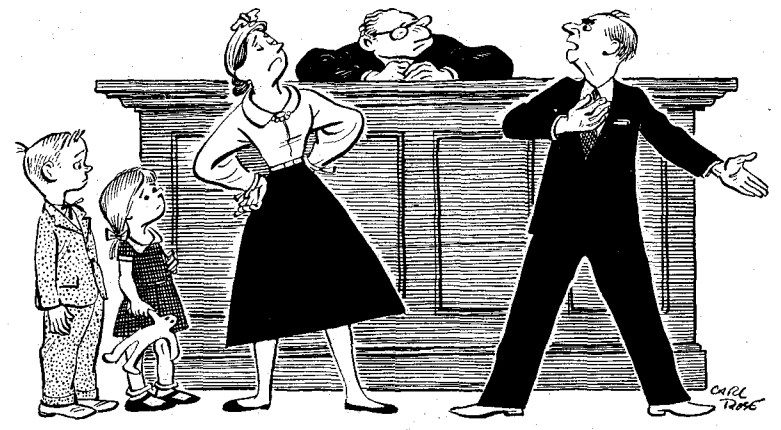
Sock clapped his hands and then raised them; Dan D. lifted his head. In a homemade voice Sock began to sing the Blue Danube, with words that were homemade too. "One *two* three four five, clump *clump*, clump *clump*," he sang; "one *two* three four five, clump *clump*, clump *clump*."

Dan D. began to waltz. With his head swaying, he took the proper steps, he stopped, he clumped. "One *two* three four five." He seemed to be enjoying himself hugely.

"He does it better with a band," Sock said.

"Anybody does," Milly said.

"One *two* three four five." Dan D. turned and swayed and clumped and switched his tail. He was a beautiful sight. Oh, this fair morning, Milly thought, this pale fair morning. She got up, laughing, and stretched her arms above her head, and then *(Continued on Page 136)*



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When Mrs. Twicewed's first husband refused to permit his children to be called by her second husband's name, she went to court to change their name legally.

"The difference in names confuses and embarrasses the children," she said. "It makes them feel insecure. And why shouldn't they bear my second husband's name, when he supports them and their own father doesn't?"

"Her real reason for wanting the change," the embittered father replied, "is to hide the failure of her first marriage. She's doing it for her own convenience, not for that of the children, who love me and call me daddy."

If you were the judge, would you change the children's names?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The children's names were not changed. The court said: "Children can never be embarrassed or confused by the name of their loving father. There can be no stronger bulwark for their character or emotional security than to identify themselves with a father who loves them."

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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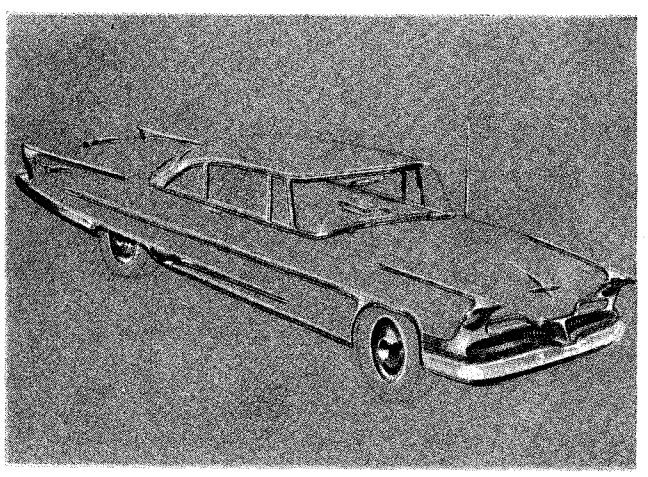

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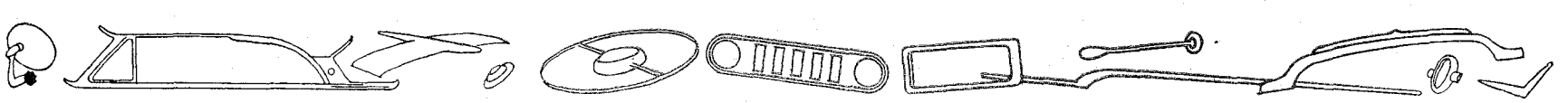

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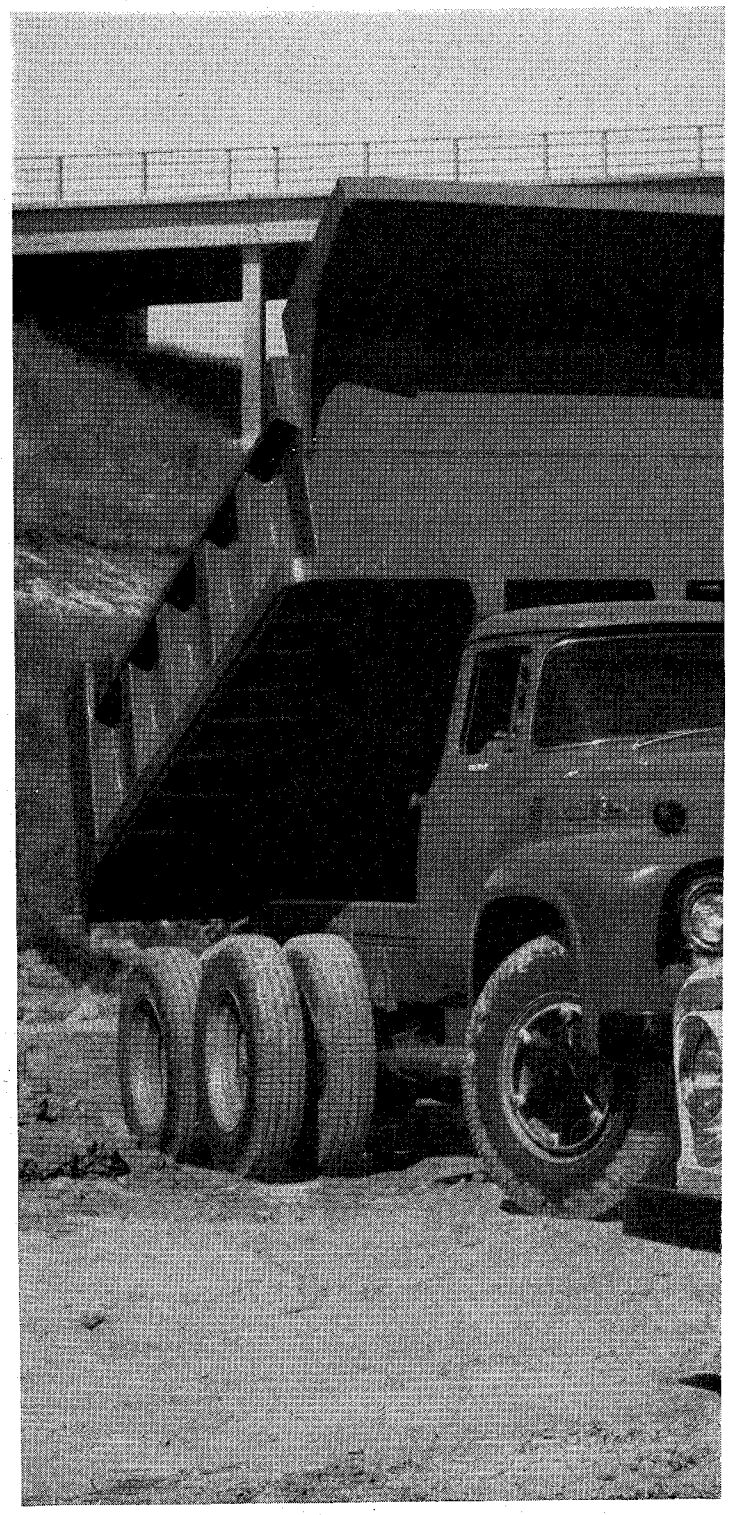
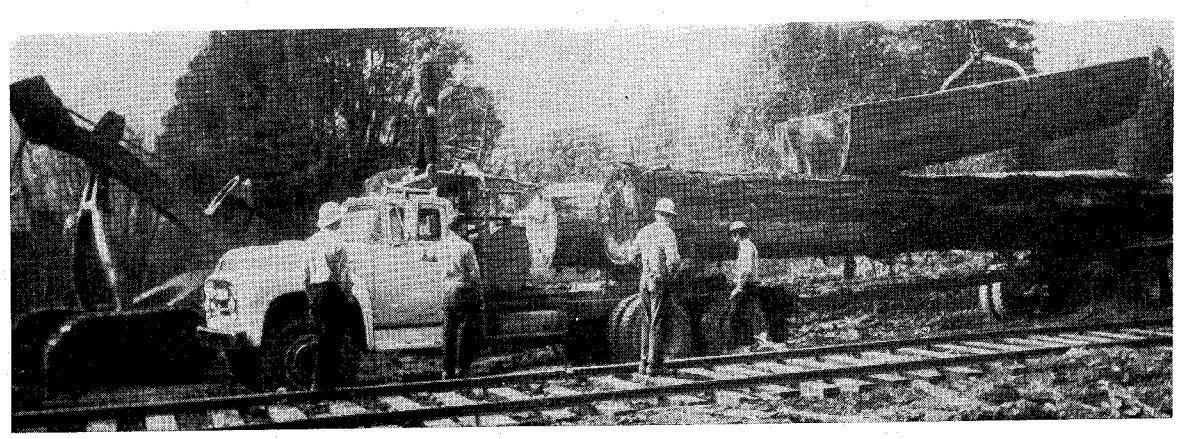


"Our Fords sure reduce upkeep cost! If all our equipment was as tough as our 90 Ford F-600 trucks, we'd have no maintenance problems," says Mickey Adley, president of Adley Express Company.



"$30 a day more—that's what I can earn during the busy season because my Ford T-800 can haul more payload than other trucks." And Clarence Landwig, Arcate, California, spells it out: "The weight of my Ford and trailer is 21,300 lbs. The weight of my rig with a comparable truck would be thousands of pounds more. I carry the difference in board feet. And $10 extra a trip, 3 trips a day, comes to $30 extra a day."

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Greatest axle capacity of any ½-tonner—up to 400 lb. more combined axle capacity in a Ford Pickup. Available with roomy 8-foot body or regular 6½-foot box.

ss to run . . . last longer, too!

a major overhaul on our Fords," yde Freeman, Pasadena Beverage ny. "And the initial cost of our 'ords was less than it would have r other comparable makes."

Before you buy your next truck, look at both sides of Ford's story of value: what you get and what it costs. You'll like what you see.

Look at the costs. Ford's first cost is low. Resale value is high. Modern Short Stroke engines—V-8 or Six—are designed for less friction, less wear, lower running costs. Maintenance costs are lower, too, because Ford trucks are built stronger for rugged long life. And a 10-million-truck study *proves* Ford trucks last longer.

Look at what you get and you'll see you get *more* for your money in a Ford. For example, only Ford gives you modern Short Stroke power in every truck, V-8 or Six. Sodium-cooled exhaust valves in heavy-duty engines run up to 225° cooler, last longer. More comfort with a Driverized Cab. More safety with Ford's exclusive Lifeguard features.

Look carefully . . . consider everything. You'll agree Ford trucks cost less, give you more. If you want a great deal—a great deal *more* for your money—see your Ford Dealer.

THE BIG FLEETS BUY MORE FORD TRUCKS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

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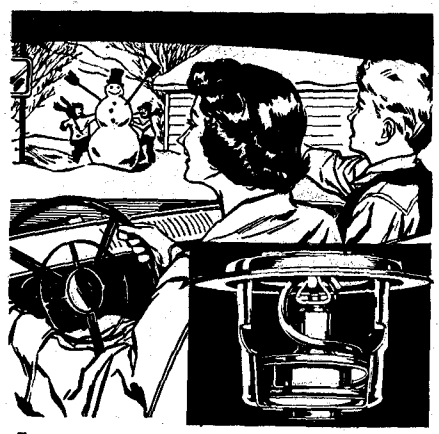

be warm inside when it's cold outside!

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Replace now with a Dole Thermostat. Original equipment on the finest automobiles.

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Just a single daily dose of delicious tasting, melt-in-your-mouth BONADETTES* prevents carsickness, airsickness and seasickness for as long as 24 hours.

At all drug stores . . . get TRAVEL-TESTED

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Home-Builders

Here's News on the Windows to choose. For information on today's modern precision engineered windows . . .

See Page 129 of this issue

Ponderosa Pine Woodwork

DON'T ADD ANTI-FREEZE
UNTIL RADIATOR IS CLEANED AND REPAIRED!

Anti-freeze in a leaky or clogged radiator is money wasted. Modern INLAND repairing costs very little.

HAVE YOUR RADIATOR SERVICED WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

INLAND RADIATOR EQUIPMENT

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SERVICE SHOP INQUIRIES INVITED

What makes **CORNS *HURT?***

When pointed part of corn is forced down into tissue, it hurts! Dissolve corns fast, easily with Gets-it Liquid Corn Remover.

(*Continued from Page 132*) she, too, began to sing: "One *two* three four five, clump *clump*."

She moved toward Sock, caught a hand on his neck, he touched her waist and they were off, barefooted in the grass.

Around they danced, and around and around, whirling and circling, around Dan D., faster and faster, shouting the numbers, until finally, exhausted and breathless, Milly fell rolling onto the grass, Sock beside her.

"Enough," Milly panted; "enough."

Dan D. happily ignored them. Numbers or no, he kept right on—doing his own counting: "One *two* three four five, clump *clump*."

Other days were more sedate.

A trick that had to be perfected was flower picking. The edges of the lawn by the stables were wild with daffodils. Apparently not all flowers are good for horse picking; sweet tasting ones they eat and the hell with tricks, but daffodils fortunately are bitter.

But bitter or not, Dan had a curiosity about the yellow blossoms and instead of attending to business he would nibble at the petals. Very patiently Sock had to persuade him to nip off the stalks at the bulb, clamp the stem in his lips, and walk over to Milly and lay the flower at her feet.

Progress was slow, until one day when he had been almost right, Milly clapped. Applause undid him. Instantly he was back at the daffodils, perfectly he bit and carried and then, with an unexpected flourish, he crossed his forelegs, bowed, switched his tail and dropped the flower in Milly's lap.

Thereafter she was never without a slightly battered vase of daffodils by her bed, "given to me," as she wrote her mother, "by a horse."

Of course from ten o'clock till about five Milly had to act the proper real-estate agent. Mrs. Dennis came by at least once a day to see that everything was all right—"I do worry about you up here all alone," she always said—and she either brought or sent a client or two. A number of people seemed interested for a while, but when they had thought over the question of servants and gardeners they went away to something smaller.

On a Monday, almost three weeks after they met, Sock took the night off and drove Milly to the beach. It was warm for once, with a piece of a moon, and they went far up, beyond Malibu, to a deserted stretch of sand Sock knew.

Nothing happened. They took a walk, Sock built a fire and they cooked shrimps and a steak and sliced a cool sweet melon. Afterward they curled up in blankets and watched the embers.

They said nothing memorable. Sock had brought his old guitar, and for a while he sang softly in his homemade voice. Milly leaned on an elbow and watched his face, and she watched the moon and its light on the big dark waters, and she listened to the tender slap of the waves on the sand.

Nothing happened, except that, as they drove home under a sky that she had never seen before, Milly understood that she had fallen in love, and that everything was different, nothing could ever be the same again.

After they had left the coast and were driving inland, through Brentwood, she said to Sock, "You're such a romantic, building your whole future on that horse. *Really!*"

She had not been in love, those first three weeks, she was certain of that. Attracted, amused, interested, yes—but not in love. He was wonderful, but she was wonderful, too, then, and powerful, in control of herself, a person on her own, ambitious, satisfied, happy.

Now there was always the current memory—the sound of his laugh, the feel of his sweater, the sight of his neck—the way his hair grew onto his neck—he did need a haircut—the smell of his clean new body, the taste of his morning kiss.

She knew, she knew: They should be happy thoughts, but somehow the sights, the sounds, the colors of the world had changed, and she was no longer the girl with the sensible answer, the girl with her eye on the main chance; no, now she had become poor Milly, a girl hopelessly gone in love.

She fought. She cursed herself for ever having let him stay. What kind of fool was she to have allowed this silly, lightweight, beautiful nitwit to dominate her life?

Yes, but what was she to say about those times he put his arms around her waist, and held her to him and laughed and told how she was the prettiest real-estate agent ever invented since the world began? What?

She fought.

"Listen," she said to him, "you're not living in your own time. You're a throwback, a sport. You don't face our world, your world."

"You're saying something very profound," he said, "aren't you? But what is it?"

"My dear," she said, and had to turn her face away, "all right. Take it on your terms. You want what I want. We belong to the same generation."

"Yes," he said, "and ——"

"What do we want? A little quiet, a little peace."

"And a lot of money."

"Exactly. But look. We're not in revolt. We're ambitious, sure, we're young. But what we want is what our parents never had—a little tranquillity."

"All right, yes." It was plain from his face he did not understand her. "Yes. But what am I doing that makes all this talk? I want tranquillity. Or I want money. It's the same thing."

He didn't love her, she thought; he didn't love her or he would understand.

"Look, my dear," she said. "This city grows every day by thousands. Thousands! This is Los Angeles. If you want to, you can grow rich and tranquil off these people."

"How?"

"You can"—she reached for the idea—"you can run a laundry."

"I don't want to run a laundry."

"Well, something. I don't know. Something. But not this romantic nonsense about a horse that counts to ten."

"What have you got against Dan D.?"

Milly shook her head. "I have nothing against Dan D. It's you, my dear. You were born thirty years too late. Now is a time of common sense. Dollars and cents. The horse is one chance in a million. A laundry will pay you back what you put in it—and a thirty per cent profit."

"You think," Sock said. "I'm not so sure."

She hugged her hands against her head. "I feel this; I know. You're wrong, Sock, wrong. Everything's changed. We're living in a good time. This you've got to understand. Your father, when he was young, had a bad time of it. My father, when he was young, had a bad time of it. But we don't. We live in a time of building, solidifying, tranquilizing."

"Just exactly what do you want me to do?"

"Get to work, at something sensible."

"But why?" Sock smiled his smile. "I'm young."

"That's no excuse any more. Everybody's young. Even old people are young these days."

Sock shook his head. "I guess I don't get it. All I want to do is make a pile out of Dan D., get myself a ranch somewhere and go fishing. That seems a modern-enough ambition."

"I think," Mrs. Dennis said—this was a week later, after Milly had had a week of mornings with Sock—"I think I may have a serious prospect. Now you know"—she was sitting on the terrace unsuspectingly drinking coffee out of Sock's cup—"all these broadcasting companies are moving out here from New York. There's not room in New York to put on all those shows, although as I remember New York, it was quite large. Well, I've got my hands on a vice-president. I know that doesn't sound very impressive, but apparently he has money of his own, and he and his wife want something showy. You know these big broadcasting companies are (*Continued on Page 139*)

"I don't believe her recipe for Beef Stroganoff is that good!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Men on the go

go for Jockey® BRAND UNDERWEAR

made only by Cooper's®

Here today, off trouble-shooting elsewhere tomorrow. Obstacles roll over and play dead when *the man on the go* steps into the picture. And, chances are, he steps in wearing Jockey brand underwear.

If the description above fits you, you're undoubtedly acquainted with Jockey Midway®—on comfortable terms, too. Because these are the shorts that follow your every move as faithfully as your shadow. Their conventional length makes them ideal for all-day wear under a business suit; you sit on your underwear instead of your trousers. Yet they allow maximum freedom—whether you sit, stand, walk or run, they'll never gap, bind, twist or pinch.

80th ANNIVERSARY Cooper's

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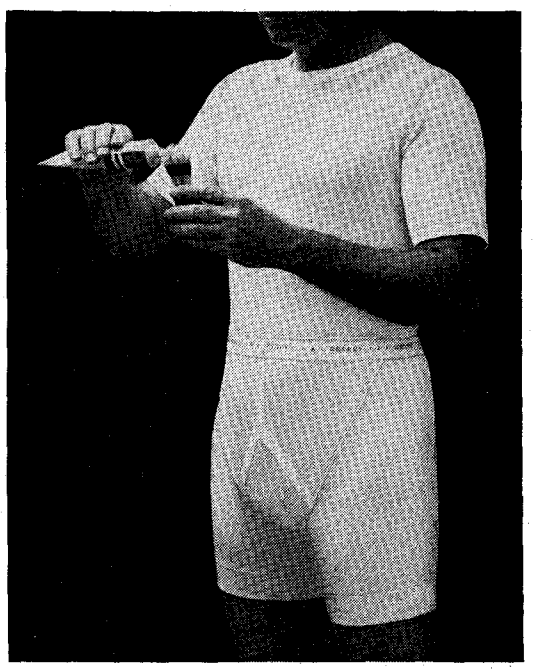

Matching Jockey T-Shirt is a fit companion—stays put because it's extra long. Choice of round crew or "V" necks.

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Wheeling steel web within plaster prevents fire from spreading for 4 hours

One of the most tragic conclusions reached after a fire is that often the most disastrous effects may have been far less *if only the fire hadn't spread so rapidly*. If—

And yet there *is* something that will do just this . . . Wheeling Metal Lath and plaster.

Used for walls, ceilings, floors, shaftways and building membranes, Wheeling Metal Lath and plaster prevent fire from spreading for four hours, giving occupants time to vacate and fire-fighting equipment time to arrive.

This is precious time. Priceless time.

Wheeling has been working with the plastering and building industries for over 60 years, pioneering, developing and perfecting Metal Lath, Accessories and other fine building materials. Ask your plastering contractor or builder for full details.

Wheeling

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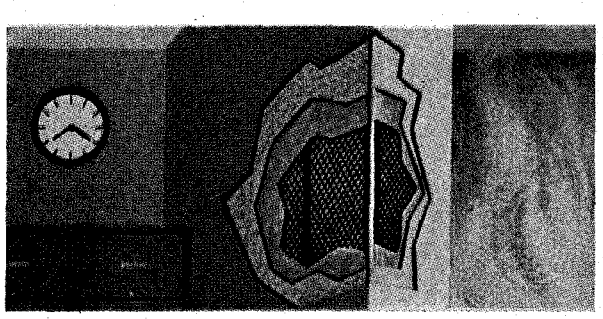
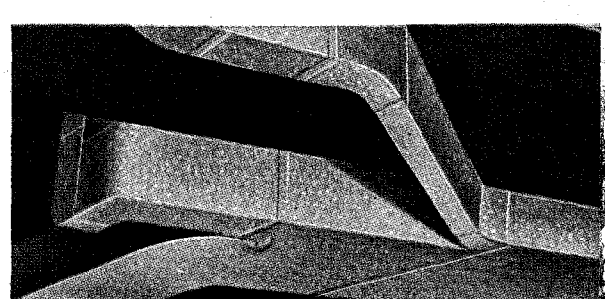


This Metal Lath and plaster barrier can't burn, so fire is stopped in its tracks! And Wheeling Metal Lath holds plaster firmly through fire, flood . . . even earthquake!



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(*Continued from Page 136*) just like the movies used to be—money is no object. Well ——"

"What's his name?" Milly said.

"Garretson. Well, but what I want to tell you is this: when I bring them you must look your best. Mrs. Garretson is cultured, in an Eastern sort of way. Hats and gloves, you know. So you had better wear stockings."

"What about Mr. Garretson?" Milly said.

"Oh, very common touch, very common touch. Like all these broadcasting people, he's fascinated by America—all the human people—but he means well. And frankly, they may be our only chance. You know—no one who's lived in California for six months would dream of taking this place, and ——"

For the first time in her business life, Milly was of two minds. The sale of the house, and her share of the commission, was sensibly the only important thing, yet it would mean the end of Sock. Oh, not the end, but—well, yes, maybe the end.

Couldn't things remain as they were just a little longer, till Sock said something? He acted often as if he loved her, but he never said so—in fact, recently he had said almost nothing at all.

She twisted and turned in her bed at night. Maybe, if, but ——

Before she had time to make up her mind, however, before even she had time to clarify the issues, everything was taken out of her hands.

The Garretsons arrived.

On a blue and sunny noon they came in their car, trailing Mrs. Dennis. Mr. Garretson looked hearty if a little out of place in the strong daylight, but Mrs. Garretson was dressed for it. Her suit was beige, her gloves were beige, her stockings and shoes were beige. Her hat—oh—was a great misty pan of straw and tulle, planted with a garden of yellow flowers. She looked ready for any party in New Jersey. The house enchanted her.

"Now this," she said, pointing to some of its more out-of-date features, "is more what we had in mind. No picture windows, such a relief."

She nodded approvingly at the excessive number of bedrooms, she was not lightened at all by the distance from kitchen through pantries to dining room, she glowed at the sight of the two dens and trophy room.

Then they went out into the garden. There it all happened so suddenly and so casually that there really wasn't time to think or act.

Mr. Garretson was strolling some distance ahead with Mrs. Dennis. Milly, in the rear, was listening to Mrs. Garretson talk about lilacs—how she had to have lilacs—and was deciding there was really no reason to explain that to have lilacs you had to buy ice cubes all winter to cover their roots when, well—there was Dan D.

He came galloping across the lawn toward them, hoofs flying, mane flying, nostrils flared, the very picture of a wild horse.

"My Lord," said Mrs. Garretson, beginning to back away. "I was afraid of this."

On he came, happy, beautiful and determined. "Dan!" Milly called. "Dan!"

Five hundred yards behind was Sock, running, shouting, waving. But all to no purpose. Dan D. knew what he wanted and got it. Straight to Mrs. Garretson he galloped, or no, say straight to her yellow flowers he galloped—daffodils they were to him—neatly he plucked one, but since its stem was wire, her whole hat came away in his mouth.

He wheeled, trotted imperiously over to Milly, crossed his legs, bowed, switched his tail and dropped the hat at her feet.

Then he straightened up and looked expectantly around, waiting for his applause.

A week later, Milly sat in the kitchen of another house, a house set on an advertised full quarter acre, and without stables. It was evening, and she brooded over a lonely cup of coffee.

The Garretsons had not taken the house. "No, no," Mrs. Garretson had said, when she regained her voice and her hat, "not if there's a horse in the neighborhood. Much too risky."

Mr. Garretson had seemed at first rather taken by the adventure of the thing, and had walked off with Sock and Dan D. toward the stables, but when he returned he had agreed with his wife, and they had retreated permanently to the comfort and safety of a Beverly Hills hotel.

Sock she had not seen. Before the storm had blown over he had left—horse, bed, car, safety razor. She had gone to the drive-in to try to find him, but he was on vacation, they told her, not very mysteriously.

Milly picked up her cup. It was still light, she might as well take her coffee outside and complain in the twilight.

As she turned, she looked up. In the doorway, leaning against the jamb, stood Sock. He had a suit on.

"You drink too much coffee," he said.

"Is that the trouble?" Milly said. "Where have you been?"

Sock walked over to her, took her free hand and held it. "May I come in?" he said.

Milly passed that off and repeated, "Where have you been?"

"Taking life seriously," Sock said. "Look at the clothes." It was a good blue suit.

"Where have you been?"

"Well," Sock said, "I had a movie test."

Milly handed him the cup of coffee, poured herself another. She walked over to the kitchen table and sat down.

"Just like that?" she said.

"All right, all right," Sock said. "Like this. Your Mr. Garretson. He's a wheel, no kidding. And that day I met him he told me to come see him and bring Dan D."

"So," Milly said, "early the next morning ——"

"Why not?" Sock said. "He was serious. He's got in the works a new television series. It's—well—you know the two most popular things on television are crime and animals. So this new series is about a horse that solves murders."

Milly picked up a spoon and poured sugar in her coffee.

Sock looked at her. "You don't use sugar in coffee."

"I do tonight," Milly said.

"Well, we took a test, Dan and I. Not in these clothes."

"And ——"

"Dan passed. I didn't."

Milly frowned. "What's the matter with you?"

Sock shrugged. "I can't act."

"Oh," Milly said, "that!"

"They wanted Dan D., so I sold him."

"You sold Dan D.?"

"Talk about your faithless animals," Sock said bitterly. "They got a real actor to play the part. Dan fell in love with him in half an hour. The guy bribed him with carrots."

"You sold Dan D.?"

Sock frowned. "But for a lot of money. I bought the drive-in with it. My nice old boss wanted to go live in Palm Springs."

"You sold Dan D.?"

"Come off it," Sock said. "Who's being romantic now? For weeks you've been doing nothing but tell me what a half-wit I was. You'd think I'd sold my mother down the river."

"But that beautiful horse," Milly said. "He brought us together."

Sock got up and began to prowl around the kitchen. "We'd have met anyway. There isn't any doubt about that."

Those words, Milly thought. Those words. They were the nicest she had ever heard: "We'd have met anyway."

"Is there any food around here?" Sock said. "I haven't had dinner."

"Not a thing," Milly said. "I haven't eaten either."

Sock brightened. "Listen," he said, "it just happens I own a little place down on Santa Monica. Come on. Put on your shoes."

"Sock," Milly said, "do you really own it?"

"Sure."

"You're a tycoon?"

"Yes," Sock nodded. "A tycoon with a mortgage."

Milly got up, started for the door. "This is the life, eh?"

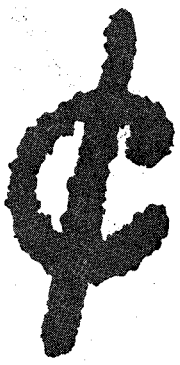
Sock put an arm around her. "You'd better like it," he said. "You thought it up."

In the car, some minutes later, Milly said, "When Dan D. is old and retired, when he's a has-been, maybe we can buy him back?"

Sock nodded. "I'll see to it in the morning," he said. THE END

"Now let's assume that this is your head . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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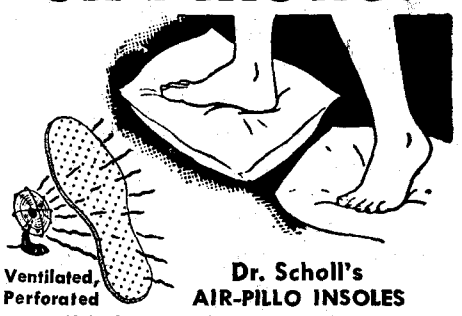

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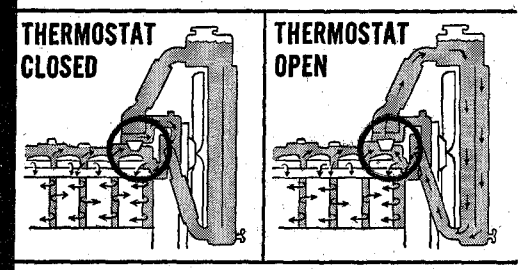

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He Always Says "We'll Win"

(Continued from Page 36)

irreverent optimism. "We just goofed it up," he said of the Oregon State defeat, and immediately went on to forecast victory over the Buckeyes from Ohio.

Somehow Taylor's optimism more often than not seems to rub off on his boys. It did against Ohio State, although Pacific Coast Conference teams reputedly roll over and play dead every time they meet a Big Ten powerhouse. Stanford scored the first time it got the ball, and, with a spread defense designed for the occasion, stopped the Buckeyes' running attack, holding everybody's All-American, Hopalong Cassady, to a net of thirty-seven yards—a miserable afternoon for him. Coach Woody Hayes had an equally miserable time, being so distraught that he forgot to shake the winning coach's hand.

It was one more unorthodox success for Charles Albert Taylor, who has been committing the heresy of predicting victories ever since he got the Stanford job in 1951 at the age of thirty-one. Then the youngest head coach at any major university, he was introduced at the annual preseason football luncheon of the San Francisco Advertising Club. Six coaches had preceded him to the speaker's rostrum. Each had expressed concern about his opening game and all the others on his schedule.

Taylor's talk was brief. "Gentlemen," he announced, "we're going to win our first game against the University of Oregon Saturday. What's more, we should have quite a season!" With that he sat down.

Sports writers at the press table did a fast double-take. This young coach was something new—and also an accurate prophet. His Indians not only dumped the Webfeet in their opener but also went on to win the 1951 Coast Conference championship and go to the Rose Bowl. For this extraordinary first-year performance, his fellow coaches named him Coach of the Year.

Although Taylor's fortunes have fluctuated since then, he has never wavered in his weekly "we'll win" pronouncements. Sometimes, of course, he misses as badly as the Weather Bureau. In 1954, his poorest season—four wins and six losses—U.C.L.A. unceremoniously scalped the Indians, 72–0. It was the worst beating in Stanford football history, which dates back to 1892. Although no one would have blamed him if he had put aside his rose-colored glasses for once, Taylor greeted newsmen in the dressing room with the comment, "Things are not as bleak as they might look. Washington's going to have a helluva time with us next week. As a matter of fact, we're going to beat them!" And they did.

Taylor's optimism is not just a pose. He is, by nature, a happy guy who normally expects everything to turn out fine. There are, however, certain times—known only to his assistants—when even cheerful Chuck has his doubts.

The occasion is always the same—the coaching staff's Friday review session. With his feet on the table in the gym meeting room, Taylor is, for the moment, just another worried football coach. "Boys," he says, in opening the discussion, "we should get out of this racket. It's crazy. We haven't any business playing that team tomorrow. We'll be lucky to even score." He rambles on, sometimes for twenty minutes—and then winds up talking himself right back into his usual state of confidence.

Taylor's nonconformity extends even to his home. Unlike some of the more single-minded coaching brethren, he doesn't let football dominate his private life.

"The only way I ever find out what's going on," says Mrs. Taylor, "is when the assistants and their wives come to our house after a game. The men talk football, we women listen. But Chuck never discusses it with me alone, and I don't ask him to."

Taylor takes an intense interest in his family and in his three-year-old ranch-style home. When he gets the chance, he likes to read bedtime stories to his three children—Susan, eight; Douglas, six; and Janet, four. "In the off season," reports Mrs. Taylor, "he helps with the housework, waxes floors, takes care of the children and even gets meals now and then. He likes to try different furniture arrangements, and is always after me to buy a new lamp, rug or chair. He's even a bug on keeping the place clean—especially *my* keeping it clean."

As for Chuck himself, though, the minute he gets home, he tosses his jacket over the nearest chair, hangs his tie—when forced by his wife to wear one—on the doorknob, removes his shoes and quickly hits the sofa for a cat nap.

The 205-pound, five-foot-eleven-inch Taylor has neither interest nor taste in clothes. He sticks almost entirely to miscellaneous slacks, sport shirts and sport coats. But when it comes to Mrs. Taylor's wardrobe, he is extremely observant, even fussy. He suggests periodically that she change her hair style.

Taylor's five-year coaching record—thirty wins, nineteen losses and two ties—is not sensational on the surface. However, he has the solid backing of university authorities, players, alumni and the hard-to-please press. He has yet to be hung in effigy, as some West Coast coaches were last year.

At the end of the poor 1954 season, Stanford tore up his letter of appointment—the university does not give contracts—and awarded him a new one for five years. Only last winter he was said to have been hiked from $12,000 to $15,000—Stanford does not reveal salaries either.

Taylor's relationships with the people around him are in line with another well-known self-improvement book—How to Win Friends and Influence People, which he has read three times. Although he is not a controversial coach, newsmen consider him good copy because he can always be counted on for a straight opinion. After getting a 40–7 pasting from Illinois in the 1952 Rose Bowl, for example, Taylor summed it up candidly, "There wasn't anything fluky about our defeat. Illinois had a much better team." Even after a victory, Taylor frequently remarks, "We were lucky. We stunk up the place."

The redhead regularly briefs reporters covering Stanford games on the offense he plans to use. He started in 1951, when the Indians flew to Ann Arbor for an early-season intersectional game against Michigan. During the plane trip, the new coach sketched the pass patterns and explained the protective "cup" he was initiating for his quarterback. The writers were all the more impressed when the game went pretty much according to Taylor's script as Stanford upset the favored Wolverines, 23–13.

In the final intrasquad game of one spring-practice period, Taylor took himself off to the press box and turned coaching duties over to nine sports writers. He regularly invites two faculty

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members to spend the entire day with the team each Saturday during the season, on the theory that the profs will learn that there's more to football than the brute ability to upend the opposition. Last spring Taylor took another step in getting the faculty behind the team by holding a two-hour clinic for professors, their wives and their youngsters. Two teams in full equipment demonstrated basic plays.

No one can accuse Taylor of teaching dull football. For college boys, his Indians are pass-crazy. Like the pros, Stanford uses the pass as a basic play rather than as a secondary weapon. The 1955 Indians, who led the Coast Conference in both total offense and passing statistics, heaved the pigskin 244 times, more than any other major-college eleven in the country. They finished second to Navy in yardage actually gained by the overhead route.

In Taylor's five years at Stanford, his teams have thrown 1159 passes, connecting on 593 for 7775 yards. In each of the three best years—1951, 1953 and 1955—there were 130 completions. This puts Stanford ahead of some of the pro teams, including last year's champions, the Cleveland Browns, who also completed 130, but played two more games than Stanford.

However, Taylor has learned the truth of the football adage that teams that live by the pass sometimes die by the pass. In the previously mentioned 72–0 debacle against U.C.L.A. two years ago, the Indians completed twenty-two out of forty-six passes for a respectable 203 net yards—enough to win many games. But the alert Bruins made eight interceptions, with five resulting in touchdowns.

Such experiences have not weakened Chuck's faith in the forward pass as a primary weapon for his Stanford teams. "We probably never will have a battering-ram type of team," Taylor explains, "so there's only one thing for us to do. That's to outfinesse 'em by passing."

He attributes Stanford's asserted lack of power directly to his school's entrance requirements, which for years have been the stiffest in the league. Athletes, like other prospective students, must not only have a B average but also pass college-board examinations. This fall Taylor lost twenty-one prospects who had the B averages, but flunked the college-board tests. Nor are there any snap courses for the athletes who do get in. They are required to take the regular curriculum.

Stanford also has prided itself on scrupulously observing limitations on financial aid to players. Under the rules, the maximum a player can get is the $750 tuition fee and assistance in finding jobs to pay other expenses—no free room, books or board. One third of the 1956 squad members are paying their own way with no help at all from the school.

Many Coast sports followers were curious about whether the "purity" of Stanford—and Chuck Taylor—would survive this year's explosive Pacific Coast Conference football scandals. The background of the upheaval was this. In 1953 the Coast Conference's presidents' council—with Stanford's Dr. Wallace Sterling as one of the leaders—vowed to wipe out cheating and enforce the conference code. Returning to Palo Alto, Doctor Sterling, who used to be an end at the University of Toronto, told veteran athletic director Al Masters and Taylor that he was putting responsibility for future enforcement squarely on them. He said he was confident that Stanford was clean, but that if any scandal ever should be uncovered, they need not show up at their offices.

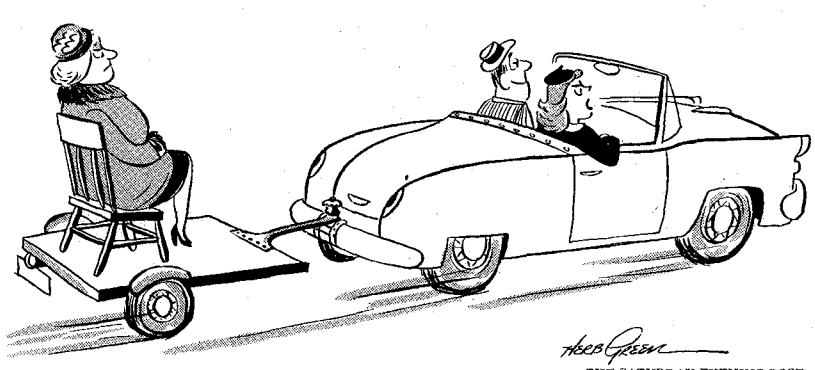
The two men were still on the job after an unprecedented series of conference meetings at which heavy penalties for illegal financial aid were slapped upon the University of Washington, U.C.L.A., Southern California and California. All four were fined and put on probation for varying periods. The bans against Washington, U.C.L.A. and Southern California included ineligibility for the conference championship and the Rose Bowl. All U.C.L.A. gridders were docked a year's eligibility, as were forty-four Trojan athletes and smaller numbers at Washington and California. This later was eased somewhat to allow seniors to play in any five consecutive games this season.

These harsh punishments drew some angry outcries, including a pop-off by California's Gov. "Goodie" Knight, who proposed that Stanford, California, U.C.L.A. and Southern California withdraw from the Pacific Coast Conference and form an all-California league. Then the governor, a Stanford graduate himself, announced that "a great many" Stanford players had told him about receiving payments for fictitious jobs.

Knight's finger-pointing at his alma mater brought heated denials from Al Masters and Chuck Taylor. They invited him to come to Palo Alto to learn the facts for himself. The invitation was not accepted. Meanwhile the conference gave Stanford a clean bill of health, along with Oregon, Oregon State, Washington State and Idaho.

"There have been a few minor code violations since 1953 and all were reported to the P.C.C. commissioner," Masters says. "We require, for instance, that every employer of an athlete sign a monthly questionnaire on pay given, hours worked and type of work done. Occasionally we find a boy who is not putting in enough time on his job. This is remedied immediately. But we have no slush fund or organized alumni payoffs."

West Coast sports experts have long wondered if it would be possible to maintain high educational standards, live up to the conference code and still play a major football schedule. Chuck Taylor feels that it can be done. However, he undoubtedly has to dig deeper for man power than many of his contemporaries.



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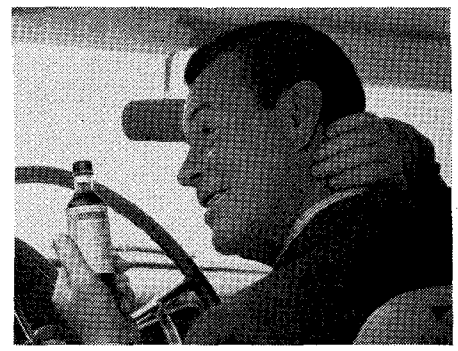

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He makes no secret of the fact that he recruits, and recruits hard.

"I realize," he admits, "that the very word 'recruiting' indicates something illegal to many people. But there's absolutely nothing wrong with recruiting as such, as long as it's done within conference rules. Let's be realistic. A large part of any coach's time is taken up with recruiting. There's a frantic competition for athletes. Virtually every good football player is guided to his college. He doesn't arrive there by chance."

To do his own guiding, Taylor, like an efficient sales manager, has divided the United States into sections, with an assistant coach in charge of each. He has enlisted the voluntary, unpaid help of nearly 700 sports-minded alumni, known as "Stanford Scouts." The scouts watch for outstanding high-school athletes and try to interest them in Stanford.

Taylor himself travels nearly 25,000 miles a year by plane, train and automobile, buttonholing alumni, high-school coaches and sports writers, and speaking at hundreds of luncheons and banquets. Under conference rules, a coach cannot talk to a prospect off the campus. However, an average of 500 boys annually, either at their own expense or with alumni footing the bill, come to Stanford for interviews. Taylor greets each with a stock question: "How are your grades, son?"

Chuck uses a low-key approach to every prospect. Joe Long, star center of the 1955 eleven, who was voted the outstanding lineman in the last East-West game, admits that he was "shopping around" when he first met Taylor. "I told him about the offers I got from other schools," the youngster relates. "An alumnus of one bought me a suit. Another college offered me a car. Mr. Taylor listened patiently. Then he outlined the advantages of a Stanford education and what it would mean when I graduated. Finally, he told me if I had my heart set on a car there was no use talking any more. He was so darn nice about it that I made up my mind he was the type of coach I wanted to play for."

One sale Taylor didn't make was to that man about schools, Harvey Knox. Harvey and stepson Ronnie spent two days on the Stanford campus. When they left, Taylor was positive that young Knox would enroll at "The Farm." But Ronnie turned up at California that year. Later, during the rhubarb surrounding the lad's transfer to U.C.L.A., Harvey had one comment about Taylor and Stanford. "They were honest," he told newsmen.

Ronnie Knox pulled out of U.C.L.A. last August to play pro football in Canada. Within six weeks he was unhappy again and left the Canadian league. Meanwhile he issued a blast at Pacific Coast Conference recruiting practices which attributed one illegality to Stanford. Ronnie said an alumnus had offered to pay him $35 a month for a phony job—a charge that Taylor and other Stanford officials denied with explosive indignation.

Taylor's own entry into Stanford was pure Horatio Alger. His father died at the start of the depression. Chuck was only nine—the youngest of two brothers and four sisters—but he immediately went to work to help out. Living in San Jose, just south of Stanford, the boy got up before dawn every day to work on a milk route, then delivered newspapers to homes in his neighborhood. In junior high he worked part-time in a grocery store; in San Jose High School he had an afternoon job in a service station. He also continued the newspaper route; yet, despite all this, he found time to win football letters for three straight years, playing at first in the line and then in the backfield.

For a man whose childhood was hardly plush, Taylor today has a surprisingly casual attitude toward money. "He gives me anything I want," Mrs. Taylor explains, "and if he has any fault at all, he is perhaps overgenerous." Taylor once turned down a raise for himself until his assistants were given one. On football trips, he seldom remembers to take money with him, and usually ends up borrowing from one of the assistants, Pete Kmetovic, who has learned to take along extra cash for this purpose.

It was Chuck's high-school coach, Walt Williams, who talked him into going to Stanford. "But," recalls Williams, "he ran smack into the problem he faces with so many boys today—his grades were too low. I knew he'd make it, though, for he always found a way to lick any problem." During the summer of 1938, Chuck rode his bike twenty miles round trip for weekly tutoring in English; another day each week he rode nearly as far for help in physics. He then went back to high school for postgraduate work, finally being admitted to Stanford in 1939.

He signed a note for his tuition, eventually getting an athletic grant-in-aid after the freshman football season. He met his other expenses for the next four years with an impressive variety of jobs. In addition to such standard employment as table waiting, selling and manual labor, Chuck also—although he denies it today—dug graves at night at a nearby cemetery. One year, he even had a nickel slot machine in his room at the Delta Chi fraternity house, a nifty concession that netted ten dollars monthly.

Another side line was serving at dinner parties at the Palo Alto Elks Club. This was good for two dollars and all the steak he could eat, an arrangement the Elks didn't renew because Taylor invariably polished off three steaks at a sitting. He is still a prodigious eater and a fast one, except on game days; while appearing outwardly relaxed, Chuck can't stomach a bite until hostilities are over.

In college, Chuck played quarterback as a freshman, then was shifted to guard as a sophomore in 1940. That year coach Clark Shaughnessy pioneered in college football with the T formation. His "Wow Boys" swept nine games in a row and then took Nebraska in the Rose Bowl. In the Washington game, with Stanford ten points behind in the third quarter and the Huskies driving for another score, Taylor stopped three straight running plays cold on the Stanford twenty-nine-yard line to take the ball away from them. Stanford then bounced back for three touchdowns and a 20–10 victory.

In 1942, his senior year, Taylor became an All-American. "He was a helluva ballplayer," recalls Frankie Albert, quarterback of the Wow Boys, and now the new coach of the San Francisco 49ers. "Chuck played seriously. He always wanted to know everything about the technical aspects of the game—why some plays ticked, why others failed."

"Oughta hold you till Thursday."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Chuck had little time at Stanford for social affairs, but he did manage to court an attractive University of California coed, Margaret McKeehan, whom he met one summer at Yosemite. Financing this romance was a constant problem. After one evening out with Margaret, he had to borrow toll fare for the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, and leave as collateral the Lineman of the Week trophy he had just received on the Kate Smith radio show.

Chuck and Margaret were married in 1943, the same year Chuck joined the Navy. As a lieutenant (j.g.) he commanded an LCT in the Omaha Beach sector of the Normandy beaches on D day, June 6, 1944. He emerged from the war without a scratch, but wasn't so lucky in one year of pro action with the Miami Seahawks of the late All-America Conference. On one play he was knocked unconscious, lost a tooth and had five stitches taken in his lip.

Taylor returned to Stanford in 1947 as freshman football coach, and in the next three years, he piloted the yearlings to fourteen victories and one tie. He also served as a coach of wrestling and Rugby—he learned Rugby via a rulebook. In 1950 he went back to the pros as line coach for Buck Shaw of the 49ers.

After the 1950 season, Marchie Schwartz, the great Notre Dame star of yesteryear, suddenly resigned as Stanford's football coach. The university compiled a list of twenty-five prospects, including such big names as Ray Eliot, of Illinois; Bernie Bierman, of Minnesota; Bud Wilkinson, of Oklahoma; and Paul Brown, of the Cleveland Browns. Stanford was on an economy kick at the time and, partly for this reason, the young redhead—who stood seventh on the list—got the job.

Immediately following his appointment, Taylor walked into the spacious book-lined office of President Sterling. After an exchange of courtesies, the youthful new coach said, "I want to make a speech and ask some questions."

"Go ahead," Doctor Sterling told him.

"Well," continued Chuck, "Stanford has been good to me. I'm grateful and proud to be head football coach. I want to do a good job. That's the end of the speech. Now the questions: Who's on the board of trustees? What are their occupations? Who are our most prominent alumni? What are the policies of Stanford? I'll be talking with many boys and their fathers, and I want to be able to tell them these things."

Doctor Sterling has never forgotten this meeting. "Imagine," he says, "a football coach really being that interested."

Taylor's philosophy about football, and its place in college life, is also interesting. Shortly after a 27–20 Stanford victory over Southern California in 1951 in a seesaw battle that kept nearly 100,000 hoarse Los Angeles Coliseum spectators continually on their feet, Chuck wrote reflectively in the Stanford Alumni Review: "I think it would be advisable for many of us, myself included, to think of the game in the light of the enjoyment the players get, not whether we win or lose. It's a great game, and you and I and all of the millions who see it played every season should make a point of trying to preserve football as a contest to be enjoyed by the boys who play it. I mention this because, against U.S.C., I saw the Stanford team at one of its greatest emotional pitches. I became concerned about the tremendous pressures that are exerted on the youngsters who are actually just playing a game."

This year, for the first time since Taylor became head coach, his Indians were rated—even before the conference crack down on some of his rivals—as cofavorites with Southern California for the Rose Bowl. Graduation losses from last year's team, described by Taylor as his "best ever," were few. With All-American candidate John Brodie as quarterback he again had the makings of a sound passing attack, and the running game figured to be the best in years.

Most coaches shy away from the role of favorite, or even cofavorite. Not Taylor. "We're not afraid to look on the brighter side here at Stanford," he said last winter. "And we're not afraid to talk Rose Bowl. I fail to see why we can't make it."

Now he doesn't have even Southern California to worry about, except as a non-opponent this Saturday afternoon. Although any hopes of an undefeated season for the Indians were ended early by a 21–7 loss to Michigan State, Stanford started off well enough in league play this season with a 40–26 win over Washington State. For once, nobody was accusing Chuck Taylor of being over-optimistic about his Coast Conference chances. This year, when he stuck out his neck as usual to pick Stanford to win the title, he was merely saying what everybody else was saying too. THE END

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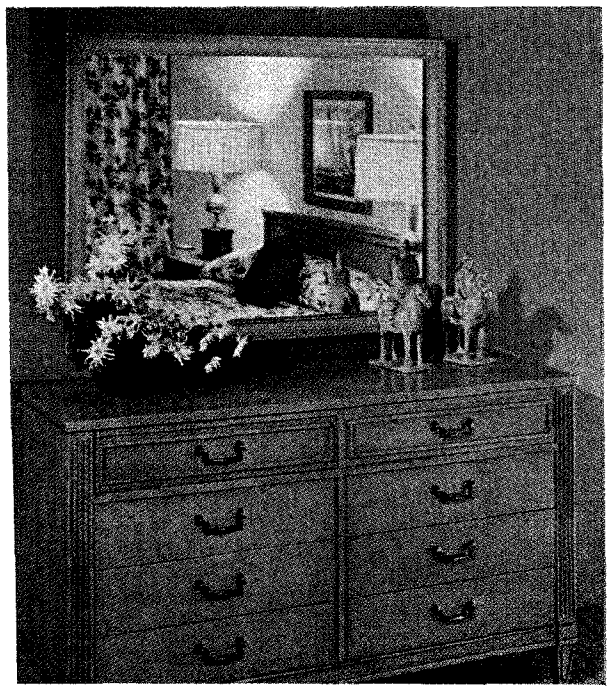

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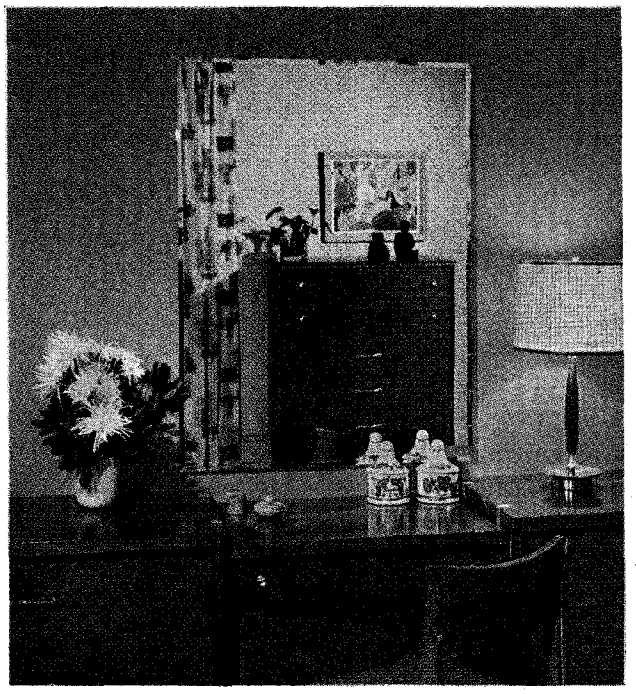

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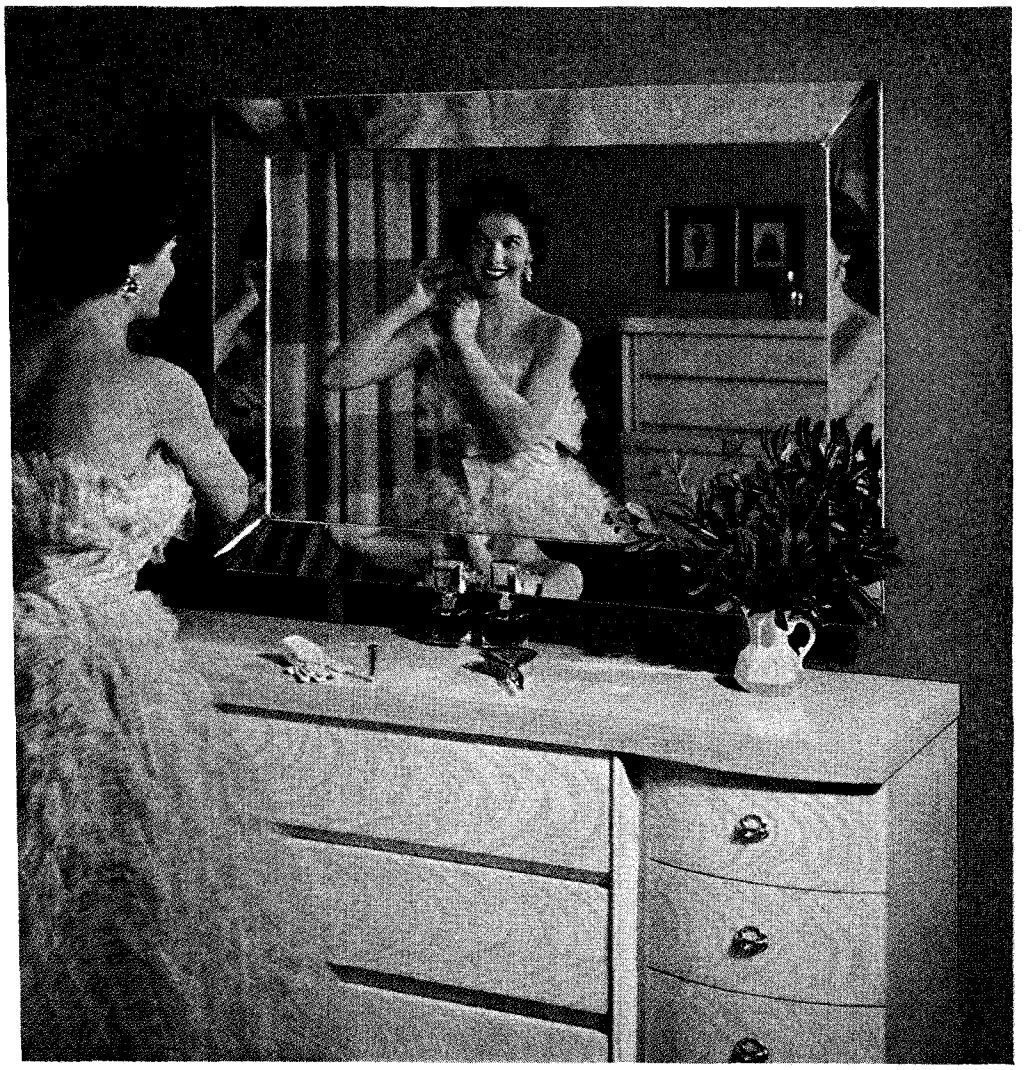

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Keeping Posted

The Man Who Wrote "Guns of Navarone"

MacLean in his beat-up fishing smack.

It seems that the isles of Greece were not unpopular with the British Royal Navy during World War II. Novelist Alistair MacLean, who for five years served his country on many waters, reflects, "Where else could one go ashore on a friendly island carrying the wartime international currency of a packet of cigarettes, buy with this a bottle of wine, and return with pockets bulging with countless millions of drachmas received in change?" Cost of MacLean's cigarette packet: sixpence.

This thirty-two-year-old son of a Scots minister, whose recent book H.M.S. Ulysses was such a thumping triumph and whose new one (page 53) has the feel of another thumper, spent some time in the Aegean Sea in 1944—"There," says he, "I picked up background material and, I must admit, met one or two characters that saved me much invention later on, all of this making the new book easy to write." However, fearing that readers just wouldn't believe his incredible friends, he resculptured them some to make fiction not so strange as fact.

And here are the rest of the MacLeans.

MacLean's London publishers, Collins, claim that he refreshes himself by sailing a dilapidated fishing smack along Scotland's west coast, but he says "dilapidated" is a ridiculous understatement for a craft that is famous for its startling antiquity and beat-up condition. MacLean and a friend are coproprietors of this ark, and their embarrassed wives keep imploring them to take the awful thing out to sea and scuttle it. "But the comradeship of seafarers is not lightly to be scoffed at; we would not deprive other boat owners of the exhilaration of gazing at our ship and then comparing it with their own."

As for sailing, the publishers are wrong again. Sometimes the skippers hastily dash from one pier to another if the water is flat enough to be safe, but generally the smack is lashed to the shore end of a pier, and when the tide leaves it flopped over on dry sand, the sailors *really* have a swell time.

Last Christmas, MacLean regretfully resigned from the underpaid profession of schoolteaching, hoping to make money enough with books to stay resigned. "Teaching must be about the most rewarding profession in every way except one. But noble sentiments just don't pay grocery bills."

To Do a Football Piece, Join a Golf Club

The photo does not depict a grave family hassle; nevertheless, Clayton Going, conferring with his folks at the Stanford University Golf Club in Palo Alto, is seriously probing whether Mrs. Going got a seven on this par-four hole or really an eight. Decision: seven.

Going, a former Eastern journalist and newscaster, became an advertising-agency executive in San Francisco in 1951, and that was the very year that Mr. Chuck Taylor became head coach of Stanford's football players. One day that year the golfing Goings wandered off the links into the football stadium, and they haven't missed a home tilt since; nor has father Going, when the subject was ripe, missed the opportunity to place Coach Taylor on page 36. This fall, Going seems to have become confused, for he joined the evening faculty of the University of San Francisco, which has no football team. On second thought, considering the noted dexterity of the U.S.F. basketball team, maybe he's really being clearheaded.

Looking at Trouble With an Expert Eye

Henri Massis, one of the most respected French writers on world affairs, recently mailed Associate Editor Demaree Bess a copy of his latest book, The West and Its Destiny; and the author's warm inscription to Bess included this quote from the philosopher Pascal, "One appreciates the prophets only after the events have occurred." Bess soon fou himself appreciating that M. Mass volume includes lengthy excerpts fr articles Bess contributed to the Post d ing World War II, the book pointing c that those reports, analyzing what t rulers in Moscow intended to do in t future, predicted with remarkable p cision most of what in recent years th have done. This, to be sure, would be t same Mr. Bess who on page 31 gives t ominous mood of the Middle East thorough dissection.

Brief Discussion of Pheasant Shooting

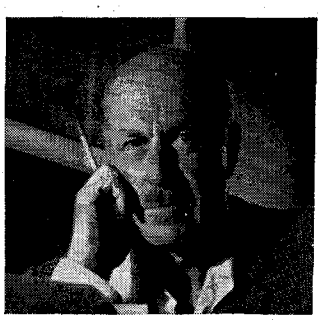
Isn't it natural to presume that wh Bill Wolf researched commercial ph ant-shooting preserves for page 38, shot as many of the tasty birds as he l money to pay for? No, he says. He s that private pheasants are as easy to r as public ones, and hurriedly changes subject.

New subject: "As I go about my w I'm a collector of rare inscriptions I on road and building signs, and I pic up a dandy item near the Gaybird Fa mentioned in my piece." Among Pe sylvanians of German heritage the n Wunch is fairly common—so Wolf fo himself driving past Wunch's Wu Woom. A specimen he picked up i Lansing, Michigan, while casing a re Post article on canoe racing was: Hi N-Post Café—George Pappavlahod trakopoulous—No Beer. The au didn't have time to hitch'n his car to post and reason with G.P. that he *sh* have beer.

As for personal news: "One of older daughters, name of Kay Phi now, has had the base ingratitud make me a grandfather—think of happening to a red-blooded young Ar ican boy like me!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"Confessions of 'an S.O.B.'"



Drew Pearson is America's mos controversial reporter. He ha been threatened by presidents cursed by cabinet members, an punched in public. Next week h begins his own candid story o his battles in Washington.

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